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# TERENCE
## II

# TERENCE

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

JOHN SARGEAUNT

IN TWO VOLUMES

II

PHORMIO

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW

THE BROTHERS

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PHORMIO

INCIPIT TERENTI PHORMIO . ACTA LVDIS ROMANIS L POSTVMIO ALBINO L . CORNELIO MERVLA AEDILIB . CVRVLIB EGIT L . AMBIVIVS TVRPIO . MODOS FECIT FLACCVS CLAVDI TIBIIS INPARIBVS . TOTA GRAECA APOLLODORV EPIDICAZOMENOS . FACTA IIII C . FANNIO M. VALERIO COS

Phormio by Terence. Acted at the Roman Games in the Curule Aedileship of Lucius Postumius Albinus and Lucius Cornelius Merula under the management of Ambivius Turpio. Pipe-music bass and treble by Flaccus, servant to Claudius. The whole adapted from "The Claimant," a Greek comedy of Apollodorus. The adapter's fourth comedy. Produced in the Consulship of Gaius Fannius and Marcus Valerius.

## C. SVLPICI APOLLINARIS PERIOCHA

Chremetis frater aberat peregre Demipho
relicto Athenis Antiphone filio.
Chremes clam habebat Lemni uxorem et filiam,
Athenis aliam coniugem et amantem unice
fidicinam gnatum. mater e Lemno advenit
Athenas; moritur; virgo sola (aberat Chremes)
funus procurat. ibi eam cum visam Antipho
amaret, opera parasiti uxorem accipit.
pater et Chremes reversi fremere. dein minas
triginta dant parasito, ut illam coniugem
haberet ipse: argento hoc emitur fidicina,
uxorem retinet Antipho a patruo adgnitam.

## PERSONAE

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| DAVOS SERVOS | HEGIO | ADVOCATI |
| GETA SERVOS | CRATINVS | |
| ANTIPHO ADVLESCENS | CRITO | |
| PHAEDRIA ADVLESCENS | CHREMES SENEX | |
| DEMIPHO SENEX | SOPHRONA NVTRIX | |
| PHORMIO PARASITVS | NAVSISTRATA MATRONA | |
| DORIO LENO | CANTOR | |

## SUMMARY OF THE PLAY

BY GAIUS SULPICIUS APOLLINARIS

Demipho, brother to Chremes, was abroad, having left his son Antipho at Athens. Chremes had secretly contracted a bigamous marriage at Lemnos and had a daughter there. His original wife was at Athens with a son devoted to a lady fiddler. The Lemnian wife came to Athens and died there. Chremes was away at the time and there was only her daughter to bury her. Antipho saw the daughter at the funeral, fell in love with her, and by the aid of an adventurer married her. His father and Chremes on their return were highly indignant. They gave the adventurer a hundred and twenty pounds to marry the girl in Antipho's place. The money was used to buy the fiddle-girl. Chremes however recognized his daughter and Antipho retained his wife.

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DEMIPHO, *an old gentleman of Athens.*
CHREMES, *his brother.*
HEGIO, CRATINUS, CRITO } *friends to Demipho.*
ANTIPHO, *son to Demipho.*
PHAEDRIA, *son to Chremes.*
PHORMIO, *an adventurer.*
DORIO, *a slave-dealer.*
GETA, *servant (slave) to Demipho.*
DAVUS, *a servant (slave).*
NAUSISTRATA, *wife to Chremes.*
SOPHRONA, *nurse to Chremes' daughter.*

## PROLOGVS

Postquam poeta vetus poetam non potest
retrahere a studio et transdere hominem in otium,
maledictis deterrere ne scribat parat:
qui ita dictitat, quas ante hic fecit fabulas
tenui esse oratione et scriptura levi:
quia nusquam insanum scripsit adulescentulum
cervam videre fugere et sectari canes
et eam plorare, orare ut subveniat sibi.
quod si intellegeret, quom stetit olim nova,
actoris opera magis stetisse quam sua,
minus multo audacter quam nunc laedit laederet.
nunc si quis est qui hoc dicat aut sic cogitet:
"vetus si poeta non lacessisset prior,
nullum invenire prologum posset novos
quem diceret, nisi haberet cui male diceret":
is sibi responsum hoc habeat, in medio omnibus
palmam esse positam qui artem tractant musicam.
ille ad famem hunc a studio studuit reicere:
hic respondere voluit, non lacessere:
benedictis si certasset, audisset bene:
quod ab illo adlatumst, sibi esse rellatum putet.
de illo iam finem faciam dicundi mihi,
peccandi quom ipse de se finem non facit.

nunc quid velim animum attendite: adporto novam
Epidicazomenon quam vocant comoediam
Gracce, Latine hic Phormionem nominat,
quia primas partis qui aget, is erit Phormio
parasitus, per quem res geretur maxume,

## PROLOGUE

The old playwright, being unable to divert our playwright from his calling and consign him to leisure, tries hard words to scare him from writing. He keeps declaring that our man's plays are thin and trivial compositions, and that is because he has not introduced a mad stripling seeing a hind in flight and hounds giving chase and the beast begging and imploring aid.[1] If the old playwright had grasped that the original success of his drama was due more to his company than to himself, he would show much less boldness in his attacks. It may be said or at least thought that if the old playwright had not given the challenge, the new playwright would lack material for his prologue as having no one to attack. The answer must be that competition for the prize is open to all followers of dramatic art. The old man's wish was to drive his rival from his calling into starving. Our poet's aim was to answer, not to provoke. Kind terms should have met with kind terms in return. As it is the old playwright must reckon that he is paid in his own coin. I shall here end what I have to say of him though he puts no end to his offences.

Please now attend to my aim. I produce a new comedy of which the Greek title is "The Claimant," but I name it "Phormio," because Phormio is the principal part in the drama and the chief actor in the intrigue, as you will find if the poet receives

[1] See note (1) p. 9.

voluntas vostra si ad poetam accesserit.
date operam, adeste aequo animo per silentium,
ne simili utamur fortuna atque usi sumus
quom per tumultum noster grex motus locost:
quem actoris virtus nobis restituit locum
bonitasque vostra adiutans atque aequanimitas

your kind attention. Be good enough to listen in attentive silence that we may receive better treatment than when the uproar drove our company from the stage. The opportunity of another performance we owe to the goodness of our manager and the help given him by your sense of what is fair and just.[2]

[1] The allusion is to some scene in a play of Lavinius. As the play has not come down to us exact explanation is impossible. Perhaps Terence means that a man driven mad by love would be more in place as a character in a tragedy than in a comedy.

[2] The allusion is obscure. Some have seen a reference to an earlier performance of the Hecyra. In any case Terence expresses his gratitude to Lucius Ambivius Turpio, who produced the play.

## ACTVS I

*Davos* Amicus summus meus et popularis Geta
heri ad me venit. erat ei de ratiuncula
iam pridem apud me relicuom pauxillulum
nummorum: id ut conficerem. confeci: adfero.
nam erilem filium eius duxisse audio
uxorem: ei credo munus hoc conraditur.
quam inique comparatumst, ei qui minus habent
ut semper aliquid addant ditioribus!
quod ille unciatim vix de demenso suo
suom defrudans genium compersit miser,
id illa universum abripiet, haud existumans
quanto labore partum. porro autem Geta
ferietur alio munere, ubi era pepererit:
porro autem alio, ubi erit puero natalis dies;
ubi initiabunt. omne hoc mater auferet:
puer causa erit mittundi. sed videon Getam?
*Geta* Si quis me quaeret rufus . . .
I.ii
*Davos* praestost, desine.
*Geta* oh,
at ego obviam conabar tibi, Dave.
*Davos* accipe, em:
lectumst; conveniet numerus quantum debui.
*Geta* amo te, et non neclexisse habeo gratiam.
10

*Scene:—Athens. A place where four streets meet. The houses of Demipho, Chremes, and Dorio are on the stage.*

## ACT I

ENTER *Davus* AS FROM THE PIAZZA, A PURSE IN HIS HAND.

*Davus* My great friend and countryman Geta came to me yesterday. He had against me a trifling balance on a piddling account. He asked me to make it up, I have done so, and here it is. I hear his master's son has taken a wife: it's for her, I suppose, this money is scraping together. What an unfair system it is that the poorer man always has to give his mite to swell the richer man's store! What my friend has struggled to save, farthing by farthing, from his rations, robbing himself of his pleasures, she'll swallow down at a bite with never a thought for the toil it cost him. Then again Geta will be hit for another present when a child is born and another on its birthday, and another at the initiation ceremony. The mother will pocket it all, the child will be the pretext for the gift. Ah, is that Geta?

ENTER *Geta* FROM *Demipho's* HOUSE.

*Geta* (*speaking to a servant within*) If a red-headed fellow asks for me——

*Davus* (*interrupting*) All right: here he is.

*Geta* (*turning round*) You've saved me going to look for you, Davus.

*Davus* (*handing him the purse*) Here you are, take it, no clipped coin, the sum just what I owed.

*Geta* Thank you, thank you; very good of you not to overlook it.

*Davos* praeserlim ut nunc unt mores: adeo res redit:
si quis quid reddit, magna habendast gratia.
sed quid tu es tristis?
*Geta* egone? nescis quo in metu,
quanto in periclo simus!
*Davos* quid istuc est?
*Geta* scies,
modo ut tacere possis.
*Davos* abi sis, insciens:
quoius tu fidem in pecunia perspexeris,
verere verba ei credere? ubi quid mihi lucrist
te fallere?
*Geta* ergo ausculta.
*Davos* hanc operam tibi dico.
*Geta* senis nostri, Dave, fratrem maiorem Chremem
nostin?
*Davos* quid ni?
*Geta* quid? eius gnatum Phaedriam?
*Davos* tam quam te.
*Geta* evenit senibus ambobus simul
iter illi in Lemnum ut esset, nostro in Ciliciam
ad hospitem antiquom. is senem per epistulas
pellexit, modo non montis auri pollicens.
*Davos* quoi tanta erat res et supererat?
*Geta* desinas:
sic est ingenium.
*Davos* oh, regem me esse oportuit.
*Geta* abeuntes ambo hic tum senes me filiis
relinquont quasi magistrum.
*Davos* o Geta, provinciam
cepisti duram.
*Geta* mi usus venit, hoc scio:
memini relinqui me deo irato meo.
coepi advorsari primo: quid verbis opust?

*Davus* I should think so with morals as they are now. It's come to this that, if a man pays a debt, you have to be mighty thankful to him. But you look glum: what is it?

*Geta* Do I? Ah, you don't know what fear we're in, what danger.

*Davus* What's the matter?

*Geta* I'll tell you, but you must keep it secret.

*Davus* Go along, silly man! Find a man trustworthy in a matter of cash and then fear to confide a story to him? Besides here how should I gain by playing you false?

*Geta* Listen then.

*Davus* I'm all attention.

*Geta* You know Chremes, don't you, our old man's elder brother?

*Davus* Of course I do.

*Geta* And his son Phaedria?

*Davus* As well as I know you.

*Geta* It so fell out that the pair of old men went abroad at the same time, Chremes to Lemnos and our venerable to an old friend in Cilicia, who had caught his fish by promising mountains, well nigh of gold.

*Davus* What, when he had all that money, so much above his wants?

*Geta* What use talking? Money's his passion.

*Davus* Oh, if I'd been king, things would be different.

*Geta* On going off both old men left me here to be tutor, like, to their sons.

*Davus* O Geta, what a tough job of an office for you!

*Geta* That's what I found it, I can tell you. It's written on my mind that my guardian angel had a grudge against me. At first I used to try and check 'em:

seni fidelis dum sum, scapulas perdidi.

*Davos* venere in mentem mi istaec: namque inscitiast,
advorsum stimulum calces.

*Geta* coepi eis omnia
facere, obsequi quae vellent.

*Davos* scisti uti foro.

*Geta* noster mali nil quicquam primo; hic Phaedria
continuo quandam nactus est puellulam
citharistriam, hanc amare coepit perdite.
ea serviebat lenoni inpurissumo,
neque quod daretur quicquam; id curarant patres
restabat aliud nil nisi oculos pascere,
sectari, in ludum ducere et reducere.
operam otiosi nos dabamus Phaedriae.
in quo haec discebat ludo, exadvorsum ei loco
tonstrina erat quaedam; hic solebamus fere
plerumque eam opperiri, dum inde iret domum.
interea dum sedemus illi, intervenit
adulescens quidam lacrumans. nos mirarier;
rogamus quid sit. "numquam aeque" inquit "ac modo
paupertas mihi onus visumst et miserum et grave.
modo quandam vidi virginem hic viciniae
miseram suam matrem lamentari mortuam.
ea sita erat exadvorsum neque illi benevolus
neque notus neque cognatus extra unam aniculam
quisquam aderat qui adiutaret funus: miseritumst.
virgo ipsa facie egregia." quid verbis opust?
commorat omnis nos. ibi continuo Antipho
"voltisne eamus visere?" alius "censeo:
eamus: duc nos sodes." imus, venimus,

to cut the tale short, my faithfulness to the old man played the devil with my shoulderblades.

*Davus* (*sententiously*) Just what occurred to me. Yes, yes, it's folly kicking against the pricks.

*Geta* Then I took to doing everything to please 'em, falling in with all their whims.

*Davus* You knew how to make your market.

*Geta* *Our* lad was up to no mischief at first, but that Phaedria at once came across a slip of a girl, a cithern-player, and fell desperately in love with her. She belonged to a real beast of a slave-dealer and there wasn't a penny to give; the fathers had seen to that. The only thing left was to feed his eyes, dance attendance on her, escort her to the music school and back. Having nothing on hand we helped Master Phaedria. The school she went to had right opposite it a barber's shop: that's where we used generally for the most part to wait for her to come out and go home. One day, as we were sitting there, in comes a young man in tears. We fell a-wondering and asked what's the matter. "Never," says he, "so much as just now have I felt what a wretched crushing load poverty is. I have just seen an unhappy girl round the corner here weeping for her dead mother. The body was laid out in the hall, and there wasn't a wellwisher or an acquaintance or a kinsman, nobody but one old crone, on the spot to help in the funeral. It wrung my heart; and the girl a real beauty too!" In short his story touched us all. Then at once, cries Antipho, "Shall we go and visit her?" Says another, "I vote we do, come along, show us the way, please." We start, we're there, we see her, a lovely girl and you

videmus. virgo pulchra, et quo magis diceres,
nil aderat adiumenti ad pulchritudinem:
capillus passus, nudus pes, ipsa horrida,
lacrumae, vestitus turpis: ut, ni vis boni
in ipsa inesset forma, haec formam exstinguerent.
ille qui illam amabat fidicinam tantum modo
"satis" inquit "scitast"; noster vero . .

*Davos* iam scio:
amare coepit.

*Geta* scin quam? quo evadat vide.
postridie ad anum recta pergit: obsecrat
sibi ut eius faciat copiam. illa enim se negat
neque eum aequom facere ait: illam civem esse Atticam,
bonam bonis prognatam: si uxorem velit,
lege id licere facere; sin aliter, negat.
noster quid ageret nescire: et illam ducere
cupiebat et metuebat absentem patrem.

*Davos* non, si redisset, ei pater veniam daret?

*Geta* ille indotatam virginem atque ignobilem
daret illi? numquam faceret.

*Davos* quid fit denique?

*Geta* quid fiat? est parasitus quidam Phormio,
homo confidens: qui illum di omnes perduint!

*Davos* quid is fecit?

*Geta* hoc consilium quod dicam dedit:
"lex est ut orbae, qui sint genere proxumi,
eis nubant, et illos ducere eadem haec lex iubet.
ego te cognatum dicam et tibi scribam dicam;
paternum amicum me adsimulabo virginis:
ad iudices veniemus: qui fuerit pater,
quae mater, qui cognata tibi sit, omnia haec
confingam: quod erit mihi bonum atque commodum,

might have said so the more from her loveliness having nothing to set it off; hair dishevelled, no shoes on, person unkempt, miserable clothes; in fact but for the soul of beauty in her face all this would have quenched it. The cithern-girl's lover said no more than "She's pretty enough," but our young man——

*avus* (*interrupting*) I know, fell in love with her.

*eta* Rather! Mark what follows. Next day he goes straight to the old woman and begs admission. "No," says she, and tells him he's not acting right: the girl is an Athenian, honest and of honest parents; if he wants to marry her, he may do it the lawful way; if something else, then no." Our man couldn't tell what to do; he was eager to marry, but afraid of his absent father.

*avus* If his father were come back, he wouldn't be for letting him, eh?

*eta* Let him marry a girl of no fortune nor family? Never, not he.

*avus* What happened in the end?

*eta* Pretty doings! There's an adventurer named Phormio, a fellow all impudence, may the devil fly away with him!

*avus* What did he do?

*eta* Gave the advice I'll tell you. "There's a law," says he, "that orphans are to be married to their next of kin, and the same law prescribes that the next of kin shall marry them. I'll say you are her kinsman, and I'll take out a writ against you. I'll set up for a friend of the girl's father. We shall both come into court. Who her father was, who her mother, and how she's akin to you, I'll make up a story for all that. Any point that I choose and

quom tu horum nil refelles, vincam scilicet.
pater aderit: mihi paratae lites: quid mea?
illa quidem nostra erit."
*Davos* iocularem audaciam.
*Geta* persuasumst homini: factumst: ventumst: vincimur:
duxit.
*Davos* quid narras?
*Geta* hoc quod audis.
*Davos* o Geta,
quid te futurumst?
*Geta* nescio hercle; unum hoc scio,
quod fors feret feremus aequo animo.
*Davos* placet:
em, istuc virist officium.
*Geta* in me omnis spes mihist.
*Davos* laudo.
*Geta* ad precatorem adeam credo qui mihi
sic oret: "nunc amitte quaeso hunc; ceterum
posthac si quicquam, nil precor." tantum modo
non addit: "ubi ego hinc abiero, vel occidito."
*Davos* quid paedagogus ille qui citharistriam?
quid rei gerit?
*Geta* sic, tenuiter.
*Davos* non multum habet
quod det fortasse?
*Geta* immo nil nisi spem meram.
*Davos* pater eius rediit an non?
*Geta* nondum.
*Davos* quid? senem
quoad exspectatis vostrum?
*Geta* non certum scio,
sed epistulam ab eo adlatam esse audivi modo
et ad portitores esse delatam: hanc petam.

please, since you won't be for contesting any one of them, I shall of course establish. Your father will come back, I am in for a row, but what care I? The girl will be ours.

*avus* A sporting venture!

*eta* Our man agreed, it was done, we come into court, we are beaten, he has married her.

*avus* You don't say so?

*eta* But I do say so.

*avus* O Geta, what will become of you?

*eta* Lord! I don't know. One thing I know (*affecting heroism*), come what will I shall bear it philosophically.

*avus* Good! There's a man for you!

*eta* My dependence is wholly on myself.

*avus* Bravo!

*eta* Likely that I should go to an intercessor to plead for me in this style: "For this time please let him off, but if he ever offend again, no intercession from me," all but adding, "when I am gone, if you like hang him straight off."

*avus* What of the gentleman usher, the cithern-girl's escort, you know? How does he get on?

*eta* So so, rather poorly.

*avus* Hasn't much to give perhaps?

*eta* Nothing but hope, bare hope.

*avus* His father back yet or not?

*eta* Not yet.

*avus* And your old man, when do you look for *him*?

*eta* Can't say for certain. I heard just now there was a letter come from him and taken into the harbour office. I'll go and get it.

*Davos* num quid, Geta, aliud me vis?
*Geta* ut bene sit tibi.
puer, heus. nemon hoc prodit? cape. da hoc Dorcio.
*Anti.* Adeon rem redisse ut qui mi consultum optume
l. iii velit esse,
Phaedria, patrem ut extimescam, ubi in mentem
eius adventi veniat!
quod ni fuissem incogitans, ita exspectarem, ut par fuit.
*Phae.* quid istuc?
*Anti.* rogitas, qui tam audacis facinoris mihi conscius's?
quod utinam ne Phormioni id suadere in mentem
incidisset
neu me cupidum eo inpulisset, quod mihi principi-
umst mali!
non potitus essem: fuisset tum illos mi aegre aliquod
dies,
at non cottidiana cura haec angeret animum.
*Phae.* audio.
*Anti.* dum exspecto quam mox veniat qui adimat hanc
mihi consuetudinem.
*Phae.* aliis quia defit quod amant aegrest; tibi quia
superest dolet:
amore abundas, Antipho.
nam tua quidem hercle certo vita haec expetenda
optandaque est.
ita me di bene ament, ut mi liceat tam diu quod amo
frui,
iam depecisci morte cupio: tu conicito cetera,
quid ego ex hac inopia nunc capiam et quid tu ex
istac copia;
ut ne addam, quod sine sumptu ingenuam, liberalem
nactus es,
quod habes, ita ut voluisti, uxorem sine mala fama
palam:

*avus* Anything more I can do for you, Geta?

*eta* Take my good wishes. [EXIT *Davus.*] (*Geta goes to the door and calls*) Hi, boy! (*a pause*) Is no one going to come to the door? (*enter a servant*) Take and give this to Dorcium.[1] (*gives him the purse*)

[EXEUNT SEVERALLY.

ENTER *Antipho* AND *Phaedria* FROM THE HOUSE.

*nti.* An ugly pass I am come to, Phaedria, when the thought of my father's return, the man who cares for my best interests, fills me with terror, while if I hadn't been a thoughtless fool, I should have been awaiting him in the right spirit.

*hae.* (*impatiently*) What now?

*nti.* What a question for an accomplice in a piéce of impudence! Would to heaven it had never entered Phormio's mind to suggest it and I had never been so eager as to let him push me into it! There's where my trouble begins. Suppose I had never won her, then I should have fretted for a week or two, but shouldn't have had this daily anxiety catching me at the heart.

*hae.* (*bitterly*) Yes, yes, I know.

*nti.* While every moment I'm looking for the return of the man who will put an end to this intercourse.

*hae.* Other men fret from lack of their bliss, you are pained by superabundance of it, yes superabundance, Antipho. By heaven, man, your present life is a thing one might cry and pray for. As I hope to be saved, if I might have as long enjoyment of my love I am eager to bargain my life for it on the spot. Now draw your conclusion what I get from my nothing and you from your much, not to say that without spending a shilling you have hit on a

[1] Dorcium is Geta's wife.

beatus, ni unum desit, animus qui modeste istaec ferat.
quod si tibi res sit cum eo lenone quo mihist, tum sentias.
ita plerique omnes sumus ingenio: nostri nosmet paenitet.
*Anti.* at tu mihi contra nunc videre fortunatus. Phaedria,
quoi de integro est potestas etiam consulendi quid velis:
retinere amorem an mittere: ego in eum incidi infelix locum
ut neque mihi eius sit amittendi nec retinendi copia.
sed quid hoc est? videon ego Getam currentem huc advenire?
is est ipsus. ei, timeo miser quam hic mihi nunc nuntiet rem.
*Geta* Nullu's, Geta, nisi aliquod iam consilium celere
I. iv reperies:
ita nunc inparatum subito tanta te inpendent mala;
quae neque uti devitem scio neque quo modo me inde extraham;
nam non potest celari nostra diutius iam audacia.
*Anti.* quid illic commotus venit?
*Geta* tum temporis mihi punctum ad hanc rem est: erus adest.
*Anti.* quid illuc malist?
*Geta* quod quom audierit, eius quod remedium inveniam iracundiae?
loquarne? incendam; taceam? instigem; purgem me? laterem lavem.
heu me miserum! quom mihi paveo, tum Antipho me excruciat animi:
eius me miseret, ei nunc timeo, is nunc me retinet; nam absque eo esset,

true gentlewoman and have married her, as you wished, honourably in the light of day, happy indeed but for the one lack of a temper to bear your fortune contentedly. But if you had to do with that slave-dealer that *I* have, then you'd know what it is. It's the way with pretty nearly all of us, every man is sorry for himself.

*nti.* On the contrary it's you I take for the happy man, Phaedria; you are still unhampered in thinking what you may do, keep or drop your love. I am fallen into the unhappy case of not being able to do either. (*turns round*) Hollo, what's this? Is that Geta coming up at a run? It is. Hang it, I'm afraid he has bad news. (*they stand aside*)

ENTER *Geta* HURRIEDLY.

*eta* (*not seeing the others and pacing up and down*) You're done for, Geta, unless you find some plan at once; you weren't ready for all this cloud of trouble. I don't know how to avoid the storm or how to survive its bursting. Hidden any longer our piece of daring can't be.

*nti.* (*aside to Phaedria*) What's his excitement?

*eta* What's worse, I've only a moment to think. Master's come.

*nti.* (*as before*) What's the trouble?

*eta* When he hears of it how can I soothe his rage? Tell him? That's fuel to him. Not tell him? That's goading him to worse. Defend myself? Labour lost! Curse it all, it's not my own skin only; I'm tortured no less for Antipho: it's *him* I pity, *him* I fear for, it's *he* keeps me here: else I

recte ego mihi vidissem et senis essem ultus iracundiam:
aliquid convasassem atque hinc me conicerem pro- 190
tinam in pedes.

*Anti.* quamnam hic fugam aut furtum parat?

*Geta* sed ubi Antiphonem reperiam? aut qua quaerere
insistam via?

*Phae.* te nominat.

*Anti.* nescio quod magnum hoc nuntio exspecto malum.

*Phae.* ah.

*Geta* domum ire pergam: ibi plurimumst.

*Phae.* revocemus hominem.

*Anti.* sta ilico.

*Geta* hem,
satis pro imperio, quisquis es.

*Anti.* Geta.

*Geta* ipsest quem volui obviam.

*Anti.* cedo, quid portas, obsecro? atque id, si potes, verbo
expedi.

*Geta* faciam.

*Anti.* eloquere.

*Geta* modo apud portum . .

*Anti.* meumne?

*Geta* intellexti.

*Anti.* occidi.

*Phae.* hem.

*Anti.* quid agam?

*Phae.* quid ais?

*Geta* huius patrem vidisse me, patruom tuom.

*Anti.* namquod ego huic nunc subito exitio remedium 200
inveniam miser?
quod si eo meae fortunae redeunt, Phanium, abs te
ut distrahar,

should have looked out for myself, yes and punished the old man's passionateness, packed up a thing or two and taken straight to my heels.

*Ti.* Bolting? thieving? what's the fellow got in his head?

*Ta* But where can I find Antipho? Where shall I start the search? (*stands meditating*)

*Ae.* (*to Antipho*) He mentions you.

*Ti.* I expect some horrible misfortune in his news.

*Ae.* Heavens!

*Ta* I'll draw the home covert, he's mostly tied to my lady's apron. (*goes towards the house*)

*Ae.* Let's call him back.

*Ti.* (*calling*) Stop you, stop at once.

*Ta* (*not looking back*) Hem! Pretty peremptory, whoever you are.

*Ti.* Geta!

*Ta* (*turning round*) The very man I wanted.

*Ti.* For heaven's sake, your news, in a word if you can.

*Ta* You shall have it.

*Ti.* Speak.

*Ta* Just now on the quay—

*Ti.* My—?

*Ta* You've got it.

*Ti.* Death!

*Ae.* I say—

*Ti.* What shall I do?

*Ae.* (*to Geta*) What is it you say?

*Ta* That I've seen his father, your uncle.

*Ti.* How can a poor wretch stave off this sudden destruction? (*passionately*) If it comes to my being torn from you, my Phanium, no life is worth my care.

nullast mihi vita expetenda.
*Geta* ergo istaec quom ita sint, Antipho,
tanto magis te advigilare aequomst: fortis fortuna adiuvat.
*Anti.* non sum apud me.
*Geta* atqui opus est nunc quom maxume ut sis. Antipho:
nam si senserit te timidum pater esse, arbitrabitur commeruisse culpam.
*Phae.* hoc verumst.
*Anti.* non possum inmutarier.
*Geta* quid faceres si gravius aliquid tibi nunc faciundum foret?
*Anti.* quom hoc non possum, illud minus possem.
*Geta* hoc nil est, Phaedria: ilicet.
quid hic conterimus operam frustra? quin abeo?
*Phae.* et quidem ego?
*Anti.* obsecro,
quid si adsimulo? satinest? 21
*Geta* garris.
*Anti.* voltum contemplamini: em,
satine sic est?
*Geta* non.
*Anti.* quid si sic?
*Geta* propemodum.
*Anti.* quid sic?
*Geta* sat est:
em, istuc serva; et verbum verbo, par pari, ut respondeas,
ne te iratus suis saevidicis dictis protelet.
*Anti.* scio.
*Geta* vi coactum te esse invitum.
*Phae.* lege, iudicio.
*Geta* tenes?
sed hic quis est senex quem video in ultima platea? ipsus est.

*a* Well then, as that's so, Sir, you ought all the more to keep awake. Fortune favours the brave.

*i.* I can't command myself.

*a* Come, come now, if ever you've got to command yourself. If your father sees you're afraid he'll think you guilty.

*ae.* That's true.

*i.* (*dolefully*) I can't change my nature.

*a* What would you do if your task were still harder?

*i.* As I am not equal to this, I should be still less equal to that.

*a* (*to Phaedria*) This cock won't fight, Sir; the game's up, no use wasting time here, I'm off. (*going*)

*ae.* So am I.

*i.* For heaven's sake, no: suppose I pretend. (*endeavouring to put on an air of confidence*) Will this do?

*a* Absurd.

*i.* Keep your eyes on my face. See now, will this do?

*a* No.

*i.* (*making a better attempt*) This then?

*a* That's more like it.

*i.* What of this?

*a* That'll do; yes, keep that up; and mind you answer him word for word, hit for hit, else in his rage he'll rout you with a broadside of curses.

*i.* (*dolefully*) I know.

*a* Say you were forced into it against your will.

*ae.* By the statute, by the court.

*a* Do you see, eh? Hollo, who's that old gentleman at the end of the street? It's himself.

*Anti.* non possum adesse.
*Geta* ah, quid agis? quo abis, Antipho?
mane inquam.
*Anti.* egomet me novi et peccatum meum:
vobis commendo Phanium et vitam meam.—
*Phae.* Geta, quid nunc fiet?
*Geta* tu iam litis audies;
ego plectar pendens nisi quid me fefellerit.
sed quod modo hic nos Antiphonem monimus,
id nosmet ipsos facere oportet, Phaedria.
*Phae.* aufer mi "oportet": quin tu quid faciam impera.
*Geta* meministin, olim ut fuerit vostra oratio
in re incipiunda ad defendendam noxiam,
iustam illam causam, facilem, vincibilem, optumam?
*Phae.* memini.
*Geta* em, nunc ipsast opus ea aut, si quid potest,
meliore et callidiore.
*Phae.* fiet sedulo.
*Geta* nunc prior adito tu, ego in insidiis hic ero
subcenturiatus, si quid deficias.
*Phae.* age.

## ACTVS II

*Demi.* Itane tandem uxorem duxit Antipho iniussu meo?
nec meum imperium, ac mitto imperium, non
simultatem meam
revereri saltem! non pudere! o facinus audax, o
Geta

*i.* (*much alarmed*) I can't face him. (*going*)
*a* No, no, what are you about? Where are you off to? Stop, I say.
*u.* I know myself and my offence. I trust you two with Phanium and my life.

[EXIT. *The two others look blankly at each other.*

*ae.* What now, Geta?
*ta* *You*'ll get a wigging on the spot, I shall be strapped up and drubbed, or else I'm much mistaken. However the advice we gave just now to your cousin, that's what we ought to follow ourselves, Sir.
*ae.* "Ought" be hanged! Just tell me what to do.
*ta* Do you remember the defence we talked over some time back, when we projected the enterprise, so as to get clear of blame, how the cause was right and straight and sure to win, just perfect.
*ae.* I remember.
*ta* Very well, that's the defence that's wanted now or a better and cleverer one if we can find it.
*ae.* I shall do my best.
*a* You must begin the attack, I shall lie in ambush here as a reserve force in case you give ground.
*ae.* All right. (*they stand aside*)

## ACT II

ENTER *Demipho* IN TRAVELLING DRESS.

*mi.* (*not seeing the others*) Do they mean to tell me that Antipho has married a wife without my leave? What, no regard for my authority—I won't mention authority—for my indignation even? No shame either? What atrocious assurance! And Geta what a pretty adviser!

monitor!

*Geta* vix tandem.

*Demi.* quid mihi dicent aut quam causam reperient? demiror.

*Geta* atqui reperiam: aliud cura.

*Demi.* an hoc dicet mihi: "invitus feci. lex coegit"? audio, fateor.

*Geta* places.

*Demi.* verum scientem, tacitum, causam tradere advorsariis, etiamne id lex coegit?

*Phae.* illud durum.

*Geta* ego expediam: sine.

*Demi.* incertumst quid agam, quia praeter spem atque incredibile hoc mi obtigit:
ita sum inritatus, animum ut nequeam ad cogitandum instituere. 240
quam ob rem omnis, quom secundae res sunt maxume, tum maxume
meditari secum oportet quo pacto advorsam aerum nam ferant:
pericla, damna, peregre rediens semper secum cogitet,
aut fili peccatum aut uxoris mortem aut morbum filiae;
communia esse haec, fieri posse ut ne quid animo sit novom;
quidquid praeter spem eveniat, omne id deputare esse in lucro.

*Geta* o Phaedria, incredibile quantum erum ante eo sapientia.
meditata mihi sunt omnia mea incommoda, crus si redierit:
molendum usque in pistrino, vapulandum, habendae compedes,

*eta* (*aside*) Geta at last!

*emi.* What will they say to me? What excuse will they find? I wonder.

*eta* (*aside*) Oh, I'll devise one, don't worry about that

*emi.* Is this what they'll say? "It was against my will, the law coerced me." Quite so, I admit it.

*eta* (*aside*) Very good of you!

*emi.* But to give the case into the other side's hands with your eyes open and your mouth shut, did the law coerce you into that too?

*hae.* (*aside*) That's a poser.

*eta* (*aside*) I'll solve it, never you mind.

*emi.* I can't tell what to do, it's such an unexpected, such an unbelievable blow. The thing stings me so, that I can't start thinking. It shows that just when things are at the very best with us we ought all to rehearse how to bear misfortune when we meet with it. Coming from his travels a man should always have in his mind lawsuits and losses, an offence of his son, the death of his wife, or the sickness of his daughter, reflecting that such misfortunes are common to all and may happen to *him*, so that nothing may come to him as a surprise: anything that betters his expectation he should count clear gain.

*ta* (*aside to Phaedria*) Oh Sir, you can't think how much my wisdom is ahead of my master's. I've rehearsed all the unpleasantnesses in case of his return, endless grinding in the mill, drubbings, fetters, drudgery on the farm, not one of these will come to me as a

opus ruri faciundum. horum nil quicquam accidet animo novom.
quidquid praeter spem eveniet, omne id deputabo esse in lucro.
sed quid cessas hominem adire et blande in principio adloqui?

*Demi.* Phaedriam mei fratris video filium mi ire obviam.
*Phae.* mi patrue, salve.
*Demi.* salve; sed ubist Antipho?
*Phae.* salvom venire . . .
*Demi.* credo; hoc responde mihi.
*Phae.* valet, hic est; sed satin omnia ex sententia?
*Demi.* vellem quidem.
*Phae.* quid istuc est?
*Demi.* rogitas, Phaedria?
bonas me absente hic confecistis nuptias.
*Phae.* eho, an id suscenses nunc illi?
*Geta* artificem probum
*Demi.* egon illi non suscenseam? ipsum gestio
dari mi in conspectum, nunc sua culpa ut sciat
lenem patrem illum factum me esse acerrumum.
*Phae.* atqui nihil fecit, patrue, quod suscenseas.
*Demi.* ecce autem similia omnia! omnes congruont:
unum quom noris omnis noris.
*Phae.* haud itast.
*Demi.* hic in noxiast, ille ad defendendam causam adest:
quom illest, hic praestost: tradunt operas mutuas.
*Geta* probe horum facta inprudens depinxit senex.
*Demi.* nam ni haec ita essent, cum illo haud stares, Phaedria.

surprise, and anything that betters my expectation I shall count clear gain. However you'd better go up to our gentleman and open the parley with some sugared words. (*Phaedria advances*)

*ni.* There's my nephew Phaedria coming to meet me.

*ae.* How do you do, uncle? (*greets him effusively*)

*ni.* How do you do? But where's Antipho?

*ae.* I'm so glad to see that—

*ni.* (*interrupting*) Yes, yes, but answer my question.

*ae.* He's quite well, he's close by. Everything satisfactory, I hope.

*ni.* I only wish it were.

*ae.* Why, what's the matter?

*ni.* A pretty question, Phaedria! A nice marriage you people have trumped up while I was away.

*ae.* (*with affected astonishment*) Bless me, Sir, are you angry with him for *that*?

*a* (*aside*) Splendid acting!

*ni.* And am I not to be angry with him? I'm on fire to have the culprit brought before me so that he may learn how his own fault has turned his easy old father into a perfect martinet.

*ae.* But, uncle, he's done nothing to make you angry.

*ni.* There you are! all of a pattern, all of a gang! Know one and you know all.

*ae.* That's not the case.

*ni.* One offends, the other takes a brief to defend him: the second offends, up trots the first. They're a company for mutual benefit.

*a* (*aside*) The old boy has drawn their pictures to the life though he don't know it.

*ni.* If it weren't so, Phaedria, you wouldn't be his champion.

*Phae.* si est, patrue, culpam ut Antipho in se admiserit,
ex qua re minus rei foret aut famae temperans,
non causam dico quin quod meritus sit ferat.
sed si quis forte malitia fretus sua
insidias nostrae fecit adulescentiae
ac vicit, nostran culpa east an iudicum,
qui saepe propter invidiam adimunt diviti
aut propter misericordiam addunt pauperi?
*Geta* ni nossem causam, crederem vera hunc loqui.
*Demi.* an quisquam iudex est qui possit noscere
tua iusta, ubi tute verbum non respondeas,
ita ut ille fecit?
*Phae.* functus adulescentulist
officium liberalis: postquam ad iudices
ventumst, non potuit cogitata proloqui:
ita eum tum timidum subito stupefecit pudor.
*Geta* laudo hunc. sed cesso adire quam primum senem?
ere, salve: salvom te advenisse gaudeo.
*Demi* oh,
bone custos, salve, columen vero familiae,
quoi commendavi filium hinc abiens meum.
*Geta* iam dudum te omnis nos accusare audio
inmerito et me horunc omnium inmeritissumo.
namquid me in hac re facere voluisti tibi?
servom hominem causam orare leges non sinunt
neque testimoni dictiost.
*Demi* mitto omnia.
do istuc "inprudens timuit adulescens"; sino
tu servo's; verum si cognatast maxume,
non fuit necesse habere; sed id quod lex iubet,

*ae.* If it is a fact, uncle, that Antipho has committed any fault that shows him to be regardless of his self-interest or his good name, I enter no plea against his getting his deserts. If however there is one who, relying on his own wickedness, has set a trap for our inexperience and has got the better of us, is that our fault or the fault of the jury, who often out of jealousy cast a rich man in damages or out of pity give them to a poor man?

*ta* (*aside*) If I didn't know the facts I should think he was speaking the truth.

*mi.* How can any juryman tell the merits of your case when you yourself don't say a word, as *he* didn't?

*ae.* He acted like the ingenuous young man that he is. When he came into court he couldn't find a voice for his prepared arguments. With his nervous nature his modesty struck him dumb on the spot.

*ta* (*aside*) Well done our side! But I'd better go up to the old man. (*advances*) Good day, Sir: I'm glad to see you back safe and sound.

*mi.* (*shaking his stick at him*) O faithful shepherd! O pillar of my household, to whom I entrusted my son when I went abroad!

*ta* (*affecting to be aggrieved*) For some minutes, Sir, I have been listening to your unjust charges against all of us, and me in particular who deserve them least of all. What did you want me to do in the matter, Sir? The law won't let a slave hold a brief, no nor go into the witness-box.

*mi.* I grant it all, I allow your "nervous and inexperienced lad," I concede you are a slave. Still, if she is ten times our kinswoman, we weren't forced into a marriage. You could have gone by the statute, supplied her with a dowry, looked out

dotem daretis, quaereret alium virum.
qua ratione inopem potius ducebat domum?
*Geta* non ratio verum argentum deerat.
*Demi* sumeret
alicunde.
*Geta* alicunde? nil est dictu facilius.
*Demi.* postremo si nullo alio pacto, faenore.
*Geta* hui, dixti pulchre! siquidem quisquam crederet
te vivo.
*Demi.* non, non sic futurumst: non potest.
egon illam cum illo ut patiar nuptam unum diem?
nil suave meritumst. hominem commonstrarier
mi istum volo aut ubi habitet demonstrarier.
*Geta* nempe Phormionem?
*Demi.* istum patronum mulieris.
*Geta* iam faxo hic aderit.
*Demi.* Antipho ubi nunc est?
*Geta* foris.
*Demi.* abi, Phaedria, eum require atque huc adduc.
*Phae.* eo:
recta via quidem illuc.
*Geta* nempe ad Pamphilam.
*Demi.* ego deos penatis hinc salutatum domum
devortar; inde ibo ad forum atque aliquod mihi
amicos advocabo ad hanc rem qui adsient,
ut ne inparatus sim si veniat Phormio.

*Phor.* Itane patris ais conspectum veritum hinc abiisse?
II. ii
*Geta* admodum.

for another man to marry her. Where was the sense in preferring to saddle him with a penniless bride?

*Ga* The sense was there, Sir; it was the cash was lacking.

*Phi.* He might have borrowed it from some one?

*Ga* Some one? Nothing easier to *say*!

*Phi.* At the worst, if other ways failed, on interest.

*Ga* (*whistles*) Phew! Fine words! Yes, indeed, if anyone would have given him credit with you alive.

*Phi.* (*furiously*) It shan't be, it shan't be, it's impossible. What, I let her live with him a single day? They have deserved no indulgence. (*pauses*) I want to have that fellow pointed out to me or to be shown where he lives.

*Ga* Phormio, I presume?

*Phi.* The girl's champion.

*Ga* I'll have him here in no time.

*Phi.* Where is Antipho now?

*Ga* Out, Sir.

*Phi.* Off with you, Phaedria; find him and bring him here.

*Ge.* I'll go—(*winks to Geta*) straight you know where.

*Ga* (*aside to Phaedria*) To his ladylove of course.

[EXEUNT *Phaedria* AND *Geta* SEVERALLY.

*Phi.* I shall go home to give thanks for my return. Then I shall go to the Piazza and call in some friends to back up my case so that I mayn't be unprepared when this Phormio comes. [EXIT.

## ACT III

(*Half an hour has elapsed.*)

ENTER *Phormio* AND *Geta.*

*Ph.* Do you mean to tell me that he was so afraid of his father that he bolted?

*Ga* I do indeed.

*Phor.* Phanium relictam solam?
*Geta* sic.
*Phor.* et iratum senem?
*Geta* oppido.
*Phor.* ad te summa solum, Phormio, rerum redit:
tute hoc intristi: tibi omnest exedendum: accingere.
*Geta* obsecro te.
*Phor.* si rogabit . . .
*Geta* in te spes est.
*Phor.* eccere,
quid si reddet . . .?
*Geta* tu inpulisti.
*Phor.* sic opinor.
*Geta* subveni.
*Phor.* cedo senem: iam instructa sunt mi in corde consilia omnia.
*Geta* quid ages?
*Phor.* quid vis, nisi uti maneat Phanium atque ex crimine hoc
Antiphonem eripiam atque in me omnem iram derivem senis?
*Geta* o vir fortis atque amicu's. verum hoc saepe, Phormio,
vereor, ne istaec fortitudo in nervom erumpat denique.
*Phor* ah,
non itast: factumst periclum, iam pedum visast via.
quod me censes homines iam deverberasse usque ad necem?
cedo dum, enumquam iniuriarum audisti mihi scriptam dicam?
*Geta* qui istuc?
*Phor.* quia non rete accipitri tenntur neque milvo,
qui male faciunt nobis: illis qui nihil faciunt tennitur,
quia enim in illis fructus est, in illis opera luditur.

*Phor.* And Phanium is left without a protector?
*Geta* That is so.
*Phor.* And the old man in a rage?
*Geta* I should think he is!
*Phor.* Then, Phormio, the whole burden falls on your shoulders. You mixed the mess and you must eat it up. Gird up your loins.
*Geta* In heaven's name—
*Phor.* (*to himself*) Suppose he asks– (*meditating*)
*Geta* Our hope is in you.
*Phor.* (*as before*) There now, what if he replies—?
*Geta* It was you made us do it.
*Phor.* (*as before*) Yes, I think so, yes.
*Geta* To the rescue.
*Phor.* (*turning to Geta*) Produce the old man: my plan of campaign is settled
*Geta* What'll be your line?
*Phor.* What do you want except for Phanium to remain his wife, Antipho to be rescued from this reproach, and the whole torrent of the old boy's fury to be turned on to me?
*Geta* You're a hero and a friend indeed. But, Phormio, I often have my fears that this heroism of yours may in the end land you in the stocks.
*Phor.* (*derisively*) No, no, not a bit of it. I've tested the path, I've espied a good foothold. How many men do you think I have bastinadoed well nigh to death? Tell me now, have you ever heard of an action against me for assault and battery?
*Geta* How comes that?
*Phor.* Because a net isn't spread for a hawk or a kite, birds of mischief; it's spread for innocent birds, because of course these pay for catching, with the others it's a waste of labour. There are various

aliis aliunde est periclum unde aliquid abradi potest:
mihi sciunt nil esse. dices "ducent damnatum domum":
alere nolunt hominem edacem et sapiunt mea sententia,
pro maleficio si beneficium summum nolunt reddere.
*Geta* non pote satis pro merito ab illo tibi referri gratia.
*Phor.* immo enim nemo satis pro merito gratiam regi refert.
tene asymbolum venire unctum atque lautum e balineis,
otiosum ab animo, quom ille et cura et sumptu absumitur!
dum tibi fit quod placeat, ille ringitur: tu rideas,
prior bibas, prior decumbas; cena dubia adponitur.
*Geta* quid istuc verbist?
*Phor.* ubi tu dubites quid sumas potissumum
haec quom rationem ineas quam sint suavia et quam cara sint,
ea qui praebet, non tu hunc habeas plane praesentem deum?
*Geta* senex adest: vide quid agas: prima coitiost acerruma;
si eam sustinueris, postilla iam ut lubet ludas licet.
*Demi.* Enumquam quoiquam contumeliosius
II.iii audistis factam iniuriam quam haec est mihi?
adeste quaeso.
*Geta* iratus est.
*Phor.* quin tu hoc age:
iam ego hunc agitabo. pro deum inmortalium,
negat Phanium esse hanc sibi cognatam Demipho?

perils for other men from whom something can be shorn, *I* am known to have nothing. You will say, "They will seize your person and make you slave for them." No, they've no wish to feed a huge eater, and they're wise in my opinion not to requite an injury with a great favour.

*Geta* My master can never fully repay your services.

*Phor.* No, it's the other way, a man can never fully repay his patron. Just think of it: you come contributing nothing, perfumed and comfortable after a bath, your mind at ease, while the patron is devoured by care and expense. While everything is done to please you, he's on the growl. You may smile, be helped to wine before him, take your place before him, a puzzling dinner is served you.

*Geta* Puzzling? What does that mean?

*Phor.* Where you'd be puzzled what dish to try first. When you start reckoning up how delightful and how costly it all is, wouldn't you count the man who gives it a very god in avatar?

*Geta* (*looking down the street*) The old man's here; mind what you're about; the first shock is the hottest; if you've withstood that, you may afterwards fence with him as you fancy.

ENTER *Demipho* BEHIND WITH *Hegio, Cratinus,* AND *Crito.*

*Demi.* Have you ever heard, my friends, of a more insulting wrong done to any man than this to me? Be so good as to stand by me.

*Geta* (*aside to Phormio*) A temper he's in.

*Phor.* (*aside to Geta*) Attention now! I'll work him up in a moment. (*aloud, pretending not to see the old gentlemen*) Heaven and earth! does Demipho say she isn't

hanc Demipho negat esse cognatam?

*Geta* negat.

*Phor.* neque eius patrem se scire qui fuerit?

*Geta* negat.

*Demi.* ipsum esse opinor de quo agebam: sequimini.

*Phor.* quia egens relictast misera, ignoratur parens,
neclegitur ipsa: vide avaritia quid facit.

*Geta* si erum insimulabis malitiae, male audies.

*Demi.* o audaciam! etiam me ultro accusatum advenit.

*Phor.* nam iam adulescenti nihil est quod suscenseam,
si illum minus norat; quippe homo iam grandior,
pauper, quoi in opere vita erat, ruri fere
se continebat; ibi agrum de nostro patre
colendum habebat. saepe interea mihi senex
narrabat se hunc neclegere cognatum suom:
at quem virum! quem ego viderim in vita optumum.

*Geta* videas te atque illum narras!

*Phor.* in malam crucem!
nam ni ita eum existumassem, numquam tam gravis
ob hanc inimicitias caperem in vostram familiam,
quam is aspernatur nunc tam inliberaliter.

*Geta* pergin ero absenti male loqui, inpurissume?

*Demi.* dignum autem hoc illost.

*Geta* ain tamen, carcer?

*Demi.* Geta.

*Geta* bonorum extortor, legum contortor!

*Demi.* Geta.

akin to him? Demipho say she isn't akin to him?

*eta* He does that.

*hor.* And says he doesn't know who her father was?

*eta* He does that.

*emi.* (*to his friends*) I take it this is the man I spoke of. Come with me.

*hor.* Because the poor thing is left in penury, her father is disowned and herself ignored. See what avarice does!

*eta* If you're going to charge my master with bad conduct you shall be called bad names.

*emi.* What effrontery! He's actually going to turn the accusation against me.

*hor.* Yes, there's no reason for resentment against the young gentleman if he didn't know the man. Naturally, for he was well on in years, had small means, worked for a living on his farm, mostly stayed in the country. He rented land there under my father. From time to time the old man used to tell me that this kinsman of his ignored him: but what a splendid man, the best I ever set eyes on!

*eta* (*pretending sarcasm*) May you live to see *yourself* what you call *him*!

*hor.* You be hanged! If I hadn't accounted him all that, I should never have been engaging in these bitter feuds with your house for his daughter's sake whom your master now rejects, for all the world like a cad

*eta* Still abusing my master behind his back, foul-mouth?

*emi.* Cad's the right name for him.

*eta* You dare to say so, you dare, jail-bird?

*emi.* (*coming forward*) Geta!

*eta* (*pretending not to hear*) Rogue, thief, pettyfogger, perjurer!

*emi.* Geta!

*Phor.* responde.
*Geta* quis homost? ehem.
*Demi.* tace.
*Geta* absenti tibi
te indignas seque dignas contumelias
numquam cessavit dicere hodie.
*Demi.* desine.
adulescens, primum abs te hoc bona venia peto.
si tibi placere potis est, mi ut respondeas:
quem amicum tuom ais fuisse istum, explana mihi,
et qui cognatum me sibi esse diceret.
*Phor.* proinde expiscare quasi non nosses.
*Demi.* nossem?
*Phor.* ita.
*Demi.* ego me nego: tu qui ais redige in memoriam.
*Phor.* eho tu, sobrinum tuom non noras?
*Demi.* enicas.
dic nomen.
*Phor.* nomen?
*Demi.* maxume. quid nunc taces?
*Phor.* perii hercle, nomen perdidi.
*Demi.* quid ais?
*Phor.* Geta,
si meministi id quod olim dictumst, subice. hem,
non dico: quasi non nosses, temptatum advenis.
*Demi.* ego autem tempto?
*Geta.* Stilpho.
*Phor.* atque adeo quid mea?
Stilphost.
*Demi.* quem dixti?
*Phor.* Stilphonem inquam noveras.

*hor.* (*whispering*) Answer him.

*eta* Who's calling? (*turning round and affecting astonishment*) Oh Sir!

*emi.* Silence!

*eta* Behind your back, Sir, he has been throwing at you all the time without a break insulting words that don't fit *you*, Sir, and do fit *him*.

*emi.* No more. (*turns to Phormio*) Young Sir, in the first place with your good leave I ask you, provided that I may be so lucky that it please you, to answer me one question. Expound to me who that personage was whom you assert to have been your friend and in what way he claimed relationship with me.

*hor.* Fishing, just as if you didn't know him!

*emi.* Know him?

*hor.* Yes, know him.

*emi.* I say I didn't: as you say I did, recall him to my memory.

*hor.* Dear me now, not know your own cousin?

*emi.* Grant me patience! Tell me his name.

*hor.* His name?

*emi.* Certainly. (*a pause*) Why don't you answer?

*hor.* (*aside*) Damn it! I've forgotten the name.

*emi.* What do you say?

*hor.* (*turns and whispers to Geta*) Geta, if you remember the name we gave at the time, prompt me. (*aloud*) Pshaw! I don't tell you. As if you didn't know him, you come to me with your tricks.

*emi.* Tricks? I?

*eta* (*whispering to Phormio*) Stilpho.

*hor.* After all what's it matter to me? It's Stilpho.

*emi.* What name do you say?

*hor.* I say you knew Stilpho.

*Demi.* neque ego illum noram neque mi cognatus fuit
quisquam istoc nomine.
*Phor.* itane? non te horum pudet?
at si talentum rem reliquisset decem,
*Demi.* di tibi malfaciant!
*Phor.* primus esses memoriter
progeniem vostram usque ab avo atque atavo proferens.
*Demi.* ita ut dicis. ego tum quom advenissem, qui mihi
cognata ea esset dicerem: itidem tu face.
cedo qui est cognata.
*Geta* eu noster, recte. heus tu, cave
*Phor.* dilucide expedivi quibus me oportuit
iudicibus: tum id si falsum fuerat, filius
quor non refellit?
*Demi.* filium narras mihi?
quoius de stultitia dici ut dignumst non potest
*Phor.* at tu qui sapiens es magistratus adi,
iudicium de eadem causa iterum ut reddant tibi,
quandoquidem solus regnas et soli licet
hic de eadem causa bis iudicium apiscier.
*Demi.* etsi mihi facta iniuriast, verum tamen
potius quam litis secter aut quam te audiam,
itidem ut cognata si sit, id quod lex iubet
dotis dare, abduc hanc, minas quinque accipe.
*Phor.* hahahae, homo suavis.
*Demi.* quid est? num iniquom postulo?
an ne hoc quidem ego adipiscar quod ius publicumst?
*Phor.* itan tandem, quaeso, item ut meretricem ubi abusus sis,
mercedem dare lex iubet ei atque amittere?
an, ut ne quid turpe civis in se admitteret

*Demi.* I neither knew him nor ever had a kinsman of that name.

*Phor.* You say that? No shame in presence of your friends? Ah, if he had left an estate of some thousands—

*Demi.* Heaven blast you!

*Phor.* —you would have been the first to produce an exact pedigree tracing from your grandfather and your grandfather's grandfather and all that.

*Demi.* (*trying to keep his temper*) True. If I had been at the trial I should have stated how she was related to me: do you the same. State how she's related to me.

*Geta* Bravo! Well said our side! (*aside to Phormio*) I say, be cautious.

*Phor.* I gave a clear account where I was bound to give it, in court. If it was a fiction then, why didn't your son then upset it?

*Demi.* Talk to me of my son? I can't find words to express his folly.

*Phor.* Well, as you at least are no fool, go before the court and ask them to grant you a new trial of the case, since you are sole monarch here and the sole man who may have the same case tried twice.

*Demi.* Victimized as I am, still, rather than be perpetually at law or have to listen to you, I will assume she is related to us, and, as the statute prescribes the amount of the dowry, take you her away and accept the five and twenty pounds.

*Phor.* Ha, ha, ha! a pleasant gentleman!

*Demi.* What do you mean? Isn't it a fair proposal? Am I not even to have common justice?

*Phor.* And pray do you really mean to tell me that when you have treated her as a courtesan the law says you are to pay her and whistle her off? Wasn't it

propter egestatem, proxumo iussast dari,
ut cum uno aetatem degeret? quod tu vetas.
*Demi.* ita, proxumo quidem; at nos unde? aut quam ob rem?
*Phor.* ohe,
"actum" aiunt "ne agas."
*Demi.* non agam? immo haud desinam,
donec perfecero hoc.
*Phor.* ineptis.
*Demi.* sine modo.
*Phor.* postremo tecum nil rei nobis, Demipho, est:
tuos est damnatus gnatus, non tu; nam tua
praeterierat iam ad ducendum aetas.
*Demi.* omnia haec
illum putato quae ego nunc dico dicere;
aut quidem cum uxore hac ipsum prohibebo domo.
*Geta* iratus est.
*Phor.* tu te idem melius feceris.
*Demi.* itan es paratus facere me advorsum omnia,
infelix?
*Phor.* metuit hic nos, tametsi sedulo
dissimulat.
*Geta* bene habent tibi principia.
*Phor.* quin quod est
ferundum fers? tuis dignum factis feceris,
ut amici inter nos simus.
*Demi.* egon tuam expetam
amicitiam? aut te visum aut auditum velim?
*Phor.* si concordabis cum illa, habebis quae tuam
senectutem oblectet: respice aetatem tuam.

the intention of the law that no Athenian gentlewoman should be driven to shame by her poverty and so it is enjoined that she be married to the next of kin to live out her life with him? But *you* are above the law.

*Demi.* Yes, to the next of kin, but where do *we* come in? Why be married to us?

*Phor.* Oh dear! "Settled once, settled for ever," as the saying goes.

*Demi.* Settled for ever? I will never rest till I have unsettled it.

*Phor.* Idle talk!

*Demi.* Never you mind!

*Phor.* As a last word, with *you*, Demipho, we have no concern. The order of the court dealt with your son, not with you. In fact you had already passed the age of matrimony. (*bows to him mockingly*)

*Demi.* Take it that all I say now he says too: else, I assure you, I shall forbid him my house and his wife too.

*Geta* (*aside*) A temper he's in!

*Phor.* Better forbid it to yourself.

*Demi.* Are you forearmed to thwart me at every point, you wretch?

*Phor.* (*aside to Geta*) He's afraid of us though he tries hard to hide it.

*Geta* (*aside to Phormio*) You've done well so far.

*Phor.* (*to Demipho*) Why can't you bear what you've got to bear? It will be like your better self and so we might be friends.

*Demi.* (*furiously*) *I* want friendship with *you*? *I* choose to see or hear you?

*Phor.* (*mockingly*) If you hit it off with her, you'll have somebody to be the charmer of your old age. Do have thought for your grey hairs.

*Demi.* te oblectet, tibi habe.
*Phor.* minue vero iram.
*Demi.* hoc age:
satis iam verborumst: nisi tu properas mulierem
abducere, ego illam eiciam. dixi. Phormio.
*Phor.* si tu illam attigeris secus quam dignumst liberam,
dicam tibi inpingam grandem. dixi. Demipho.
si quid opus fuerit, heus, domo me.
*Geta* intellego.
*Demi.* Quanta me cura et sollicitudine adficit
II.iv gnatus, qui me et se hisce impedivit nuptiis!
neque mi in conspectum prodit, ut saltem sciam
quid de ea re dicat quidve sit sententiae.
abi, vise redieritne iam an nondum domum.
*Geta* eo.—
*Demi.* videtis quo in loco res haec siet:
quid ago? dic, Hegio.
*Hegio* ego? Cratinum censeo,
si tibi videtur.
*Demi.* dic, Cratine.
*Cra.* mene vis?
*Demi.* te.
*Cra.* ego quae in rem tuam sint ea velim facias. mihi
sic hoc videtur: quod te absente hic filius
egit, restitui in integrum aequomst et bonum,
et id impetrabis. dixi.
*Demi.* dic nunc, Hegio.
*Hegio* ego sedulo hunc dixisse credo; verum itast,
quot homines tot sententiae: suos quoique mos
mihi non videtur quod sit factum legibus

*Demi.* Let her be *your* charmer, keep her for yourself.

*Phor.* Now, now, less temper!

*Demi.* Attend to this: we have had words enough: unless you are prompt to take her away, I shall turn her out. So much for Phormio! (*turns on his heel*)

*Phor.* Offer to touch her in any way that doesn't befit a gentlewoman and I shall bring an action against you for swingeing damages. So much for Demipho! (*turns and speaks aside to Geta*) If I'm wanted, come and fetch me.

*Geta* (*aside to Phormio*) I'm alive. [EXIT *Phormio.*

*Demi.* Oh, the trouble and anxiety the boy gives me, entangling himself and me in this marriage! And he doesn't show himself even, so that I might at least know what he has to say, what view he takes. Go (*to Geta*) and see if he is come home yet or not. [EXIT. *Demipho turns to his friends.*

*Geta* Yes, Sir.

*Demi.* You see the state of the affair: what is the right course? What do *you* say, Hegio?

*Hegio* Oh, I think Cratinus had better speak, if you don't mind.

*Demi.* What do *you* say, Cratinus?

*Cra.* You want my opinion?

*Demi.* Yes, yes.

*Cra.* For my part I should like you to do what is best for your own interest. I look at it this way. What your son has arranged here during your absence should rightly and properly be null and void, and you will get it adjudged so. That is my opinion.

*Demi.* Now, Hegio, your turn.

*Hegio* I think our friend here has given a careful opinion, but the truth is, so many men so many minds, every one has his point of view. My opinion is that

rescindi posse; et turpe inceptust.
*Demi.* dic, Crito.
*Crito* ego amplius deliberandum censeo:
res magnast.
*Hegio* num quid nos vis?
*Demi.* fecistis probe.—
incertior sum multo quam dudum.
*Geta* negant
redisse.
*Demi.* frater est exspectandus mihi:
is quod mihi dederit de hac re consilium, id sequar.
percontatum ibo ad portum, quoad se recipiat.—
*Geta* at ego Antiphonem quaeram, ut quae acta hic sint sciat.
sed eccum ipsum video in tempore huc se recipere.

## ACTVS III

*Anti.* Enim vero, Antipho, multimodis cum istoc animo es vituperandus:
itane te hinc abisse et vitam tuam tutandam aliis dedisse!
alios tuam rem credidisti magis quam tete animum advorsuros?
nam utut erant alia, illi certe quae nunc tibi domist consuleres,
ne quid propter tuam fidem decepta poteretur mali;
quoi nunc miserae spes opesque sunt in te uno omnes sitae.
*Geta* et quidem, ere, nos iam dudum hic te absentem incusamus qui abieris.
*Anti.* te ipsum quaerebam.
*Geta* sed ea causa nihilo magis defecimus

what has been done legally cannot be undone and to attempt it would be discreditable.

*emi.* Now your turn, Crito.

*rito* (*speaking very slowly*) I think the matter requires more protracted deliberation. It is a serious affair.

*egio* Is there anything more we can do for you?

*emi.* You have done admirably. [EXEUNT *Hegio, Cratinus,* AND *Crito.*] I'm in a much thicker fog than I was to start with.

RE-ENTER *Geta.*

*eta* They say he is not back, Sir.

*emi.* I must wait for my brother: I shall follow the advice he gives me in the matter. I'll go and find out at the harbour when his boat is due. [EXIT.

*eta* And I'll go and find Antipho to tell him all about it. Ah, here he comes just in the nick.

ENTER *Antipho.*

*nti.* (*not seeing Geta*) Indeed and indeed, Antipho, you and your faint heart are many ways to be blamed. Think of running away and entrusting your life to the defence of others. Did you imagine others would see to your business better than yourself? If nothing else, you should at least have had thought for the dear one at home, that she might not be misled by her confidence in you and so come to trouble. Poor girl, all her hopes and chances now rest on you and you only.

*eta* (*coming forward*) Yes, Sir, and here have we been cursing you all this time for bolting.

*nti.* You're the man I was looking for.

*eta* But we haven't been a bit the more remiss on that account.

*Anti.* loquere obsecro, quonam in loco sunt res et fortunae meae?
num subolet quid patri?
*Geta* nil etiam.
*Anti.* ecquid spei porrost?
*Geta* nescio.
*Anti.* ah.
*Geta* nisi Phaedria haud cessavit pro te eniti.
*Anti.* nil fecit novi.
*Geta* tum Phormio itidem in hac re ut aliis strenuom hominem praebuit.
*Anti.* quid is fecit?
*Geta* confutavit verbis admodum iratum senem.
*Anti.* eu, Phormio.
*Geta* ego quod potui porro.
*Anti.* mi Geta, omnis vos amo.
*Geta* sic habent principia sese ut dico: adhuc tranquilla res,
mansurusque patruom pater est, dum huc advenias. 480
*Anti.* quid eum?
*Geta* ut aibat
de eius consilio sese velle facere quod ad hanc rem attinet.
*Anti.* quantum metuist mihi videre huc salvom nunc patruom, Geta!
nam eius per unam, ut audio, aut vivam aut moriar sententiam.
*Geta* Phaedria tibi adest.
*Anti.* ubinam?
*Geta* eccum ab sua palaestra exit foras.
*Phae.* Dorio,
[Illi audi obsecro.
*Dorio* non audio.
*Phae.* parumper.
*Dorio* quin omitte me

*ti.* For heaven's sake tell me how things stand with me. Any luck? Has my father any scent of the truth?

*ta* Not the least.

*ti.* Any hope, eh?

*ta* Can't say.

*ti.* Ah!

*ta* Only Phaedria hasn't slackened in his efforts for you.

*ti.* No novelty that.

*ta* And Phormio too in this matter, as always, has been all energy.

*ti.* What did he do?

*ta* Your father was boiling over with fury and he quelled him.

*ti.* Bravo, Phormio!

*ta* (*with much modesty*) I myself too did what I could.

*ti.* My dear Geta, I love you all.

*ta* The first engagement was as I tell you. Up to now there is a lull in the operations and your father means to wait for your uncle to come.

*ti.* Why for my uncle?

*ta* He said he meant to follow his advice as far as this affair goes.

*i.* How alarming the prospect of my uncle's safe return, Geta, for on his single vote by your account hangs my life or death.

*a* Here comes Phaedria, Sir.

*i.* Where?

*a* There, coming out of his playground. (*sniggers*)

ENTER *Phaedria* FROM *Dorio's* WITH *Dorio.*

*ie.* Dorio, for heaven's sake hear me.

*rio* (*surly*) I won't.

*ie.* But one word. (*lays his hand on Dorio's shoulder*)

*rio* Leave me alone. (*shakes him off*)

*Phae.* audi quod dicam.
*Dorio* at enim taedet iam audire eadem milliens
*Phae.* at nunc dicam quod lubenter audias.
*Dorio* loquere, audio.
*Phae.* non queo te exorare ut maneas triduom hoc? quo nunc abis?
*Dorio* mirabar si tu mihi quicquam adferres novi.
*Anti.* ei,
metuo lenonem ne quid . . .
*Geta* suo suat capiti? idem ego vereor
*Phae.* nondum mihi credis?
*Dorio* hariolare.
*Phae.* sin fidem do?
*Dorio* fabulae.
*Phae.* faeneratum istuc beneficium pulchre tibi dices.
*Dorio* logi.
*Phae.* crede mihi, gaudebis facto: verum hercle hoc est.
*Dorio* somnia.
*Phae.* experire: non est longum.
*Dorio* cantilenam eandem canis.
*Phae.* tu mihi cognatus, tu parens, tu amicus, tu . . .
*Dorio* garri modo.
*Phae.* adeon ingenio esse duro te atque inexorabili,
ut neque misericordia neque precibus molliri queas!
*Dorio* adeon te esse incogitantem atque inpudentem sine modo,
ut phaleratis ducas dictis me et meam ductes gratiis!
*Anti.* miseritumst.
*Phae.* ei, veris vincor!
*Geta* quam uterquest similis sui!

*ae.* Hear what I say?

*rio* No, I'm sick of hearing the same thing a thousand times over.

*ae.* But now I shall say what you will be glad to hear.

*rio* Say on, I'm listening.

*ae.* Can't I get you to wait for the next three days? (*Dorio moves away*) Where are you going to now?

*rio* I thought it would be a wonder if you'd anything new to say to me.

*ti.* (*aside to Geta*) Gad! I'm afraid this creature may—

*ta* (*interrupting*) Set a trap for himself? Just my fear.

*ae.* Don't you trust me even yet?

*rio* Moonshine!

*ae.* But if I pledge myself?

*rio* Nonsense!

*ae.* You shall say your kindness was a good investment.

*rio* Rubbish!

*ae.* Believe me, you shall be glad you did it. That's true, by heaven it is.

*rio* Stuff!

*ae.* Try: it isn't a long time.

*rio* You sing the same old song.

*ae.* You are my kinsman, my father, my friend, my——

*rio* (*interrupting*) Ay, chatter on.

*ae.* You must have a heart of stone and ears of rock if you can't be softened either by pity or by prayers.

*rio* You must have an empty head and an utterly shameless soul if you think to take me in with your tinsel and to get my girl for nothing.

*ti.* (*aside*) Poor wretch!

*ae.* (*turning away*) Confound it! The truth's too strong for me.

*ta* (*aside*) How like himself, each of them!

*Phae.* atque Antipho alia quom occupatus esset sollicitudine,
tum hoc esse mi obiectum malum!
*Anti.* quid istuc est autem, Phaedria?
*Phae.* o fortunatissume Antipho.
*Anti.* egone?
*Phae.* quoi quod amas domist,
neque umquam cum huius modi usus venit ut conflictares malo.
*Anti.* mi.in domist? immo, id quod aiunt, auribus teneo lupum:
nam neque quo pacto a me amittam neque uti retineam scio.
*Dorio* ipsum istuc mi in hoc est.
*Anti.* heia, ne parum leno sies.
num quid hic confecit?
*Phae.* hicine? quod homo inhumanissumus:
Pamphilam meam vendidit.
*Anti.* quid? vendidit?
*Geta* ain? vendidit.
*Phae.* vendidit.
*Dorio* quam indignum facinus, ancillam aere emptam meo!
*Phae.* nequeo exorare ut me maneat et cum illo ut mutet fidem
triduom hoc, dum id quod est promissum ab amicis argentum aufero.
si non tum dedero, unam praeterea horam ne oppertus sies.
*Dorio* obtundes?
*Anti.* haud longumst id quod orat: exoret sine.
idem hic tibi, quod boni promeritus fueris, conduplicaverit.

*iae.* And then that this trouble should have befallen me when Antipho was the victim of a like anxiety.

*nti.* (*coming forward*) What's the matter, Phaedria?

*iae.* Happy happy Antipho!

*nti.* (*bitterly*) Happy? I?

*iae.* Yes, you possess your love and have never had to wrestle with this kind of misfortune.

*nti.* Possess my love? No indeed, I've got a wolf by the ears, as they say, can't let go and can't hold on.

*orio* That's just my case with this gentleman.

*nti.* Hollo, don't ply your trade by halves! (*to Phaedria*) He hasn't settled anything, has he?

*iae.* Yes, like the brute beast he is: he has sold my Pamphila.

*nti.* What, sold her?

*nta* What, Sir, sold her?

*iae.* Sold her.

*orio* What a wicked shame to sell a girl I bought and paid for!

*iae.* I can't get him to wait for me and break with the other man; it's only for the next three days till I can get the money my friends have undertaken to raise. (*to Dorio*) If I don't give it you then, don't wait a single hour longer.

*orio* You'll stun me, will you?

*nti.* It's not long he asks for, do grant it. He'll pay you twice over, you'll find, for any service you do him.

*Dorio* verba istaec sunt.
*Anti.* Pamphilamne hac urbe privari sines?
tum praeterea horunc amorem distrahi poterin pati?
*Dorio* neque ego neque tu.
*Geta* di tibi omnes id quod es dignus duint!
*Dorio* ego te compluris advorsum ingenium meum mensis
tuli,
pollicitantem et nil ferentem, flentem; nunc contra
omnia haec:
repperi qui det neque lacrumet: da locum melioribus.
*Anti.* certe hercle, ego si satis commemini, tibi quidemst
olim dies,
quam ad dares huic, praestituta.
*Phae.* factum.
*Dorio* num ego istuc nego?
*Anti.* iam ea praeteriit?
*Dorio* non, verum haec ei antecessit.
*Anti.* non pudet
vanitatis?
*Dorio* minume, dum ob rem.
*Geta* sterculinum.
*Phae.* Dorio,
itane tandem facere oportet?
*Dorio* sic sum: si placeo, utere.
*Anti.* sic hunc decipi!
*Dorio* immo enim vero, Antipho, hic me decipit:
nam hic me scibat huius modi esse, ego hunc esse
aliter credidi;
iste me fefellit, ego isti nilo sum aliter ac fui.
sed utut haec sunt, tamen hoc faciam: cras mane
argentum mihi
miles dare se dixit: si tu prior attuleris, Phaedria,

*rio* That's mere talk.

*ti.* Will you let Pamphila be sent away from Athens? And besides will you have the heart to let these two lovers be torn asunder?

*rio* It's no more my doing than yours.

*ta* The powers above deal with you as you deserve!

*rio* (*to Phaedria*) I've put up with you month after month all against my grain, while you make endless promises and don't bring a penny, nothing but tears. Now quite on the contrary I've found a man to pay instead of weeping. Make way for your betters.

*ti.* But, hang it, if my memory serves me, Phaedria, there was a day once fixed for you to pay him on.

*ae.* There was.

*rio* Well, I don't deny it, do I?

*ti.* Is it past?

*rio* No, but this is arrived first.

*ti.* Aren't you ashamed of your shiftiness?

*rio* Not a bit, so long as it pays.

*ta* You muckheap!

*ae.* Really now, Dorio, ought you to act in this way?

*rio* I am what I am. If you like me, deal with me.

*ti.* My cousin to be cheated in this way!

*rio* No indeed, Antipho, it's *he* cheats *me*. He knew this was my way, I thought his way was what it isn't. It was he took me in, I am the same to him as always. However, be that as it may, this I will do. The Captain has promised the money for to morrow; if you, Phaedria, bring it before he does,

mea lege utar, ut potior sit qui prior ad dandumst.
vale.

*Phae.* Quid faciam? unde ego nunc tam subito huic
III. iii argentum inveniam miser,
quoi minus nihilost? quod, hic si pote fuisset exorarier
triduom hoc, promissum fuerat.

*Anti.* itane hunc patiemur, Geta,
fieri miserum, qui me dudum ut dixti adiurit comiter?
quin, quom opust, beneficium rursum ei experiemur reddere?

*Geta* scio equidem hoc esse aequom.

*Anti.* age ergo, solus servare hunc potes.

*Geta* quid faciam? 540

*Anti.* invenias argentum.

*Geta* cupio; sed id unde edoce.

*Anti.* pater adest hic.

*Geta* scio; sed quid tum?

*Anti.* ah, dictum sapienti sat est.

*Geta* itane ais?

*Anti.* ita.

*Geta* sane hercle pulchre suades: etiam tu hinc abis?
non triumpho, ex nuptiis tuis si nil nanciscor mali,
ni etiam nunc me huius causa quaerere in malo iubeas crucem?

*Anti.* verum hic dicit.

*Phae.* quid? ego vobis, Geta, alienus sum?

*Geta* haud puto;
sed parum ne est quod omnibus nunc nobis suscenset senex,
ni instigemus etiam, ut nullus locus relinquatur preci?

I will follow my rule of first paying first served. Good day to you. [EXIT WITH AN AIR OF INSOLENCE.

*ae.* (*turning dolefully to Antipho*) What am I to do? Where can a poor devil like me raise the money at such short notice, when I have less than nothing? If I could have wrung the three days out of him, I had a promise of it. (*almost in tears*)

*ti.* Geta, Geta, we can't let him be brought to this misery after his giving me just now the hearty assistance you spoke of. We really must try now that he needs it to repay his kindness.

*ta* (*slowly and doubtfully*) Yes, I know of course that is fair.

*ti.* Come then, no one but you can save him.

*'a* What am I to do!

*ti.* You must raise the money.

*ta* I'm keen on it, but where? Please tell me that.

*ti.* My father is back in town.

*ta* I know that, but what follows?

*ti.* Tut, tut, a word's enough for the wise.

*ta* That's what you say, is it?

*ti.* I do.

*ta* And by Jove, Sir, mighty pretty advice! Get along with you! Isn't it triumph enough for me to have escaped punishment for your wedding without your telling me to jump for your cousin's sake from the frying-pan into the fire?

*ti.* (*turning to Phaedria*) There's reason in what he says.

*ae.* But, Geta, ain't I one of the family?

*ta* I don't deny it, but surely, surely it's enough that the old man is angry with us all without our goading him to the point where we might cry for mercy in vain.

*Phae.* alius ab oculis meis illam in ignotum abducet locum? hem:
tum igitur, dum licet dumque adsum, loquimini mecum, Antipho,
contemplamini me.
*Anti.* quam ob rem? aut quidnam facturu's? cedo.
*Phae.* quoquo hinc asportabitur terrarum, certumst persequi
aut perire.
*Geta* di bene vortant quod agas! pedetemptim tamen.
*Anti.* vide si quid opis potes adferre huic.
*Geta* "si quid?" quid?
*Anti.* quaere obsecro,
ne quid plus minusve faxit quod nos post pigeat. Geta.
*Geta* quaero: salvos est, ut opinor; verum enim metuo malum.
*Anti.* noli metuere: una tecum bona mala tolerabimus.
*Geta* quantum tibi opust loquere argenti.
*Phae.* solae triginta minae.
*Geta* triginta? hui, percarast, Phaedria.
*Phae.* istaec vero vilis est.
*Geta* age age, inventas reddam.
*Phae.* o lepidum!
*Geta* aufer te hinc.
*Phae.* iam opust.
*Geta* iam feres:
sed opus est mihi Phormionem ad hanc rem adiutorem dari.
*Anti.* praestost: audacissume oneris quidvis inpone, ecferet;
solus est homo amico amicus.
*Geta* eamus ergo ad eum ocius.

*hae.* Is another to carry her off from my eyes, heaven knows where? (*solemnly*) Listen to this then. While you can and while I stay here, talk with me, Antipho, both of you, look on my face.

*nti.* What for? What do you mean to do? What is it?

*hae.* Wherever she is transported to, I am resolved to follow her or else to die. (*breaks down and sobs*)

*eta* A blessing on your designs, but gently, Sir, gently.

*nti.* (*to Geta*) Think whether you can help him in any way.

*eta* "Any way?" What way?

*nti.* For heaven's sake try, for fear he do something that would afterwards make us feel uneasy.

*eta* I am trying. (*after a pause*) He's all right, I think: but, but I'm afraid it will land me in trouble.

*nti.* Don't be afraid: good or bad, we'll bear it all with you.

*eta* (*to Phaedria*) Tell me how much money you want?

*iae.* Only a hundred and twenty pounds.

*eta* A hundred and twenty? (*whistles*) Phew! She's mighty dear, Sir.

*iae.* (*angrily*) Mighty cheap, she is.

*eta* Well, well, I'll see it's got.

*iae.* O you good fellow!

*eta* Off with you.

*iae.* We must have it at once.

*eta* At once you shall, but I must have Phormio to help me in the business.

*nti.* He's at your service. Never scruple to put the heaviest burden on him, he'll carry it through, he's the only friend that *is* a friend.

*eta* Then to him at once.

*Anti.* num quid est quod mea opera opus vobis sit?
*Geta* nil; verum abi domum
et illam miseram, quam ego nunc intus scio esse exanimatam metu,
consolare. cessas?
*Anti.* nihil est aeque quod faciam lubens.
*Phae.* qua via istuc facies?
*Geta* dicam in itere: modo te hinc amove.

## ACTVS IV

*Demi.* Quid? qua profectus causa hinc es Lemnum Chremes,
adduxtin tecum filiam?
*Chr.* non.
*Demi.* quid ita non?
*Chr.* postquam videt me eius mater esse hic diutius,
simul autem non manebat aetas virginis
meam neclegentiam, ipsam cum omni familia
ad me profectam esse aibant.
*Demi.* quid illi tam diu
quaeso igitur commorabare, ubi id audiveras?
*Chr.* pol me detinuit morbus.
*Demi.* unde? aut qui?
*Chr.* rogas?
senectus ipsast morbus. sed venisse eas
salvas audivi ex nauta qui illas vexerat.
*Demi.* quid gnato obtigerit me absente audisti, Chremes?
*Chr.* quod me quidem factum consili incertum facit.
nam hanc condicionem si quoi tulero extrario,
quo pacto aut unde mihi sit dicundum ordine est.

*nti.* Nothing, I suppose, you want my help for?

*eta* Nothing. No, go you off home and comfort your poor wife. I know she's waiting there half dead with fear. (*Antipho hesitates*) Why are you loitering?

*nti.* There's nothing else I could do with half the heart.

[EXIT.

*hae.* How are you going to do it?

*eta* I'll tell you as we go. Come along with you.

[EXEUNT.

## ACT IV

(*Half an hour has elapsed.*)

ENTER *Chremes* IN TRAVELLING DRESS AND *Demipho.*

*emi.* By the way, about the object which took you to Lemnos, Chremes? Your daughter, have you brought her with you?

*hr.* No.

*emi.* Why not?

*hr.* As her mother found I was staying here longer than usual and the girl was getting too old to wait for my inattention, she had set out, they told me, with all her household to join me.

*emi.* Well then, why did you stop there so long after you were told that?

*hr.* Lord! I was detained by illness.

*emi.* Where did you catch it? What was it?

*hr.* No matter: old age is an illness in itself. However that they arrived safe I learnt from the captain of the ship that brought them.

*emi.* You have heard of the trouble that befell my son while I was away, eh?

*hr.* Yes, and it's that which causes an uncertainty in my plans, because, if I make a match for my girl with anyone outside the family, I shall have to explain precisely how she comes to be my daughter.

te mihi fidelem esse aeque atque egomet sum mihi
scibam. ille si me alienus adfinem volet,
tacebit, dum intercedet familiaritas;
sin spreverit me, plus quam opus est scito sciet.
vereorque ne uxor aliqua hoc resciscat mea:
quod si fit, ut me excutiam atque egrediar domo,
id restat; nam ego meorum solus sum meus.
*Demi.* scio ita esse et istaec mihi res sollicitudinist,
neque defetiscar usque adeo experirier,
donec tibi id quod pollicitus sum effecero.
*Geta* Ego hominem callidiorem vidi neminem
IV.ii quam Phormionem. venio ad hominem, ut dicerem
argentum opus esse et id quo pacto fieret.
vix dum dimidium dixeram, intellexerat:
gaudebat, me laudabat, quaerebat senem.
dis gratias agebat tempus sibi dari,
ubi Phaedriae esse ostenderet nilo minus
amicum sese quam Antiphoni. hominem ad forum
iussi opperiri: eo me esse adducturum senem.
sed eccum ipsum. quis est ulterior? attat Phaedriae
pater venit. sed quid pertimui autem belua?
an quia quos fallam pro uno duo sunt mi dati?
commodius esse opinor duplici spe utier.
petam hinc unde a primo institi: is si dat, sat est;
IV. iii si ab eo nil fiet, tum hunc adoriar hospitem.
*Anti.* Exspecto quam mox recipiat sese Geta.

You I knew were as loyal to me as I am to myself. If an outsider desires the connexion, he will hold his tongue so long as we are on good terms, but if he has a tiff with me he'll know more than he ought to know. And I have my fears that some way or other my wife may get to know of it. If she does, there's nothing left for me but to turn myself out and never darken my own door again, for I'm the only thing in my house that I can call my own.

*em.* I know that's so and your trouble is mine, and I shall never weary till I have carried out what I promised you.

ENTER *Geta.*

*eta* (*coming down the street and not seeing the old men*) A sharper fellow than Phormio I've never set eyes on. I come to my man to tell him we wanted money and how we came to want it. I was barely half through with my story when he'd see it all. He was delighted, commended me, asked to see the old man. He thanked heaven he had a chance of showing he was just as much a friend of Phaedria's as of Antipho's. I told him to wait for me in the Piazza and I'd bring the old man there. (*sees Demipho*) Ah, there he is. Who's that behind him? Crimini! Phaedria's father's come back. (*recovering himself*) Bah! why was I such a dolt as to be scared? Because I've got a couple to take in instead of one? I think it's all to the good to have two strings to one's bow. I'll apply to the man I was first after: if he provides the money, then I have it: if I fail with him, then have at the newcomer.

ENTER *Antipho* FROM HIS FATHER'S HOUSE.

*ti.* (*stopping by the door*) I'm waiting to see how long

sed patruom video cum patre astantem. ei mihi,
quam timeo adventus huius quo inpellat patrem!
*Geta* adibo: o salve, noster Chremes.
*Chr.* salve, Geta.
*Geta* venire salvom volup est.
*Chr.* credo.
*Geta* quid agitur?
multa advenienti, ut fit, nova hic?
*Chr.* compluria.
*Geta* ita. de Antiphone audistin quae facta?
*Chr.* omnia.
*Geta* tun dixeras huic? facinus indignum. Chremes,
sic circumiri!
*Chr.* id cum hoc agebam commodum.
*Geta* nam hercle ego quoque id quidem agitans mecum sedulo
inveni, opinor, remedium huic rei.
*Chr.* quid, Geta?
*Demi.* quod remedium?
*Geta* ut abii abs te, fit forte obviam
mihi Phormio.
*Chr.* qui Phormio?
*Demi.* is qui istanc—
*Chr.* scio.
*Geta* visumst mi ut eius temptarem sententiam.
prendo hominem solum: "quor non," inquam,
"Phormio,
vides, inter nos sic have potius cum bona
ut componamus gratia quam cum mala?
crus liberalis est et fugitans litium;

Geta will be in getting back. Ah, there's my uncle with my father. Dash it, I don't like to think what he may move my father to. (*He remains unseen by the others*)

*eta* (*aside*) I'll to him. (*comes forward*) Good day to you, Sir. (*to Chremes*)

*hr.* Good day, Geta.

*eta* Delighted to see you back and well, Sir.

*hr.* (*brusquely*) No doubt.

*eta* How goes it, Sir? The usual surprises when one comes home perhaps?

*hr.* A good many.

*eta* Quite so, Sir. Your nephew now, have you heard what's happened about him?

*hr.* Everything.

*eta* (*to Demipho*) Was it you told him, Sir? A shocking affair, Sir, to be circumvented in this way.

*hr.* I was talking to my brother about it this moment.

*eta* Well now I vow, Sir, I too have been turning it over with a busy brain and I've found, I think, a way out of the difficulty.

*hr.* Eh, Geta?

*emi.* What way? (*Geta draws them forward and speaks confidentially*)

*eta* When I left you, Sir, it so happened I met Phormio.

*hr.* Who's Phormio?

*emi.* The man by whom the girl was——

*hr.* (*interrupting*) I see.

*eta* I thought I'd better first find out his sentiments. I buttonhole my man and "Phormio," says I, "why don't you consider how we can settle this between us, like, so as to leave a good feeling instead of a bad? My master's a gentleman and shy of lawsuits; yes indeed, his friends, every one of 'em by

nam ceteri quidem hercle amici omnes modo
uno ore auctores fuere ut praecipitem hanc daret."
*Anti.* quid hic coeptat aut quo evadet hodie?
*Geta* "an legibus
daturum poenas dices, si illam eiecerit?
iam id exploratumst: heia, sudabis satis,
si cum illo inceptas homine: ea eloquentiast.
verum pono esse victum eum; at tandem tamen
non capitis ei res agitur sed pecuniae."
postquam hominem his verbis sentio mollirier,
"soli sumus nunc hic" inquam: "eho, die quid vis dari
tibi in manum, ut erus his desistat litibus,
haec hinc facessat, tu molestus ne sies?"
*Anti.* satin illi di sunt propitii?
*Geta* "nam sat scio,
si tu aliquam partem aequi bonique dixeris,
ut est ille bonus vir, tria non commutabitis
verba hodie inter vos."
*Demi.* quis te istaec iussit loqui?
*Chr.* immo non potuit melius pervenirier
eo quo nos volumus.
*Anti.* occidi!
*Demi.* perge eloqui.
*Geta* a primo homo insanibat.
*Chr.* cedo quid postulat?
*Geta* quid? nimium quantum.
*Chr.* quantum? dic.
*Geta* si quis daret
talentum magnum.
*Demi.* immo malum hercle: ut nil pudet!
*Geta* quod dixi adeo ei: "quaeso, quid si filiam
suam unicam locaret? parvi re tulit

Jove to a man, advised him with one voice to kick the girl out of doors."

*nti.* (*aside*) What's his design? What on earth will he be driving at?

*eta* "Perhaps you may say," says I, "the law will punish him if he turns her out. Now that's been well looked to. My word, you'll sweat enough if you try a fall with my master: his eloquence is simply—(*waves his hand*) However I assume he's thrown, still after all it's not a question of life and death but of money." As I saw the fellow was worked on by what I said, "We're here by ourselves," says I, "at this moment: look here, what'll you take in ready cash for my master to drop his suit, the girl to take herself off, and you to stop bothering us?"

*nti.* (*aside, in alarm*) Has he got a visitation of lunacy?

*eta* "Why," says I, "I know well enough, if there's a spark of fairness and honesty in your terms, with a good gentleman like that it won't take you half a dozen words, not half a dozen, to settle it."

*emi.* (*coldly*) Who commissioned you to talk in that strain?

*ir.* No, no, he's right, there couldn't be a better way of getting to our goal.

*nti.* (*aside*) Damnation!

*emi.* On with your story.

*eta* At first our man raved.

*ir.* How much does he ask?

*eta* Why, something enormous.

*ir.* (*impatiently*) How much? Tell me.

*eta* He talked of—two hundred and fifty pounds.

*emi.* Two hundred and fifty whippings! The shameless wretch!

*eta* And that's just what I said to him, Sir. "Lord!" says I, "one might think he was marrying an only

non suscepisse: inventast quae dotem petat."
ut ad pauca redeam, ac mittam illius ineptias,
haec denique eius fuit postrema oratio:
"ego" inquit "a principio amici filiam,
ita ut aequom fuerat, volui uxorem ducere;
nam mihi venibat in mentem eius incommodum,
in servitutem pauperem ad ditem dari.
sed mi opus erat, ut aperte tibi nunc fabuler,
aliquantulum quae adferret qui dissolverem
quae debeo: et etiam nunc, si volt Demipho
dare quantum ab hac accipio quae sponsast mihi,
nullam mihi malim quam istanc uxorem dari."
*Anti.* utrum stultitia facere ego hunc an malitia
dicam, scientem an inprudentem, incertus sum.
*Demi.* quid si animam debet?
*Geta* "ager oppositus pignori
decem ob minas est."
*Demi.* age age, iam ducat: dabo.
*Geta* "aediculae item sunt ob decem alias."
*Demi.* oiei,
nimiumst.
*Chr.* ne clama: repetito hasce a me decem.
*Geta* "uxori emunda ancillulast; tum pluscula
supellectile opus est; opus est sumptu ad nuptias:
his rebus sane porro pone" inquit "decem."
*Demi.* sescentas proinde scribito iam mihi dicas:
nil do. inpuratus me ille ut etiam inrideat?
*Chr.* quaeso, ego dabo, quiesce: tu modo filium
fac ut illam ducat, nos quam volumus.
*Anti.* ei mihi
Geta, occidisti me tuis fallaciis.

daughter. Little good to him never to have had a daughter, if a girl's been found to demand a dowry!" To cut the story short and drop his impertinences, this is what his final proposal was: "From the beginning," says he, "I've been ready to do what was just and marry my friend's daughter, for I kept thinking of the unfortunate circumstance that when a poor girl is given to a rich husband it's slavery, not matrimony. But, to be quite frank with you, I wanted a bride who would bring me a trifle to pay my debts with; and even now, if Demipho is ready to give me as much as I am getting with the girl that's engaged to me, the other girl's the one I should choose before all the girls in the world."

*Inti.* (*aside*) Stupidity or knavery, which is it? Is he deliberate or blundering? I'm in the dark.

*Demi.* What if he's head and ears in debt?

*Geta* "There's some land," says he, "mortgaged for fifty pounds."

*Demi.* Well, well, let him marry her at once: I'll pay it.

*Geta* "A small house too for another fifty?"

*Demi.* Confound the man! It's too much.

*Chr.* Don't swear: you may recover this fifty from me.

*Geta* "My wife," says he, "must get a maid; besides, we shall want a few more sticks of furniture; something must be spent at the wedding; for all this let's put down," says he, "another fifty."

*Demi.* (*angrily*) Then he may just bring five hundred actions against me. I don't give a penny. A blackguard like that to laugh at me even!

*Chr.* Please, please. I'll pay it: be pacified: only make your son marry the wife we wish.

*Inti.* (*aside*) Confound it! Your tricks have done for me, master Geta.

*Chr.* mea causa eicitur: me hoc est aequom amittere.
*Geta* "quantum potest me certiorem" inquit "face.
si illam dant, hanc ut mittam, ne incertus siem;
nam illi mihi dotem iam constituerunt dare."
*Chr.* iam accipiat: illis repudium renuntiet;
hanc ducat.
*Demi.* quae quidem illi res vortat male!
*Chr.* opportune adeo argentum nunc mecum attuli,
fructum quem Lemni uxoris reddunt praedia:
inde sumam; uxori tibi opus esse dixero.

IV.iv

*Anti.* Geta.
*Geta* hem.
*Anti.* quid egisti?
*Geta* emunxi argento senes.
*Anti.* satin est id?
*Geta* nescio hercle: tantum iussus sum.
*Anti.* eho, verbero, aliud mihi respondes ac rogo?
*Geta* quid ergo narras?
*Anti.* quid ego narrem? opera tua
ad restim mihi quidem res redit planissume.
ut te quidem di deaeque omnes superi inferi
malis exemplis perdant! em, si quid velis,
huic mandes qui te ad scopulum e tranquillo auferat.
quid minus utibile fuit quam hoc ulcus tangere
aut nominare uxorem? iniectast spes patri
posse illam extrudi. cedo nunc porro: Phormio
dotem si accipiet, uxor ducendast domum:

*hr.* It's for my sake she's turned out; it's right I should lose the money.

*eta* "Let me know as soon as possible," says he, "so that, if they give me the girl, I may break with the other and not be on the fence, for the other parties have arranged to pay me the dowry at once."

*hr.* (*to Demipho*) Let him have it at once, let him send and break with them, and marry this one.

*)emi.* And the devil go with him!

*hr.* Very luckily I've got this money with me now, the rents of my wife's farms at Lemnos. I'll take it out of that sum and tell my wife you had a call for it. [EXEUNT *Chremes* AND *Demipho* INTO *Chremes'* HOUSE.

*nti.* (*comes forward in anger*) Geta

*eta* (*cheerfully*) Well, Sir.

*nti.* What have you been at?

*eta* I've diddled the old men out of the cash. (*gleefully*)

*nti.* Is that good enough?

*eta* Enough? Hanged if I know: it's the sum I was told to get.

*nti.* What, you knave? Do you pretend to mistake my question? (*kicks him*)

*eta* (*sulkily*) Well, what do you mean then?

*nti.* By your doing I'm brought to the halter, plain as day. May all the powers above and below damn you to the worst of punishments! Look there, if you want a thing done commission *him* with it, to steer you from still water on to a rock. Could anything be worse than touching on that sore or mentioning my wife? You've inoculated my father with the hope of thrusting her out. Tell me this now about the future: if Phormio gets the dowry, he must marry the wife: what then?

quid fiet?
*Geta* non enim ducet.
*Anti.* novi. ceterum
quom argentum repetent, nostra causa scilicet
in nervom potius ibit.
*Geta* nil est, Antipho,
quin male narrando possit depravarier:
tu id quod bonist excerpis, dicis quod malist.
audi nunc contra: iam si argentum acceperit,
ducendast uxor, ut ais, concedo tibi: 700
spatium quidem tandem adparandi nuptias,
vocandi, sacrificandi dabitur paululum.
interea amici quod polliciti sunt dabunt:
inde iste reddet.
*Anti.* quam ob rem? aut quid dicet?
*Geta* rogas?
"quod res postilla monstra evenerunt mihi!
intro iit in aedis ater alienus canis;
anguis in impluvium decidit de tegulis;
gallina cecinit; interdixit hariolus:
haruspex vetuit; ante brumam autem novi
negoti incipere!" quae causast iustissuma. 710
haec fient.
*Anti.* ut modo fiant!
*Geta* fient: me vide.
pater exit: abi, dic esse argentum Phaedriae.
*Demi.* Quietus esto, inquam: ego curabo ne quid verborum
IV.v duit.
hoc temere numquam amittam ego a me quin mihi
testis adhibeam:
quoi dem et quam ob rem dem commemorabo.
*Geta* ut cautus est, ubi nil opust.
*Chr.* atque ita opus factost: et matura, dum lubido eadem
haec manet;

*Geta* (*testily*) Why, he won't marry her.

*Anti.* (*sarcastically*) Oh no, of course not; and, when they ask for the money back, doubtless for our sake he'll choose to go to jail.

*Geta* There's nothing, Sir, that can't be made worse by the telling. What you do is cut out the good and mention the bad. Now hear the other side. If he takes the money for good, he must marry the wife, as you say; I grant that. After all, though, some little time will be allowed to prepare for the wedding, send out the invitations, arrange the religious part. Meantime his friends will supply what they've promised: he'll pay it back out of that.

*Anti.* On what ground? What reason will he give?

*Geta* That's easy enough. He can say "The number of ominous warnings I've had since the engagement! A strange black dog came into my house, a snake dropped off the tiles into the cistern, a hen crowed, a wizard vetoed, a diviner forbad it, I couldn't think of undertaking a new business before the shortest day"—and that's the soundest excuse of all. That's what'll happen.

*Anti.* If only it would!

*Geta* It will: trust *me*. Your father's coming out: off with you, tell Phaedria the money's there.

[EXIT *Antipho*.

RE-ENTER *Demipho* AND *Chremes*.

*Demi.* Be easy, I say: I'll take care he don't cheat us. I shan't be so rash as to part with the money except before witnesses. I shall recite to whom I'm giving it and what I'm giving it for.

*Geta* (*aside*) Mighty cautious when there's no need!

*Chr.* Yes, that's the way you must do it, and make haste

nam si altera illaec magis instabit, forsitan nos reiciat.
*Geta* rem ipsam putasti.
*Demi.* duc me ad eum ergo.
*Geta* non moror.
*Chr.* ubi hoc egeris,
transito ad uxorem meam, ut conveniat hanc prius quam hinc abit.
dicat eam dare nos Phormioni nuptum, ne suscenseat;
et magis esse illum idoneum qui ipsi sit familiarior;
nos nostro officio non digressos esse: quantum is voluerit,
datum esse dotis.
*Demi.* quid malum id tua re fert?
*Chr.* magni, Demipho.
non satis est tuom te officium fecisse, id si non fama adprobat:
volo ipsius haec voluntate fieri, ne se eiectam praedicet.
*Demi.* idem ego istuc facere possum.
*Chr.* mulier mulieri magis convenit.
*Demi.* rogabo.
*Chr.* ubi illas nunc ego reperire possim cogito.

## ACTVS V

*So.* Quid agam? quem mi amicum inveniam misera? aut quo consilia haec referam?
aut unde auxilium petam?
nam vereor, era ne ob meum suasum indigna iniuria adficiatur:
ita patrem adulescentis facta haec tolerare audio violenter.
*Chr.* nam quae haec anus est, exanimata a fratre quae egressast meo?

while the fit's on him: if the other girl gets more urgent he may perhaps throw us over.

*eta* You've hit it, Sir.

*emi.* (*to Geta*) Then take me to him.

*eta* This instant, Sir.

*hr.* When you've done the business, come across to my wife and ask her to visit the girl before she leaves your house. She may tell her we are giving her in marriage to Phormio, (then she won't be angry,) and that he's a better husband for her because he's an older acquaintance, that we have not fallen short of our duty and have provided as large a dowry as he desired.

*emi.* What the plague is that to you?

*hr.* Much, my dear brother. It is not enough for a man to have done his duty unless the world ratifies it. I want this to be done with her own consent so that she mayn't assert that she was turned out.

*emi.* I can do that part myself.

*hr.* A woman is best to deal with a woman.

*emi.* I will ask her. [EXIT.

*hr.* Now I wonder where I can find those others.

## ACT V

ENTER *Sophrona* FROM *Demipho's* HOUSE.

. (*not seeing Chremes*) What am I to do? Where can a poor woman find a friend to take the case to or appeal for help? I'm afraid my mistress will suffer a shocking wrong from taking my advice. The young man's father, from what I hear, takes what we have done like a fury.

*r.* (*aside*) Who is this old woman that's come in this wild state from my brother's?

*So.* quod ut facerem egestas me inpulit, quom scirem infirmas nuptias
hasce esse, ut id consulerem, interea vita ut in tuto foret.
*Chr.* certe edepol, nisi me animus fallit aut parum prospiciunt oculi,
meae nutricem gnatae video.
*So.* neque ille investigatur,
*Chr.* quid ago?
*So.* qui eius pater est.
*Chr.* adeo, maneo, dum haec quae loquitur magis cognosco?
*So.* quod si eum nunc reperire possim, est nil quod verear.
*Chr.* ipsa east: conloquar.
*So.* quis hic loquitur?
*Chr.* Sophrona.
*So.* et meum nomen nominat?
*Chr.* respice ad me. 740
*So.* di obsecro vos, estne hic Stilpho?
*Chr.* non.
*So.* negas?
*Chr.* concede hinc a foribus paulum istorsum sodes, Sophrona.
ne me istoc nomine appellassis posthac.
*So.* quid? non obsecro es quem semper te esse dictitasti?
*Chr.* st.
*So.* quid has metuis fores?
*Chr.* conclusam hic habeo uxorem saevam. verum istoc me nomine
eo perperam olim dixi, ne vos forte inprudentes foris effuttiretis atque id porro aliqua uxor mea resciscceret.
*So.* istoc pol nos te hic invenire miserae numquam potuimus.

And it was penury drove me into it, though I knew this marriage wouldn't hold. I wanted time to turn round and had to provide her with a livelihood till I could.

(*aside*) By heaven, unless my memory is out or my eyesight fails, this is my daughter's nurse.

And we get no traces—

(*aside, much agitated*) What shall I do?

—of her father.

(*aside*) Am I to go up to her or stop here till I catch clearer what she's saying?

If only I could find him now I have nothing to fear.

(*aside*) It *is* the nurse. I'll speak to her. (*goes forward*)

(*her back to him*) Who's that talking?

Sophrona!

My name too!

Turn and look at me.

(*turns round*) For mercy's sake, are you Stilpho?

No.

You deny it? (*they are now near Chremes' door*)

Come away a little from the doorway, this way, please, Sophrona. (*they move away: he whispers*) Never you call me that name again!

What? Aren't you the man you always said you were?

Hush!

Why are you afraid of that door?

Behind it I have a wife, a vixen. Why I told you falsely, when I did, that that was my name was that some of you might happen to let my real name leak out unawares and in consequence my wife might somehow find it all out.

Well I declare! That's why we poor creatures never could find you here.

*Chr.* eho dic mihi, quid rei tibist cum familia hac unde exis? ubi illae sunt?

*So.* miseram me.

*Chr.* hem, quid est? vivontne?

*So.* vivit gnata.

matrem ipsam ex aegritudine hac mors miseram consecutast.

*Chr.* male factum.

*So.* ego autem, quae essem anus deserta egens ignota, ut potui nuptum virginem locavi huic adulescenti, harum qui est dominus aedium.

*Chr.* Antiphonin?

*So.* isti inquam ipsi.

*Chr.* quid? duasne uxores habet?

*So.* au, obsecro, unam ille quidem hanc solam.

*Chr.* quid illam alteram quae dicitur cognata?

*So.* haec ergost.

*Chr.* quid ais?

*So.* composito factumst, quo modo hanc amans habere posset sine dote.

*Chr.* di vostram fidem, quam saepe forte temere eveniunt quae non audeas optare! offendi adveniens quocum volebam et ut volebam filiam locatam: quod nos ambo opere maxumo dabamus operam ut fieret, sine nostra cura, maxuma sua cura haec sola fecit.

*So.* nunc quid opus facto sit vide: pater adulescentis venit eumque animo iniquo hoc oppido ferre aiunt.

*Chr.* nil periclist

*hr.* By the by, tell me what you have to do with the household you are just come from? Where are my daughter and her mother?

*).* Oh dear, dear! (*crying*)

*hr.* Why now, what's the matter? Are they living?

*).* Your daughter is alive. Her poor mother after all this distress went and died. (*crying*)

*hr.* Dear, dear now!

*).* Being only an old woman, deserted and penniless and a stranger here, I could only do my best, so I married her to the young gentleman who is master of this house here?

*hr.* (*astounded*) To Antipho?

*).* Yes, I say so, to Antipho.

*hr.* What! Has he *two* wives?

*).* Oh, mercy on us, no: he's only this one, *he* has.

*hr.* What of that other one who is called his relation?

*).* Why, that's this.

*hr.* You can't mean it?

*).* It was all a contrivance so that her lover could marry her without a dowry. (*Chremes clasps and lifts his hands*)

*hr.* Great heavens, how often the merest chance brings about things that you wouldn't venture to pray for! I come back to find my daughter married to the man I wished and in the way I wished. What the pair of us were working our hardest to bring about she alone without any exertion of ours by her own great exertions has accomplished.

*).* Now consider what we've got to do. The young man's father is returned and they say he's mightily offended at the match.

*hr.* There's no danger, but in the name of heaven and

sed per deos atque homines meam esse hanc cave resciscat quisquam.

*So.* nemo e me scibit.

*Chr.* sequere me: intus cetera audiemus.

*Demi.* Nostrapte culpa facimus ut malis expediat esse,

V.ii dum nimium dici nos bonos studemus et benignos.
ita fugias ne praeter casam, quod aiunt. nonne id sat erat,
accipere ab illo iniuriam? etiam argentumst ultro obiectum,
ut sit qui vivat, dum aliud aliquid flagiti conficiat. 770

*Geta* planissume.

*Demi.* eis nunc praemiumst, qui recta prava faciunt.

*Geta* verissume.

*Demi.* ut stultissume quidem illi rem gesserimus.

*Geta* modo ut hoc consilio possiet discedi, ut istam ducat.

*Demi.* etiamne id dubiumst?

*Geta* haud scio hercle, ut homost, an mutet animum.

*Demi.* hem, mutet autem?

*Geta* nescio; verum, si forte, dico.

*Demi.* ita faciam, ut frater censuit, ut uxorem eius huc adducam,
cum ista ut loquatur. tu, Geta, abi prae, nuntia hanc venturam.—

*Geta* argentum inventumst Phaedriae; de iurgio siletur;
provisumst ne in praesentia haec hinc abeat: quid nunc porro?

earth take care not a soul finds out she's my daughter.

*.* (*with decision*) Nobody shall know it from *me*.

*hr.* Come with me: you shall tell me the rest indoors.

[EXEUNT INTO *Demipho's* HOUSE.

(*About half an hour has elapsed.*)

ENTER *Demipho* WITH *Geta*.

*emi.* It's our own blundering that makes it worth a man's while to be a rogue and all because of our excessive eagerness to be called honest and generous. Shoot not beyond the mark, as the proverb has it. Wasn't it enough to put up with wrong from that fellow? Now we have positively tossed money to him to keep him going till he can achieve some other piece of wickedness.

*eta* That's plain as day.

*emi.* Nowadays there's a prize for those who don't care whether they do right or wrong.

*eta* Absolutely true.

*emi.* And so we have made a fool's business of it in this affair.

*eta* I only hope this plan will get us out all right by his marrying her.

*emi.* (*starting*) Is even that doubtful?

*eta* I don't know, Sir, I'm sure. Seeing he's what he is, he may change his mind.

*emi.* The devil! You don't mean it?

*eta* I don't know, Sir: I only say he *may*.

*emi.* I'll do as my brother proposed, bring his wife across to talk with her. Go ahead, Geta; announce that she's coming. [EXIT INTO *Chremes'* HOUSE.

*eta* We've got the cash for Phaedria; not a word about the action; it's secured that for the moment the lady doesn't leave us. What about the future?

quid fiet? in eodem luto haesitas; vorsuram solves,
Geta: praesens quod fuerat malum in diem abiit:
plagae, crescunt,
nisi prospicis. nunc hinc domum ibo ac Phanium edocebo
ne quid vereatur Phormionem aut huius orationem.
*Demi.* Age dum, ut soles, Nausistrata, fac illa ut placetur
V.iii nobis,
ut sua voluntate id quod est faciundum faciat.
*Nau.* faciam.
*Demi.* pariter nunc opera me adiuves, ac re dudum opitulata es.
*Nau.* factum volo. ac pol minus queo viri culpa quam me dignumst.
*Demi.* quid autem?
*Nau.* quia pol mei patris bene parta indiligenter tutatur; nam ex eis praediis talenta argenti bina statim capiebat: vir viro quid praestat!
*Demi.* binan quaeso?
*Nau.* ac rebus vilioribus, tamen talenta bina.
*Demi.* hui.
*Nau.* quid haec videntur?
*Demi.* scilicet.
*Nau.* virum me natum vellem: ego ostenderem—
*Demi.* certo scio.
*Nau.* quo pacto—
*Demi.* parce sodes,

What will be done? You're stuck in the old mud; you borrowed to pay and must pay for the borrowing, Geta. What was the present trouble is off for the day, but the score of stripes runs up unless you look out. Now I'll go off home and put Phanium up to it all that she mayn't be afraid of Phormio or the old lady's speechmaking. [EXIT.

RE-ENTER *Demipho* WITH *Nausistrata.*

*emi.* Come then, Nausistrata, with your usual tact put her in good humour with us that she may do voluntarily what's got to be done.

*au.* I will do so.

*emi.* Help me with your good offices in this as you did just now with your purse.

*au.* I am most happy to help, and I assure you it's my husband's fault that I can't do all that I ought to have the means of doing.

*emi.* How so?

*au.* Because, I do assure you, he's so careless in looking after my father's honest savings. My father used to receive from those farms five hundred pounds every rent-day. What a difference there is between man and man!

*emi.* Five hundred, really? (*affecting surprise*)

*au.* Yes, and with prices much lower too: still five hundred pounds.

*emi.* Astonishing!

*au.* What do you think of that?

*emi.* It is evident.

*au.* I could wish *I* had been born a man: I should have shown—

*emi.* (*interrupting*) I am sure of it.

*au.* —by what means—

*emi.* (*interrupting*) Spare yourself, please, so that you may

ut possis cum illa, mulier ne te adulescens defetiget.
*Nau.* faciam ut iubes. sed meum virum abs te exire video.
*Chr.* ehem, Demipho,
iam illi datumst argentum?
*Demi.* curavi ilico.
*Chr.* nollem datum.
ei, video uxorem: paene plus quam sat erat.
*Demi.* quor nolles, Chremes?
*Chr.* iam recte.
*Demi.* quid tu? ecquid locutu's cum istac quam ob rem hanc ducimus?
*Chr.* transegi.
*Demi.* quid ait tandem?
*Chr.* abduci non potest.
*Demi.* qui non potest?
*Chr.* quia uterque utriquest cordi. 800
*Demi.* quid istuc nostra?
*Chr.* magni. praeterhac cognatam comperi esse nobis.
*Demi.* quid? deliras.
*Chr.* sic erit.
non temere dico: redii mecum in memoriam.
*Demi.* satin sanus es?
*Nau.* au obsecro, vide ne in cognatam pecces.
*Demi.* non est.
*Chr.* ne nega:
patris nomen aliud dictumst: hoc tu errasti.
*Demi.* non norat patrem?
*Chr.* norat.
*Demi.* quor aliud dixit?
*Chr.* numquamne hodie concedes mihi

talk to the girl. She is young and may tire you out.
*au.* I will follow your recommendation. Ah, there's my husband coming out of your house.

ENTER *Chremes.*

*Ar.* (*much excited, not seeing his wife*) I say, Demipho, has the money been paid him yet?
*Dem.* I saw to it at once.
*Ar.* I'm sorry for it. (*sees his wife, aside*) Dear me, there's my wife. I had almost said too much.
*Dem.* Why sorry, Chremes?
*Ar.* (*confused*) It's all right now.
*Dem.* And *your* part? Have you talked to the girl and told her why we bring your wife?
*Ar.* I have settled it.
*Dem.* Pray, what does she say?
*Ar.* The removal is impossible.
*Dem.* (*astonished*) Impossible? How's that?
*Ar.* Because they are in love with each other.
*Dem.* What's that to us?
*Ar.* Much. Besides I have discovered that she's a relation of ours.
*Dem.* What? You're out of your wits.
*Ar.* You'll find it's so. I'm not talking at random, I've recollected.
*Dem.* Are you sane.
*Au.* Mercy on us, see that you don't wrong a kinswoman.
*Dem.* She isn't one.
*Ar.* Don't be so sure. Her father's name was given wrongly: that's why you mistook.
*Dem.* She didn't know her own father?
*Ar.* (*testily*) Knew him? Yes.
*Dem.* Why did she give a wrong name?
*Ar.* (*aside to Demipho*) Will you never give in? Won't you understand?

neque intelleges?
*Demi.* si tu nil narras?
*Chr.* perdis.
*Nau.* miror quid siet.
*Demi.* equidem hercle nescio.
*Chr.* vin scire? at ita me servet Iuppiter,
ut propior illi quam ego sum ac tu nemost.
*Demi.* di vostram fidem,
eamus ad ipsam: una omnis nos aut scire aut nescire hoc volo.
*Chr.* ah.
*Demi.* quid est? 810
*Chr.* itan parvam mihi fidem esse apud te!
*Demi.* vin me credere?
vin satis quaesitum mi istuc esse? age, fiat. quid? illa filia
amici nostri quid futurumst?
*Chr.* recte.
*Demi.* hanc igitur mittimus?
*Chr.* quid ni?
*Demi.* illa maneat?
*Chr.* sic.
*Demi.* ire igitur tibi licet, Nausistrata.
*Nau.* sic pol commodius esse in omnis arbitror quam ut coeperas,
manere hanc; nam perliberalis visast, quom vidi, mihi.—
*Demi.* quid istuc negotist?
*Chr.* iamne operuit ostium?
*Demi.* iam.
*Chr.* o Iuppiter,

*Demi.* When you talk nonsense?

*Chr.* (*aside to Demipho*) You're ruining me.

*Nau.* (*suspiciously*) I wonder what it means.

*Demi.* On my word I haven't a notion.

*Chr.* Do you wish to know? Then, as I hope to be saved, she hasn't a nearer relation in the world than you and me.

*Demi.* Heavens, man, let us go and see her then. I should like us all to know the truth together, whichever way it is. (*moves towards his door*)

*Chr.* (*catching his sleeve*) No, no.

*Demi.* What's the matter?

*Chr.* How can you have such little confidence in me?

*Demi.* You wish me to take your word? You wish me to look on the question as settled? (*Chremes nods*) Very well, so be it. Now that daughter of our friend, what's to become of her?

*Chr.* That's all right.

*Demi.* We drop her, eh?

*Chr.* Of course.

*Demi.* And keep the other?

*Chr.* Yes.

*Demi.* Then, Nausistrata, we needn't detain you any longer.

*Nau.* On my word it seems to me a more satisfactory arrangement for everybody that she should stop. She seemed to me, when I saw her, to be quite the gentlewoman.

[EXIT, ESCORTED BY *Demipho* TO HER DOOR.

*Demi.* (*turning to Chremes*) Now what's all this?

*Chr.* Is the door shut?

*Demi.* Yes.

*Chr.* Great God! Heaven befriends us. I find my daughter married to your son.

di nos respiciunt: gnatam inveni nuptam cum tuo filio.

*Demi.* hem,

quo pacto potuit?

*Chr.* non satis tutust ad narrandum hic locus.

*Demi.* at tu intro abi.

*Chr.* heus, ne filii quidem hoc nostri resciscant volo.

*Anti.* Laetus sum, ut meae res sese habent, fratri obti- 820
V.iv gisse quod volt.

quam scitumst eius modi in animo parare cupiditates.

quas, quom res advorsae sient, paulo mederi possis!

hic simul argentum repperit, cura sese expedivit:

ego nullo possum remedio me evolvere ex his turbis

quin, si hoc celetur, in metu, sin patefit, in probro sim.

neque me domum nunc reciperem ni mi esset spes ostenta

huiusce habendae. sed ubinam Getam invenire 827
possim?

*Phor.* Argentum accepi, tradidi lenoni: abduxi mulierem. 829

V.v curavi propria ut Phaedria poteretur; nam emissast 830
manu.

nunc una mihi res etiam restat quae est conficiunda, otium

ab senibus ad potandum ut habeam; nam aliquot hos sumam dies.

*Anti.* sed Phormiost. quid ais?

*Phor.* quid?

*Anti.* quidnam nunc facturust Phaedria?

quo pacto satietatem amoris ait se velle absumere?

*Phor.* vicissim partis tuas acturus est.

*Anti.* quas?

*Phor.* ut fugitet patrem.

te suas rogavit rursum ut ageres, causam ut pro se diceres:

*Demi.* Powers above! how could that be?

*Chr.* It isn't safe to tell you all out here.

*Demi.* Come indoors then.

*Chr.* Look here, I wouldn't have our sons, even, find this out. [EXEUNT INTO *Demipho's* HOUSE.

ENTER *Antipho.*

*Anti.* I rejoice, considering how things are with me, that my cousin has attained his object. How sensible it is to cherish such desires that when things go wrong you can easily set them right. With *him* the moment he found the money he got clear of his anxiety, with *me* there are no means of disentangling myself from these troubles: if the secret is kept I'm in fear, if it comes out I'm in disgrace. I shouldn't be on my way home now but for a glimpse of hope that I may keep my wife. But where can I find Geta? (*looking up the street*)

ENTER *Phormio* FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

*Phor.* (*not seeing Antipho*) I got the money, paid it to the man, carried off the girl, and saw to Phaedria's getting her for his own, for now she's been emancipated. I have only one thing left to do, get some peace from the old men for a tippling bout; yes, I shall take the next few days for it.

*Anti.* There's Phormio. (*comes forward*) What are you saying?

*Phor.* What should I say?

*Anti.* What does Phaedria mean to do now? How does he propose to satiate his passion?

*Phor.* He's going to take his turn in *your* part?

*Anti.* What part's that?

*Phor.* Skulking from his father. He has asked you to take a turn in his and plead his cause. He'll be

nam potaturus est apud me. ego me ire senibus Sunium
dicam ad mercatum, ancillulam emptum dudum quam dixit Geta:
ne quom hic non videant me conficere credant argentum suom.
sed ostium concrepuit abs te.
*Anti.* vide quis egreditur.
*Phor.* Getast.
*Geta* O Fortuna, o Fors Fortuna, quantis commoditatibus,
V.vi quam subito meo ero Antiphoni ope vostra hunc onerastis diem!
*Anti.* quidnam hic sibi volt?
*Geta* nosque amicos eius exonerastis metu!
sed ego nunc mihi cesso, qui non umerum hunc onero pallio
atque hominem propero invenire, ut haec quae contigerint sciat.
*Anti.* num tu intellegis quid hic narret?
*Phor.* num tu?
*Anti.* nil.
*Phor.* tantundem ego.
*Geta* ad lenonem hinc ire pergam: ibi nunc sunt.
*Anti.* heus, Geta!
*Geta* em tibi:
num mirum aut novomst revocari, cursum quom institeris?
*Anti.* Geta.
*Geta* pergit hercle. numquam tu odio tuo me vinces.
*Anti.* non manes?
*Geta* vapula.
*Anti.* id quidem tibi iam fiet nisi resistis, verbero.
*Geta* familiariorem oportet esse hunc: minitatur malum.

away, tippling with me. I shall tell the old man that I'm off to the fair at Sunium to buy the lady's maid that Geta told 'em of just now, else not seeing me here they'll think I'm running through their money. I hear your house-door on the move.

*nti.* See who's coming out.

*hor.* It's Geta. [THEY RETIRE.

ENTER *Geta* HURRIEDLY.

*eta* (*soliloquizes*) O Fortune, O best of Fortunes, what blessings all in a moment your help has heaped on the head of my master Antipho!

*nti.* (*aside to Phormio*) What does the fellow mean?

*eta* And off us, his friends, cleared a load of anxiety! But I'm wasting time in not throwing my cloak over my shoulder and hurrying to find him and inform him what luck has befallen him.

*nti.* (*as before*) Do you know what he's talking about?

*hor.* Do you?

*nti.* Not a bit.

*hor.* As little here.

*eta* I'm off to the slave-dealer's: that's where they are. (*starting*)

*nti.* Hi, Geta!

*eta* (*not looking round*) There now! Anything new or strange in being recalled after "away" is cried?

*nti.* Geta!

*eta* Still at it, by Jove! You shall never get over me by your tiresome ways.

*nti.* Don't you mean to stop?

*eta* You be whipped!

*nti.* That'll be your fate, if you don't stop, rascal.

*eta* He must be very much of the family, he threatens punishment. (*turns round*) The man I'm looking

sed isne est quem quaero an non? ipsust. congredere actutum.

*Anti.* quid est?

*Geta* o omnium, quantumst qui vivont, homo hominum ornatissume!
nam sine controvorsia ab dis solus diligere. Antipho.

*Anti.* ita velim; sed qui istuc credam ita esse mihi dici velim.

*Geta* satine est si te delibutum gaudio reddo?

*Anti.* enicas.

*Phor.* quin tu hinc pollicitationes aufer et quod fers cedo.

*Geta* oh,
tu quoque aderas, Phormio?

*Phor.* aderam. sed tu cessas?

*Geta* accipe, em:
ut modo argentum tibi dedimus apud forum, recta domum
sumus profecti; interea mittit erus me ad uxorem tuam.

*Anti.* quam ob rem?

*Geta* omitto proloqui; nam nil ad hanc remst, Antipho.
ubi in gynaeceum ire occipio, puer ad me adcurrit Mida,
pone apprendit pallio, resupinat: respicio, rogo
quam ob rem retineat me: ait esse vetitum intro ad eram accedere.
"Sophrona huc fratrem modo" inquit "senis introduxit Chremem"
eumque nunc esse intus cum illis. hoc ubi ego audivi, ad fores
suspenso gradu placide ire perrexi, accessi, astiti,
animam compressi, aurem admovi: ita animum coepi attendere,
hoc modo sermonem captans.

*Phor.* eu, Geta.

*Geta* hic pulcherrimum

for or not? The man it is. (*returning*) You meet me on the hop.

*nti.* What is it?

*eta* O Sir, of all men living the most splendid in fortune! Past disputing you are the only favourite of heaven.

*nti.* I wish I were! I should like you to tell me the grounds for my thinking so.

*eta* Shall you be satisfied if I dip you over head and ears in delight?

*nti.* Grant me patience!

*hor.* Confound your promises! Tell your news.

*eta* Oh, you're there too, Phormio.

*hor.* I'm here. Why do you trifle?

*eta* Listen: here goes. After we gave you the money just now in the Piazza, we started straight back home. Presently master sends me to your wife.

*nti.* What for?

*eta* I omit that information, because it's not to the point, Sir. I was just going into the ladies' apartments, when the boy Mida runs up, catches me by the cloak, pulls me back. I look at him and ask him why he's stopping me. He says the orders are "no admission to the mistress' room." "My lady," says he, "has just brought in master's brother Chremes and he's in there with em now." When he told me this, I started for the door on tip-toe very quietly, got there, stood close, held my breath, put my ear to the panels. So I listened hard, trying, that way, to catch what they said.

*hor.* Bravo, Geta!

*eta* So then I heard something quite splendid, and by Jove I nearly started for joy.

facinus audivi: itaque paene hercle exclamavi gaudio.
*Anti.* quod?
*Geta* quodnam arbitrare?
*Anti.* nescio.
*Geta* atqui mirificissumum:
patruos tuos est pater inventus Phanio uxori tuae.
*Anti.* quid ais?
*Geta* cum eius consuevit olim matre in Lemno clanculum.
*Phor.* somnium: utine haec ignoraret suom patrem?
*Geta* aliquid credito,
Phormio, esse causae. sed me censen potuisse omnia
intellegere extra ostium, intus quae inter sese ipsi egerint?
*Anti.* atque ego quoque inaudivi hercle illam fabulam.
*Geta* immo etiam dabo
quo magis credas: patruos interea inde huc egreditur foras:
haud multo post cum patre idem recipit se intro denuo:
ait uterque tibi potestatem eius adhibendae dari.
denique ego sum missus, te ut requirerem atque adducerem.
*Anti.* quin ergo rape me: quid cessas?
*Geta* fecero.
*Anti.* o mi Phormio,
vale
*Phor* vale, Antipho. bene, ita me di ament, factum: gaudeo.
V.vii Tantam fortunam de improviso esse his datam!
summa eludendi occasiost mihi nunc senes
et Phaedriae curam adimere argentariam,
ne quoiquam suorum aequalium supplex siet.
nam idem hoc argentum, ita ut datumst, ingratiis
ei datum erit: hoc qui cogam, reapse repperi.

*ti.* What was it?

*eta* What do you think?

*ti.* Can't say.

*eta* Oh, most wonderful! Your uncle is discovered to be father to Phanium your wife.

*ti.* Impossible!

*eta* He had an intrigue with the mother years ago in Lemnos.

*or.* Moonshine! Likely she wouldn't know her own father!

*eta* You may be sure there's some way of accounting for it, Phormio. Do you think I could follow every word outside the door, all their private talk on the other side?

*ti.* By Jove yes, I too have heard a word drop about that story.

*eta* Yes, and I'll tell you something to make you believe it more. Presently out comes your uncle, out here. Soon afterwards back he trots with your father, and in they go again. They say, both of 'em, that you may keep your wife. To end all I am sent to look for you and take you there.

*ti.* (*eagerly*) Take me? Sweep me. How slow you are

*eta* In a trice.

*ti.* My dear Phormio, good bye.

*or.* Good bye, Antipho. So help me, it's excellent: I'm delighted. [EXEUNT *Antipho* AND *Geta.*] What an unforeseen stroke of luck for them! And what a chance for me to outplay the old fellows and relieve Phaedria of his trouble about the money, so that he needn't go begging to his friends! The money has been given him, and the money he shall keep in spite of their teeth. Circumstances have given me

nunc gestus mihi voltusque est capiundus novos.
sed hinc concedam in angiportum hoc proxumum,
inde hisce ostendam me, ubi erunt egressi foras.
quo me adsimularam ire ad mercatum, non eo.
*Demi.* Dis magnas merito gratias habeo atque ago,
V.viii quando evenere haec nobis, frater, prospere.
quantum potest, nunc conveniundust Phormio,
prius quam dilapidat nostras triginta minas
ut auferamus.
*Phor.* Demiphonem si domist
visam, ut quod—
*Demi.* at nos ad te ibamus, Phormio.
*Phor.* de eadem hac fortasse causa?
*Demi.* ita hercle.
*Phor.* credidi:
quid ad me ibatis? ridiculum. an verebamini
ne non id facerem quod recepissem semel?
heus, quanta quanta haec mea paupertas est, tamen
adhuc curavi unum hoc quidem, ut mi esset fides.
*Chr.* estne ita uti dixi liberalis?
*Demi.* oppido.
*Phor.* idque adeo venio nuntiatum, Demipho,
paratum me esse: ubi voltis, uxorem date.
nam omnis posthabui mihi res, ita uti par fuit,
postquam id tanto opere vos velle animum advorteram.
*Demi.* at hic dehortatus est me ne illam tibi darem:
"nam qui erit rumor," inquit, "id si feceris?
olim quom honeste potuit, tum non est data:
eam nunc extrudi turpest." ferme eadem omnia,
quae tute dudum coram me incusaveras.

the power to force 'em into it. Now for a change of mien and look. I'll turn down the first alley here and from there present myself when they come out. My pretence of going to the fair I give up. [RETIRES

ENTER *Demipho* AND *Chremes.*

*emi.* I am heartily and deeply thankful to heaven, brother, for this successful issue. Now I must see Phormio, as soon as possible before he makes ducks and drakes of our hundred and twenty pounds, so that we may get it back.

*hor.* (*advancing and pretending not to see them*) I'm going to see if Demipho's at home, so that—

*emi.* (*interrupting*) Ah, we were coming to see you Phormio.

*hor.* On the old subject perhaps?

*emi.* Yes indeed.

*hor.* I thought so. Why should you be coming to me? What nonsense! Were you afraid I shouldn't do what I had once engaged myself to? Gentlemen, gentlemen, my means may be of the very very smallest, but one thing I have always taken care to be, and that's a man of my word.

*r.* (*who has not been attending, addressing Demipho*) Is she not, as I said, a gentlewoman?

*mi.* Quite so, quite so.

*or.* And so I am come expressly to tell you that I am ready. As soon as you choose, hand me over the wife. I postponed all my own business, as was right, so soon as I saw how eager you were.

*mi.* Yes, but my brother has talked me into not giving her to you. "Think," says he, "what the world will say if you do. When you might have given her without discredit, you did not: to shut the doors on her now would be scandalous." He urged pretty nearly what you yourself threw in my face just now.

*Phor.* satis superbe inluditis me.
*Demi.* qui?
*Phor.* rogas?
quia ne alteram quidem illam potero ducere;
nam quo redibo ore ad eam quam contempserim?
*Chr.* "tum autem Antiphonem video ab sese amittere
invitum eam" inque.
*Demi.* tum autem video filium
invitum sane mulierem ab se amittere.
sed transi sodes ad forum atque illud mihi
argentum rursum iube rescribi, Phormio.
*Phor.* quodne ego discripsi porro illis quibus debui?
*Demi.* quid igitur fiet?
*Phor.* si vis mi uxorem dare
quam despondisti, ducam; sin est ut velis
manere illam apud te, dos hic maneat, Demipho.
nam non est aequom me propter vos decipi,
quom ego vostri honoris causa repudium alterae
remiserim, quae dotis tantundem dabat.
*Demi.* in hinc malam rem cum istac magnificentia,
fugitive? etiam nunc credis te ignorarier
aut tua facta adeo?
*Phor.* inritor!
*Demi.* tune hanc duceres,
si tibi daretur?
*Phor.* fac periclum.
*Demi.* ut filius
cum illa habitet apud te! hoc vostrum consilium fuit.
*Phor.* quaeso quid narras?
*Demi.* quin tu mi argentum cedo.
*Phor.* immo vero uxorem tu cedo.
*Demi.* in ius ambula.

*Phor.* This is a pretty high-handed way of trifling with me.
*Demi.* How so?
*Phor.* What a question! Why, I shan't be able to marry the other girl either. How can I have the face to go back to her after jilting her?
*Phr.* (*whispering to Demipho*) Say "Besides I see Antipho is unwilling to part with her."
*Demi.* Besides I see that my son is distinctly unwilling to part with the lady. Now be so good as to come across to the Piazza and tell the banker to retransfer the money to my account.
*Phor.* What? The money on which I at once drew cheques in favour of my creditors?
*Demi.* (*puzzled*) What's to be done then?
*Phor.* (*with an affectation of dignity*) If you choose to give me the bride whom you betrothed to me, I will marry her, but if it is the case that you choose she shall still stop with you, the dowry must stop here, Demipho. (*points to himself*) Yes, it isn't right that I should be taken in to help you gentlemen, when out of respect for you I have broken with another girl who was to bring just as large a dowry.
*Demi.* (*angrily*) Devil take you and your sublime airs, you vagabond! Do you still think we don't know you and your doings too?
*Phor.* You are provoking me.
*Demi.* Would you marry her if she were offered you.
*Phor.* Try me.
*Demi.* For my son to live with her in your house! That's what you had schemed with him!
*Phor.* Pray, what are you talking about?
*Demi.* Just give me back my money.
*Phor.* No, just you give me my wife.
*Demi.* (*seizing him*) Come into court.

*Phor.* enim vero si porro esse odiosi pergitis —
*Demi.* quid facies?
*Phor.* egone? vos me indotatis modo
patrocinari fortasse arbitramini:
etiam dotatis soleo.
*Chr.* quid id nostra?
*Phor.* nihil.
hic quandam noram, quoius vir uxorem —
*Chr.* hem.
*Demi.* quid est?
*Phor.* Lemni habuit aliam —
*Chr.* nullus sum.
*Phor.* ex qua filiam
suscepit, et eam clam educat.
*Chr.* sepultus sum.
*Phor.* haec adeo ego illi iam denarrabo.
*Chr.* obsecro,
ne facias.
*Phor.* oh, tune is eras?
*Demi.* ut ludos facit
*Chr.* missum te facimus.
*Phor.* fabulae.
*Chr.* quid vis tibi?
argentum quod habes condonamus te.
*Phor.* audio.
quid vos malum ergo me sic ludificamini
inepti vostra puerili inconstantia?
nolo volo; volo nolo rursum; cape, cedo;
quod dictum indictumst; quod modo ratum erat
inritumst.
*Chr.* quo pacto aut unde hic haec rescivit?
*Demi.* nescio;
nisi me dixisse nemini certo scio.

*Phor.* (*threateningly*) I can tell you that if you persist any more in making yourself obnoxious—(*stops*)

*Demi.* What will you do?

*Phor.* Aha! perhaps you think it's only dowerless girls that I champion: dowered ones too, pretty often.

*Chr.* What's that to us?

*Phor.* (*ironically*) Nothing. (*slowly*) I knew a lady here whose husband had another—

*Chr.* (*in great alarm*) Heaven above us!

*Demi.* What's the matter?

*Phor.* —wife in Lemnos—

*Chr.* (*turning away in despair*) There's an end of me!

*Phor.* —by whom he had a daughter, whom he brings up secretly.

*Chr.* A winding sheet!

*Phor.* This precise story I am now going to tell to the lady in full.

*Chr.* (*pitiably*) For heaven's sake don't.

*Phor.* Oh-h-h are *you* the man?

*Demi.* What fools he makes of us!

*Chr.* We discharge you.

*Phor.* A pretty story!

*Chr.* What do you want? We forgive you the money you've got.

*Phor.* Of course you do. What the plague do you mean by playing with me in this way, you silly things, with your childish shilly-shallying? I won't, I will; I will, I won't again; take, give back; what was said unsaid, what was settled upset. (*turns away*)

*Chr.* (*to Demipho*) How or from whom did he find this out?

*Demi.* I don't know, only I'm sure *I* never told anyone.

*Chr.* monstri, ita me di ament, simile.
*Phor.* inieci scrupulum.
*Demi.* hem,
hicine ut a nobis hoc tantum argenti auferat
tam aperte inridens? emori hercle satius est.
animo virili praesentique ut sis para.
vides tuom peccatum esse elatum foras
neque iam id celare posse te uxorem tuam:
nunc quod ipsa ex aliis auditura sit, Chremes,
id nosmet indicare placabilius est.
tum hunc inpuratum poterimus nostro modo
ulcisci.
*Phor.* atattat, nisi mi prospicio, haereo.
hi gladiatorio animo ad me adfectant viam.
*Chr.* at vereor ut placari possit.
*Demi.* bono animo es:
ego redigam vos in gratiam, hoc fretus, Chremes,
quom e medio excessit unde haec susceptast tibi.
*Phor.* itan agitis mecum? satis astute adgredimini.
non hercle ex re istius me instigasti, Demipho.
ain tu? ubi quae lubitum fuerit peregre feceris
neque huius sis veritus feminae primariae,
quin novo modo ei faceres contumeliam,
venias nunc precibus lautum peccatum tuom?
hisce ego illam dictis ita tibi incensam dabo,
ut ne restinguas, lacrumis si exstillaveris
*Demi.* tantane adfectum quemquam esse hominem audacia!
non hoc publicitus scelus hinc asportarier
in solas terras!
*Chr.* in id redactus sum loci

*Chr.* So help me, it looks as though the devil were in it.

*Phor.* (*aside*) Grit in their shoes!

*Demi* What! He to get all this money out of us and laugh at us so openly? God! I'd rather die on the spot. Now then, courage forward, wits about you! You see your peccadillo is come out and you can no longer hide it from your wife: now, as she is sure to hear it from some one else, the better way to appease her is to inform her ourselves. Then we shall be able to punish this beast of a man in our own way.

*Phor.* (*to himself*) Hollo, hollo, if I don't look out I'm in the mud. They're for a desperadoes' march against me.

*Chr.* But I am afraid it will be impossible to appease her.

*Demi.* Courage, man. *I* will make you friends on the strength of the girl's mother being deceased.

*Phor.* (*overhearing and coming forward*) That's the way you deal with me, is it? A very cunning plan of attack! I warn you, Demipho, that your way of driving me hasn't been for your brother's good. (*to Chremes*) What do you mean? You followed your fancy in another land, no respect for your excellent wife stopped you from wronging her after a novel pattern, and are you now to come with prayers on your lips to cleanse your offence? I'll say things to her that will set her in such a blaze that you couldn't put it out by turning yourself into a bucket of tears.

*Demi.* (*furiously*) Who'd have thought any man could be possessed of such effrontery? Such a lump of wickedness ought to be transported at the public charge to a desert island.

*Chr.* I'm reduced to such a state that I don't know in the least how to deal with him.

ut quid agam cum illo nesciam prorsum. 980
*Demi.* ego scio:
in ius eamus.
*Phor.* in ius? huc, si quid lubet.
*Chr.* adsequere, retine, dum ego huc servos evoco.
*Demi.* enim nequeo solus: adcurre.
*Phor.* una iniuriast
tecum.
*Demi.* lege agito ergo.
*Phor.* alterast tecum, Chremes.
*Chr.* rape hunc.
*Phor.* sic agitis? enim vero vocest opus:
Nausistrata, exi.
*Chr.* os opprime inpurum: vide
quantum valet.
*Phor.* Nausistrata, inquam.
*Demi.* non taces?
*Phor.* taceam?
*Demi.* nisi sequitur, pugnos in ventrem ingere.
*Phor.* vel oculum exsculpe: est ubi vos ulciscar probe.
*Nau.* Qui nominat me? hem, quid istuc turbaest, obsecro, 990
V.ix mi vir?
*Phor.* ehem, quid nunc obstipuisti?
*Nau.* quis hic homost?
non mihi respondes?
*Phor.* hicine ut tibi respondeat,
qui hercle ubi sit nescit?
*Chr.* cave isti quicquam creduas.
*Phor.* abi, tange: si non totus friget, me enica.

*I* know: into court with him. (*tries to seize him*)
Into court? *This* court, if you've no objection. (*moves towards Chremes' door*)

*Chr.* After him, hold him, while I call out the servants.

*Demi.* (*seizing Phormio, who drags him along*) I can't by myself, I can't: come and help.

*Phor.* One action for assault against you.

*Demi.* Bring it then! (*Chremes seizes Phormio's other arm*)

*Phor.* Another against you, Chremes. (*the two struggle with him*)

*Chr.* Drag him off!

*Phor.* Oh, that's it, is it? My word! I must use my lungs. (*shouts*) Nausistrata, come out!

*Chr.* Gag the beast's mouth, man. What strength he's got!

*Phor.* (*shouts*) Nausistrata, I say.

*Demi.* Won't you be quiet?

*Phor.* Quiet indeed?

*Demi.* If he won't come, punch him in the belt.

*Phor.* Knock an eye out if you like.

ENTER *Nausistrata*. *Phormio* WRENCHES HIMSELF FREE, THROWING THE OLD MEN RIGHT AND LEFT, AND POINTS EXULTANTLY TO *Nausistrata*: TABLEAU.

I've the means for punishing you two in fine style.

*Nau.* Who calls me? (*comes forward*) Gracious! What's this disturbance? In heaven's name tell me, my dear.

*Phor.* (*to Chremes*) Aha! why struck dumb now?

*Nau.* Who is this person? (*Chremes is silent*) No answer?

*Phor.* *He* answer you? Lord! he doesn't know where he is.

*Chr.* (*stuttering with fear*) Don't believe a word that fellow says.

*Phor.* Go and put your finger on him: if he isn't stone-cold all through, have me hanged.

*Chr.* nil est.
*Nau.* quid ergo? quid istic narrat?
*Phor.* iam scies:
ausculta.
*Chr.* pergin credere?
*Nau.* quid ego obsecro
huic credam, qui nil dixit?
*Phor.* delirat miser
timore.
*Nau.* non pol temerest quod tu tam times.
*Chr.* egon timeo?
*Phor.* recte sane: quando nil times,
et hoc nil est quod ego dico, tu narra.
*Demi.* scelus,
tibi narret?
*Phor.* ohe tu, factumst abs te sedulo
pro fratre.
*Nau.* mi vir, non mihi dices?
*Chr.* at—
*Nau.* quid "at"?
*Chr.* non opus est dicto.
*Phor.* tibi quidem; at scito huic opust
in Lemno—
*Nau.* hem, quid ais?
*Chr.* non taces?
*Phor.* clam te—
*Chr.* ei mihi!
*Phor.* uxorem duxit.
*Nau.* mi homo, di melius duint.
*Phor.* sic factumst.
*Nau.* perii misera!
*Phor.* et inde filiam
suscepit iam unam, dum tu dormis.
*Chr.* quid agimus?

*Chr.* It's n-nothing.
*Nau.* What is n-nothing? What has he to tell?
*Phor.* You shall hear at once. Listen.
*Chr.* (*to his wife*) Are you set on believing him?
*Nau.* (*icily*) And pray in what am I to believe him when he hasn't said a word?
*Phor.* He's beside himself, poor creature, for fright.
*Nau.* (*to Chremes*) I am sure it is not for nothing that you are in such a fright.
*Chr.* I in a f-fright?
*Phor.* Very pretty indeed! As your fright is nothing and what I say is nothing, tell you the tale.
*Demi.* Scoundrel, at *your* desire?
*Phor.* You interfere, do you? Nicely active you've been for your brother.
*Nau.* My dear husband, won't you tell me?
*Chr.* B-but—
*Nau.* "But" what?
*Chr.* There's no need to tell it.
*Phor.* For *you* no, but need for your wife to know it. In Lemnos—
*Nau.* Ha, what's that?
*Chr.* (*to Phormio*) Won't you be quiet?
*Phor.* —hiding it from you—
*Chr.* Misery!
*Phor.* —he married a wife.
*Nau.* (*screams*) Man alive! Heaven forbid!
*Phor.* It's the truth.
*Nau.* (*covering her face with her hands*) Wretched woman that I am!
*Phor.* And has one daughter by her already, while you slept in ignorance.
*Chr.* (*aside to Demipho*) What's to be done?

*Nau.* pro di inmortales, facinus miserandum et malum!
*Phor.* hoc actumst.
*Nau.* an quicquam hodiest factum indignius?
qui mi, ubi ad uxores ventumst, tum fiunt senes.
Demipho, te appello: nam cum hoc ipso distaedet loqui:
haecine erant itiones crebrae et mansiones diutinae
Lemni? haecine erat ea quae nostros minuit fructus vilitas?
*Demi.* ego, Nausistrata, esse in hac re culpam meritum non nego;
sed ea quin sit ignoscenda?
*Phor.* verba fiunt mortuo.
*Demi.* nam neque neclegentia tua neque odio id fecit tuo.
vinolentus fere abhinc annos quindecim mulierculam
eam compressit, unde haec natast; neque postilla umquam attigit.
ea mortem obiit; e medio abiit, qui fuit in re hac scrupulus.
quam ob rem te oro, ut alia facta tua sunt, aequo animo hoc feras.
*Nau.* quid ego aequo animo? cupio misera in hac re iam defungier;
sed qui id sperem? aetate porro minus peccaturum putem?
iam tum erat senex, senectus si verecundos facit.
an mea forma atque aetas magis nunc expetendast, Demipho?
quid mi hic adfers, quam ob rem exspectem aut sperem porro non fore?
*Phor.* exsequias Chremeti quibus est commodum ire, em tempus est.
sic dabo: age nunc, Phormionem qui volet lacessito:
faxo tali sit mactatus infortunio atque hic est.

*Nau.* Oh heavens! what miserable baseness

*Phor* (*to Chremes*) To be done? Doing's over.

*Nau.* Was ever any more monstrous wickedness? And when it's their wives, their youth is past! (*turns her back on Chremes*) Demipho, I appeal to you: to this man of mine I haven't patience to speak. This is the meaning (is it?) of those frequent voyages, those lengthened visits, to Lemnos! These are the low prices that brought down our rents!

*Demi.* I don't deny, Nausistrata, that he has been to blame in this matter, but surely it is an offence that should be forgiven.

*Phor.* A funeral oration!

*Demi.* He didn't do it out of disregard, much less dislike, for you. Some fifteen years ago in his cups he met the woman who bore this child and has had no commerce with her since. She is dead and gone, and thus the difficulty in the matter is removed. So I beg you to show your usual good-humour and put up with it.

*Nau.* Why should I show good humour? Wretch that I am, I wish this were the end, but how can I hope so? Am I to think that years will make him more innocent in the future? He was grey-headed already, if it's grey hairs that make men restrain themselves. Is the attraction of youth and beauty greater in me now than then, Demipho! What reason do you give why I should expect or even hope that in the future he will be a changed man?

*Phor.* (*loudly*) Oyez! oyez! oyez! All whom it concerns are desired this very hour to attend the funeral of Chremes! That's my style. Come now, anyone want to challenge Phormio? Let him. I'll make him the victim of such disaster as Chremes has. (*chang-*

redeat sane in gratiam iam: supplici satis est mihi.
habet haec ei quod, dum vivat, usque ad aurem obganniat. 1030

*Nau* at meo merito credo. quid ego nunc commemorem, Demipho,
singulatim, qualis ego in hunc fuerim?

*Demi.* novi aeque omnia tecum.

*Nau.* merito hoc meo videtur factum?

*Demi.* minume gentium.
verum iam quando accusando fieri infectum non potest,
ignosce: orat confitetur purgat: quid vis amplius?

*Phor.* enim vero prius quam haec dat veniam, mihi prospiciam et Phaedriae.
heus Nausistrata, huic prius quam respondes temere, audi.

*Nau.* quid est?

*Phor.* ego minas triginta ab illo per fallaciam abstuli:
eas dedi tuo gnato: is pro sua amica lenoni dedit.

*Chr.* hem, quid ais? 1040

*Nau.* adeone indignum hoc tibi videtur, filius
homo adulescens si habet unam amicam, tu uxores duas?
nil pudere? quo ore illum obiurgabis? responde mihi.

*Demi.* faciet ut voles.

*Nau.* immo ut meam iam scias sententiam,
neque ego ignosco neque promitto quicquam neque respondeo
prius quam gnatum videro: eius iudicio permitto omnia.
quod is iubebit faciam.

*Phor.* mulier sapiens es, Nausistrata.

*ing his tone*) Well, well, let him be restored to favour now. My vengeance is satisfied: the lady has something to growl at him for all his life long.

*au.* Can he say I have deserved this? What need to recount now, Demipho, point by point what a wife I've been to him?

*emi.* I know it as well as you do.

*au.* Does it look as if I had deserved this?

*emi.* Not the least in the world. But now, since no reproaches can undo it, forgive him. He throws himself on your mercy with confession and apology: what more do you desire?

*hor.* (*aside*) Indeed now before she pardons him I will secure myself and Phaedria. (*aloud*) Madam, Madam, before you answer him heedlessly, a word from me.

*au.* What is it?

*hor.* I got a hundred and twenty pounds out of your husband by a trick. I gave the money to your son; he has given it to a slave-dealer as the price of his mistress.

*hr.* What's that? what's that?

*au.* (*icily*) Do you think it such a shocking thing for a young man like your son to have one mistress when you have two wives? Have you no shame? How will you have the face to scold him? Answer me that. [*Chremes* RETIRES DUMBFOUNDED.

*emi.* He will fall in with your wishes.

*au.* (*to Chremes*) No, to let you know my resolution at once, I don't forgive you or make any promise or any answer until I have seen my son. To his decision I leave everything, what he recommends I shall do.

*hor.* Madam, you are a lady of wisdom.

*Nau.* Satin tibist?
*Demi.* satis.
*Chr.* immo vero pulchre discedo et probe et praeter spem.
*Nau.* tu tuom nomen dic mihi quid sit.
*Phor.* Phormio:
vostrae familiae hercle amicus et tuo summus Phaedriae.
*Nau.* Phormio, at ego ecastor posthac tibi quod potero, quod voles faciamque et dicam. 1050
*Phor.* benigne dicis.
*Nau.* pol meritumst tuom.
*Phor.* vin primum hodie facere quod ego gaudeam, Nausistrata, et quod tuo viro oculi doleant?
*Nau.* cupio.
*Phor* me ad cenam voca.
*Nau.* pol vero voco.
*Demi.* eamus intro hinc.
*Nau.* fiat. sed ubist Phaedria iudex noster?
*Phor.* iam hic faxo aderit.
*Cantor* vos valete et plaudite.

*au.* Does that satisfy you.
*mi.* (*answering for Chremes*) It does.
*r.* (*aside*) Yes, indeed, I get off finely and properly and better than I hoped.
*u.* (*to Phormio*) Sir, please tell me your name?
*or.* Phormio, a friend, I assure you, of your family and a devoted friend of your son.
*u.* Well, Phormio, I vow that in future to the best of my power I will forward your wishes by word and deed.
*or.* You are very kind.
*u.* I am sure you have deserved it.
*or.* Would you like to begin to-day with something that would delight me, Madam, and give your husband a pain in the eyes?
*u.* With all my heart.
*or.* Invite me to dinner.
*u.* Certainly I invite you.
*mi.* Let us go indoors.
*u.* By all means. But where is Phaedria, our judge?
*or.* I'll have him here in a moment.
*s.* Farewell and clap your hands. [EXEUNT OMNES

# THE MOTHER-IN-LAW

INCIPIT TERENTI HECYRA . ACTA LVDIS MEGALENSIBVS IVLIO CAESARE CN . CORNELIO DOLABELLA AEDILIB CVRVLIB . MODOS FECIT FLACCVS CLAVDI TIBIIS PARIBVS . TOTA GRAECA MENANDRV . FACTA V . ACTA PRIMO SINE PROLOGO CN . OCTAVIO T . MANLIO COS RELATA EST L . AEMELIO PAVLO LVDIS FVNERALIB . NON EST PLACITA . TERTIO RELATA EST Q. FVLVIO L. MARCIO AEDILIB . CVRVLIB. EGIT LVC . AMBIVIVS LVC . SERGIVS TVRPIO . PLACVIT

The Mother-in-law by Terence. Acted at the games of the Mighty Mother in the Curule Aedileship of Sextus Julius Cæsar and Gnaeus Cornelius Dolabella. Pipe-music bass by Flaccus, servant to Claudius. The whole from the Greek of Menander. The adapter's fifth comedy.[1] Acted first without a prologue in the Consulship of Gnaeus Octavius and Titus Manlius. Reproduced at the funeral games of Lucius Aemilius Paulus, it was not a success. Produced a third time in the Curule Aedileship of Quintus Fulvius and Lucius Marcius, under the management of Lucius Ambivius and Lucius Sergius Turpio, it proved a success.

[1] This ignores the two unsuccessful performances.

## C. SVLPICI APOLLINARIS PERIOCHA

Uxorem ducit Pamphilus Philumenam,
cui quondam ignorans virgini vitium obtulit,
cuiusque per vim quem detraxit anulum
amicae dederat Bacchidi meretriculae.
profectus dein in Imbrum est: nuptam haud attigit.
hanc mater ut eo ex vitio gravidam comperit
ut aegram ad sese transfert. revenit Pamphilus,
deprendit partum, celat; uxorem tamen
recipere non volt. pater incusat Bacchidis
amorem. dum se purgat Bacchis, anulum
mater vitiatae forte adgnoscit Myrrina.
uxorem recipit Pamphilus cum filio.

## PERSONAE

PHILOTIS MERETRIX
SYRA ANVS
PARMENO SERVOS
LACHES SENEX
SOSTRATA MATRONA
PHIDIPPVS SENEX
PAMPHILVS ADVLESCENS
SOSIA SERVOS
MYRRINA MATRONA
BACCHIS MERETRIX

CANTOR

## SUMMARY OF THE PLAY

BY GAIUS SULPICIUS APOLLINARIS

Pamphilus has married Philumena, whom he had before wronged without knowing who she was. A ring, which he had taken from her by force, he presented to Bacchis, a courtesan. He then departed to Imbros without having lived with his wife. When her mother found that as the result of the outrage she was with child, under the pretence of illness she took her back to her own house. Pamphilus returning discovered the fact but kept it secret, refusing however to receive her as his wife. His father accused him of an intrigue with Bacchis. Bacchis defended herself against the charge, and this led to the ring being recognized by Myrrina, the mother of the outraged girl. Thereupon Pamphilus received his wife with their son.

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

LACHES, PHIDIPPUS } *old gentlemen of Athens.*
PAMPHILUS, *son to Laches.*
PARMENO, *servant (slave) to Laches and Pamphilus.*
*A boy and other servants.*
SOSTRATA, *wife to Laches.*
MYRRINA, *wife to Phidippus.*
BACCHIS, PHILOTIS } *courtesans.*
SYRA, *an old crone.*

## PROLOGVS (I)

Hecyraest huic nomen fabulae. Hecyra quom datast
novae novom intervenit vitium et calamitas,
ut neque spectari neque cognosci potuerit:
ita populus studio stupidus in funambulo
animum occuparat. nunc haec planest pro nova,
et is qui scripsit hanc ob eam rem noluit
iterum referre, ut iterum posset vendere.
. . . . .
alias cognostis eius: quaeso hanc noscite.

## FIRST PROLOGUE

This play is styled "The Mother-in-law." On its first presentation it was interrupted by a strange and stormy scene, so that it could not be seen or heard. In fact the people's thoughts were blindly preoccupied by a rope-dancer. On this occasion clearly it is on the footing of a new play. The author would not have it repeated at the time, his wish being to have the profits of another performance. . . . You have heard others of his plays: now be so good as to hear this.

## PROLOGVS (II)

L. AMBIVIVS

Orator ad vos venio ornatu prologi:
sinite exorator sim, eodem ut iure uti senem
liceat quo iure sum usus adulescentior,
novas qui exactas feci ut inveterascerent,
ne cum poeta scriptura evanesceret.
in eis, quas primum Caecili didici novas,
partim sum earum exactus, partim vix steti.
quia scibam dubiam fortunam esse scaenicam,
spe incerta certum mihi laborem sustuli,
easdem agere coepi, ut ab eodem alias discerem
novas, studiose, ne illum ab studio abducerem.
perfeci ut spectarentur: ubi sunt cognitae,
placitae sunt. ita poetam restitui in locum
prope iam remotum iniuria advorsarium
ab studio atque ab labore atque arte musica.
quod si scripturam sprevissem in praesentia
et in deterrendo voluissem operam sumere,
ut in otio esset potius quam in negotio:
deterruissem facile ne alias scriberet.
nunc quid petam, mea causa aequo animo attendite.
Hecyram ad vos refero, quam mihi per silentium
numquam agere licitumst: ita eam oppressit
calamitas.
eam calamitatem vostra intellegentia
sedabit, si erit adiutrix nostrae industriae.
quom primum eam agere coepi, pugilum gloria,
comitum conventus, strepitus, clamor mulierum,
fecere ut ante tempus exirem foras.
vetere in nova coepi uti consuetudine,
in experiundo ut essem: refero denuo.

## SECOND PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY LUCIUS AMBIVIUS

I come as a pleader in the shape of a prologue: let me be a successful pleader, enjoying in my age a privilege which I enjoyed at an earlier time of life when I restored damned plays to life and saved writer and writings from oblivion. In the case of the new plays of Caecilius, presented by me, some were hissed off the stage and some maintained their ground with difficulty. With no surety of success I undertook a surety of toil, setting myself to produce the same plays in order to secure new ones from the same hand, and did it zealously that his efforts might not be discouraged. I got them presented, and the presentation was a success. Thus I restored to the stage a playwright whom the wrongdoing of his enemies had well nigh driven from his calling and occupation of the dramatic art. Had I rejected his plays at the moment and chosen to take pains in scaring him away, commending him rather to ease than to labour, I should easily have scared him from writing other dramas.

Now for my sake listen fairly to my aim. I present to you the Mother-in-law, for which I have never been allowed a silent hearing for the storm that nipped it in the bud. Your good-sense will lull that storm if it co-operate with my zeal. When I started on the first presentation, the vaunting of pugilists, the gatherings of their claque, the din, the clamour of the ladies, drove me prematurely from the boards. In the case of a new play I ventured on my old method of experiment, that is to say, I produced it anew. The first act met with

primo actu placeo. quom interea rumor venit
datum iri gladiatores, populus convolat,
tumultuantur clamant pugnant de loco:
ego interea meum non potui tutari locum.
nunc turba non est: otium et silentiumst:
agendi tempus mihi datumst; vobis datur
potestas condecorandi ludos scaenicos.
nolite sinere per vos artem musicam
recidere ad paucos: facite ut vostra auctoritas
meae auctoritati fautrix adiutrixque sit.
si numquam avare pretium statui arti meae
et eum esse quaestum in animum induxi maxumum,
quam maxume servire vostris commodis:
sinite impetrare me, qui in tutelam meam
studium suom et se in vostram commisit fidem,
ne eum circumventum inique iniqui inrideant.
mea causa causam accipite et date silentium,
ut lubeat scribere aliis mihique ut discere
novas expediat posthac pretio emptas meo.

approval, but, on a cry that there was to be a gladiatorial show, in flocked the people with uproar and clamour and a struggle for seats with the result that I could not hold my ground. Now there is no disturbance but leisure and silence. I am allowed the time to present the play, and you the means to lend the befitting grace to these entertainments. Do not allow any doing of yours to let dramatic art fall into the hands of the few, but see that your authority supports and assists mine. If I have never been greedy enough to fix a price for my art and have set myself to see the greatest profit in serving your interests, grant that the playwright, who has entrusted his calling to my protection and to your honour, be not outwitted and mocked by the unfair methods of an unfair clique. For my sake listen to my plea and make a silent audience that other playwrights may catch the desire to write, and that it may be well for me in the future to present new plays bought at my expense.

## ACTVS I

*Philo.* Per pol quam paucos reperias meretricibus
fidelis evenire amatores, Syra.
vel hic Pamphilus iurabat quotiens bacchidi,
quam sancte, ut quivis facile posset credere,
numquam illa viva ducturum uxorem domum!
em, duxit.
*Syra* ergo propterea te sedulo
et moneo et hortor ne te quoiusquam misereat,
quin spolies mutiles laceres, quemque nacta sis.
*Philo.* utine eximium neminem habeam?
*Syra* neminem:
nam nemo illorum quisquam, scito, ad te venit
quin ita paret sese, abs te ut blanditiis suis
quam minumo pretio suam voluptatem expleat.
hiscine tu amabo non contra insidiabere?
*Philo.* tamen pol eandem iniuriumst esse omnibus.
*Syra* iniurium autem est ulcisci adversarios?
aut qua via te captent eadem ipsos capi?
eheu me miseram, quor non aut istaec mihi
actas et formast aut tibi haec sententia!
*Par* Senex si quaeret me, modo isse dicito
I. ii ad portum percontatum adventum Pamphili.
audin quid dicam, Scirte? si quaeret me, uti
tum dicas; si non quaeret, nullus dixeris,
alias ut uti possim causa hac integra.

*Scene:—Athens. A street, on one side the house of Laches, on the other that of Phidippus.*

## ACT I

ENTER *Philotis* AND *Syra.*

*hilo.* On my word, Syra, it's very few men that you would find to be faithful lovers to women of my class. For instance Pamphilus here, how often he swore to Bacchis, so solemnly that anyone might readily have believed him, that he would never take a wife in her lifetime! Now see, he has taken one.

*yra* And on that account I earnestly urge and conjure you to have no pity on any man. Plunder, worry, harry every man you come across.

*hilo.* And make no exception?

*yra* Not one. There is not one of 'em, you may be sure, comes to you except with the intention of coaxing you into sating his love of pleasure as cheaply as ever he can. And then, my good girl, aren't you to lay your snares for *them*?

*hilo.* Still I vow it's wrong to treat all alike.

*yra* Wrong to avenge oneself upon one's enemies? Wrong for them to be caught as they'd catch you? Oh dear, dear, why haven't either I your youth and beauty or you my sentiments?

ENTER *Parmeno* FROM *Laches'* HOUSE.

*ar.* (*at the door, speaking to a servant within*) If our old man asks for me, tell him I've just stepped down to the harbour to inquire about Pamphilus's arrival. Do you hear what I say, Scirtus? I say, if he *asks* for me, you are to tell him that; if he doesn't ask, never you tell him. I don't want to spoil an excuse that would do another time. (*turns round and comes*

sed videon ego Philotium? unde haec advenit?
Philotis, salve multum.

*Philo.* o salve, Parmeno.

*Syra* salve mecastor, Parmeno.

*Par.* et tu edepol, Syra.
dic mi, ubi, Philotis, te oblectasti tam diu?

*Philo.* minume equidem me oblectavi, quae cum milite
Corinthum hinc sum profecta inhumanissumo:
biennium ibi perpetuom misera illum tuli.

*Par.* edepol te desiderium Athenarum arbitror,
Philotium, cepisse saepe et te tuom
consilium contempsisse.

*Philo.* non dici potest,
quam cupida eram huc redeundi, abeundi a milite
vosque hic videndi, antiqua ut consuetudine
agitarem inter vos libere convivium.
nam illi haud licebat nisi praefinito loqui
quae illi placerent.

*Par.* haud opinor commode
finem statuisse orationi militem.

*Philo.* sed quid hoc negotist modo quod narravit mihi
hic intus Bacchis? quod ego nunquam credidi
fore, ut ille hac viva posset animum inducere
uxorem habere.

*Par.* habere autem?

*Philo.* eho tu, an non habet?

*Par.* habet, sed firmae haec vereor ut sint nuptiae.

*Philo.* ita di deaeque faxint, si in rem est Bacchidis.
sed qui istuc credam ita esse, dic mihi, Parmeno.

*Par.* non est opus prolato hoc: percontarier
desiste.

*Philo.* nempe ea causa ut ne id fiat palam?

*forward*) Isn't that little Philotis? where is she come from? Philotis, a very good day to you.

*Philo.* Good day, Parmeno.

*Syra* Glad to see you, Parmeno.

*Par.* And very glad to see you, Syra. Well, Philotis, where have you been enjoying yourself all this time?

*Philo.* Mighty little enjoyment I've had, going away to Corinth with a regular brute of a captain. Two years I've had of it there with him, unbroken misery.

*Par.* Jove, yes, I expect, Philotium, you've often been seized with a longing for Athens and cursed yourself for going away.

*Philo.* Words won't express my eagerness to return, to get away from the Captain and see you all again and keep up my old life of free and easy revelry among you. At Corinth I wasn't allowed it except with instructions beforehand to say nothing but what might please *him.*

*Par.* A very inconvenient limit, I think, your Captain set to conversation.

*Philo.* But what's this business Bacchis told me about just now indoors? Never did I believe your master could bring himself to marry in her lifetime.

*Par.* Marry, you say?

*Philo.* Eh, what do you mean? Isn't he married?

*Par.* Married, yes, but I'm not so sure the marriage isn't a shaky business.

*Philo.* Heaven grant it be, if that will help Bacchis. But tell me, Parmeno, on what grounds I am to think so.

*Par.* It's not a thing to let out: don't ask me any more.

*Philo.* For fear it should become public property, I suppose?

ita me di amabunt, haud propterea te rogo,
ut hoc proferam, sed tacita ut mecum gaudeam.
*Par.* numquam tam dices commode ut tergum meum
tuam in fidem committam.
*Philo.* ah noli, Parmeno:
quasi tu non multo malis narrare hoc mihi
quam ego quae percontor scire.
*Par.* vera haec praedicat
et illud mihi vitiumst maxumum. si mihi fidem
das te tacituram, dicam.
*Philo.* ad ingenium redis.
fidem do: loquere.
*Par.* ausculta.
*Philo.* istic sum.
*Par.* hanc Bacchidem
amabat ut quom maxume tum Pamphilus,
quom pater uxorem ut ducat orare occipit
et haec communia omnium quae sunt patrum,
sese senem esse dicere, illum autem unicum:
praesidium velle se senectuti suae.
ille primo se negare; sed postquam acrius
pater instat, fecit animi ut incertus foret,
pudorin anne amori obsequeretur magis.
tundendo atque odio denique effecit senex:
despondit ei gnatam huius vicini proxumi.
usque illud visumst Pamphilo ne utiquam grave,
donec iam in ipsis nuptiis, postquam videt
paratas nec moram ullam quin ducat dari:
ibi demum ita aegre tulit, ut ipsam Bacchidem,
si adesset, credo ibi eius commiseresceret.
ubiquomque datum erat spatium solitudinis,
ut conloqui mecum una posset " Parmeno.

As I hope to be saved, my purpose in asking is not to let it out but to rejoice over it in secrecy and silence.

*Par.* Talk as winningly as you can, but I'll never trust my hide to your honour.

*Philo.* Now don't say that, Parmeno. I am sure your eagerness to tell is much greater than mine to hear the facts.

*Par.* (*aside*) It's the truth, and that's my worst fault. (*aloud*) Swear you'll hold your tongue and I'll tell you.

*Philo.* That's yourself again. I swear it: now speak out.

*Par.* Listen.

*Philo.* I'm all ear.

*Par.* Pamphilus was in love with Bacchis here every bit as much as ever when his father set about entreating him to marry, talking just the strain of all fathers, how he was old and had only that one son and wanted a protection for his old age. At first Pamphilus said "No" plump, but when his father pressed it more hotly it put him between two minds, whether to listen more to duty or to love. By dinning at him till the lad was sick of it the old man at last carried his point, and Pamphilus became engaged to the daughter of our nearest neighbour here. (*points to the house*) Pamphilus didn't take it so very much to heart until on the brink of the wedding, when he saw all was ready and marry he must and no putting it off. Then his distress was enough, I believe, to make Bacchis herself, had she been there, take pity on him. Whenever he had time to steal away and talk it over with me, "Parmeno," he'd cry, "I'm lost! What a thing to

perii, quid ego egi! in quod me conieci malum!
non potero ferre hoc, Parmeno: perii miser."
*Philo.* at te di deaeque faxint cum isto odio, Laches!
*Par.* ut ad pauca redeam, uxorem deducit domum.
nocte illa prima virginem non attigit;
quae consecutast nox eam, nihilo magis.
*Philo.* quid ais? cum virgine una adulescens cubuerit
plus potus, sese illa abstinere ut potuerit?
non veri simile dicis nec verum arbitror.
*Par.* credo ita videri tibi. nam nemo ad te venit
nisi cupiens tui; ille invitus illam duxerat.
*Philo.* quid deinde fit?
*Par.* diebus sane pauculis
post Pamphilus me solum seducit foras
narratque, ut virgo ab se integra etiam tum siet,
seque ante quam eam uxorem duxisset domum,
sperasse eas tolerare posse nuptias.
"sed quam decrerim me non posse diutius
habere, eam ludibrio haberi, Parmeno,
neque honestum mihi neque utile ipsi virginist,
quin integram itidem reddam, ut accepi a suis."
*Philo.* pium ac pudicum ingenium narras Pamphili.
*Par.* "hoc ego proferre incommodum mi esse arbitror;
reddi patri autem, quoi tu nil dicas viti,
superbumst. sed illam spero, ubi hoc cognoverit
non posse se mecum esse, abituram denique."
*Philo.* quid? interea ibatne ad Bacchidem?
*Par.* cottidie.
sed ut fit, postquam hunc alienum ab sese videt,
maligna multo et magis procax facta ilico est.

have arranged! What a misery to have hurled myself into! I shan't be able to bear it, Parmeno; I'm undone, I'm wretched!"

*Philo.* And heaven make *you* wretched, Laches, for your odious treatment of him!

*Par.* In short he marries and takes the wife home but did not consummate the marriage either that night or the next.

*Philo.* Impossible! Half drunk and so abstinent? It's an improbable story and I don't believe it.

*Par.* Very likely not. You speak from your own experience, but you must remember he was no willing bridegroom.

*Philo.* Well, what next?

*Par.* Only a day or two later Pamphilus took me aside out here and explained how matters stood. Before the wedding he had hoped he might be able to endure such a married life. "But," says he, "now I am resolved that I can live with her no longer, it wouldn't be creditable to me nor well for her to make scorn of her and I must restore her to her people as I received her from them."

*Philo.* He must be of a conscientious and modest nature, your young master.

*Par.* "It wouldn't be well for me I think," he went on, "to state the facts, and to return on her father's hands a wife in whom you allege no fault is arrogance. My hope is that, as soon as she recognizes the impossibility of the marriage, she will end it by leaving me."

*Philo.* Did he, did he visit Bacchis during this time?

*Par.* Every day, but naturally, seeing he was no longer her own, she at once became much more unamiable and mercenary.

*Philo.* non edepol mirum.
*Par.* atque ea res multo maxume
diiunxit illum ab illa, postquam et ipse se
et illam et hanc quae domi erat cognovit satis.
haec, ita uti liberali esse ingenio decet,
pudens modesta, incommoda atque iniurias
viri omnis ferre et tegere contumelias.
hic animus partim uxoris misericordia
devinctus, partim victus huius iniuriis
paulatim elapsust Bacchidi atque huc transtulit
amorem, postquam par ingenium nactus est.
interea in Imbro moritur cognatus senex
horunc: ea ad hos redibat lege hereditas.
eo amantem invitum Pamphilum extrudit pater.
relinquit cum matre hic uxorem; nam senex
rus abdidit se, huc raro in urbem commeat.
*Philo.* quid adhuc habent infirmitatis nuptiae?
*Par.* nunc audies. primo hos dies con plasculos
bene convenibat sane inter eas. interim
miris modis odisse coepit Sostratam:
neque lites ullae inter eas, postulatio
numquam.
*Philo.* quid igitur?
*Par.* si quando ad eam accesserat
confabulatum, fugere e conspectu ilico,
videre nolle: denique ubi non quit pati,
simulat se ad matrem accersi ad rem divinam, abit.
ubi illic dies est compluris, accersi iubet:
dixere causam nescio quam tum. iterum iubet:
nemo remisit. postquam accersunt saepius,

*hilo.* No wonder indeed.

*ar.* And that, much more than anything else, detached him from her when he realized his own character and hers and that of his wife at home. In the true spirit of a gentlewoman, retiring and modest, his wife put up with all her husband's unpleasantnesses and outrages and concealed his affronts. Thereupon, in part constrained by compassion for his wife and in part worn out by the other's outrages, little by little he slipped away from Bacchis and transferred his love to one in whom he found a nature like his own. Presently there dies at Imbros an old man who was a relation of the family, and by the law his property would come to them. Off to Imbros Pamphilus is packed by his father, much against his will as a lover. The wife was left with her mother-in-law, for the old man has buried himself in the country and seldom comes up to town.

*hilo.* So far I fail to see anything shaky in the marriage.

*ar.* Now you shall be told. At first for some days the two got on quite well together. Afterwards the bride conceived a strange dislike for Sostrata, not that there was any to-do between them, never a complaint on either side.

*hilo.* What was it then?

*ar.* If the old lady ever went to have a chat with her, she'd run away from her at once, wouldn't see her. Finally, when she could stand it no more, she pretended her mother had summoned her to a family ceremony and off she went. When she'd been away some days, the old lady had her sent for. That time some excuse was made, I don't know what. She sent again; again no lady. On the message being repeated several times, a pretence

aegram esse simulant mulierem. nostra ilico
it visere ad eam: admisit nemo. hoc ubi senex
rescivit, heri ea causa rure huc advenit,
patrem continuo convenit Philumenae.
quid egerint inter se non dum etiam scio;
nisi sane curaest quorsum eventurum hoc siet.
habes omnem rem: pergam quo coepi hoc iter.

*Philo.* et quidem ego; nam constitui cum quodam hospite
me esse illum conventuram.

*Par.* di vortant bene
quod agas!

*Philo.* vale.

*Par.* et tu bene vale, Philotium.

## ACTVS II

*Laches* Pro deum fidem atque hominum, quod hoc genus
est, quae haec coniuratiost!
utin omnes mulieres eadem aeque studeant nolintque omnia
neque declinatam quicquam ab aliarum ingenio ullam
reperias!
itaque adeo uno animo omnes socrus oderunt, oderunt nurus.
viris esse advorsas aeque studiumst, similis pertinaciast,
in eodemque omnes mihi videntur ludo doctae ad malitiam:
ei ludo, si ullus est, magistram hanc esse satis certo scio.

*So.* me miseram, quae nunc quam ob rem accuser nescio.

*Laches* hem,
tu nescis?

*So.* non, ita me di bene ament, mi Laches,

was made that the lady was ill. On that my mistress went straight to call on her but was refused admittance. The old man heard of it and it brought him up to town. That was yesterday. He called at once on Philumena's father. What passed between them I don't know as yet, but I am eager to learn what it will end in. That's the whole story: now I'll go on my errand.

*Philo.* And I on mine. I have an assignation with a gentleman from abroad.

*Dar.* I wish you success in your enterprise.

*Philo.* Good bye.

*Dar.* Good bye, good bye, little Philotis.

[EXEUNT SEVERALLY.

## ACT II

(*A few minutes have elapsed.*)

ENTER *Laches* AND *Sostrata* FROM THEIR HOUSE.

*Laches* (*testily*) Heaven and earth, what a tribe they are, what a conspiracy between them! What a thing it is that all women are set on the same thing and set against the same thing, and not one of them can you find an inch different from the bent of the rest! Mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law they are all of one mind in hating each other. Their keenness in opposing their husbands is all of a match, their obstinacy in it all of a pattern, and it seems to me they've all been at the same school taking lessons in mischief. If there is such a school, I am quite sure this wife of mine is head-mistress.

*D.* Oh dear, oh dear, and why I'm accused now I haven't a notion.

*Laches* Oh, you haven't a notion, haven't you?

*D.* No, as I hope to be saved, my dear Laches, and I hope we may be spared to live our days out together.

itaque una inter nos agere aetatem liceat.

*Laches* di mala prohibeant.

*So.* meque abs te inmerito esse accusatam post modo rescisces, scio.

*Laches* te inmerito? an quicquam pro istis factis dignum te dici potest?

quae me et te et familiam dedecoras, filio luctum paras;

tum autem ex amicis inimici ut sint nobis adfines facis,

qui illum decrerunt dignum suos quoi liberos committerent.

tu sola exorere, quae perturbes haec tua inpudentia.

*So.* egon?

*Laches* tu inquam, mulier, quae me omnino lapidem, non hominem putas.

an, quia ruri crebro esse soleo, nescire arbitramini,

quo quisque pacto hic vitam vostrarum exigat?

multo melius hic quae fiunt quam illi ubi sum adsidue scio.

iam pridem equidem audivi cepisse odium tui Philumenam,

minumeque adeo est mirum, et ni id fecisset, magis mirum foret;

sed non credidi adeo, ut etiam totam hanc odisset domum:

quod si scissem, illa hic maneret potius, tu hinc isses foras.

at vide, quam inmerito aegritudo haec oritur ni abs te, Sostrata:

rus habitatum abii, concedens vobis et rei serviens,

sumptus vostros otiumque ut nostra res posset pati,

meo labori haud parcens praeter aequom atque aetatem meam.

non te pro his curasse rebus, ne quid aegre esset mihi!

*Laches* (*aside*) God avert misfortune!

*Do.* And some day you'll find out that you have accused me without a reason, I know that.

*Laches* Without a reason? You? Can words be found hard enough for what you've done? Disgracing me and yourself and the family, and building up sorrow for your son! And then turning friends into enemies, as you do his wife's kindred, and that when they had thought him a fit man to trust their child to! You alone come on the scene to make the marriage a failure by your shameless doings.

*Do.* I?

*Laches* You I say, woman, who take me for a stone instead of flesh and blood. Do you women think that, because I am mostly in the country, I don't know how every one of you passes her days here? I know much better what goes on here than what goes on there, though I am there continually. Weeks ago I was told that Philumena had taken a dislike to you, and not the least wonder; it would have been more wonderful if she hadn't. But what I didn't suppose was that she went the length of disliking all our family. If I had known it, choice for choice *she* should have stopped here and out *you* should have gone. (*changing his tone*) Woman, woman, think how little cause I've given you to bring this distress on me. I went off to live in the country, falling in with your likings and doing the economical thing, so that our income might stand the expenses and the idle ways of you and the boy, and I didn't stint labour that went beyond reason and my years. The least return you could make was to save me all vexations.

*So.* non mea opera neque pol culpa evenit.
*Laches* immo maxume:
sola hic fuisti: in te omnis haeret culpa sola, Sostrata.
quae hic erant curares, quom ego vos curis solvi ceteris.
cum puella anum suscepisse inimicitias non pudet?
illius dices culpa factum?
*So.* haud equidem dico, mi Laches.
*Laches* gaudeo, ita me di ament, gnati causa; nam de te quidem
satis scio peccando detrimenti fieri nil potest.
*So.* qui scis an ea causa, mi vir, me odisse adsimulaverit, ut cum matre plus una esset?
*Laches* quid ais? non signi hoc sat est,
quod heri nemo voluit visentem ad eam te intro admittere?
*So.* enim lassam oppido tum esse aibant: eo ad eam non admissa sum.
*Laches* tuos esse ego illi mores morbum magis quam ullam aliam rem arbitror,
et merito adeo; nam vostrarum nullast quin gnatum velit
ducere uxorem; et quae vobis placitast condicio datur:
ubi duxere impulsu vostro, vostro impulsu easdem exigunt.
*Phi.* Etsi scio ego, Philumena, meum ius esse ut te cogam
II.ii quae ego imperem facere, ego tamen patrio animo victus faciam
ut tibi concedam, neque tuae lubidini advorsabor.

(*crying*) It's not my doing, not my fault it happened, I swear it isn't.

*aches* Your fault and very much your fault. You were sole mistress here, and to you clings the sole blame, Sostrata. You should have taken care of the house here, since of all other cares I relieved the pair of you. Aren't your grey hairs ashamed of having come to feud with a girl? Will you say it was her fault?

No indeed, I don't say so, my dear Laches.

*aches* I'm glad of that, by heaven yes, for our son's sake. As for you, I am well assured, sin as you will you can't grow worse.

Are you quite sure, my dear husband, that her dislike of me wasn't a mere pretence, only that she might see more of her mother?

*aches* Don't be absurd. Isn't it proof enough that, when you went to call on her yesterday, you were absolutely refused admission?

No, no; they said that at the moment she was sadly out of sorts: that's why I wasn't admitted to see her.

*aches* I expect her indisposition was more your humours than anything else, and right enough too. There isn't one of you women but wants her son to marry: the match you set your fancy on is arranged: your sons marry at your instigation, and at your instigation they cast off their wives.

ENTER *Phidippus* FROM HIS HOUSE.

(*speaking to his daughter within*) Although I know, Philumena, that I have the right to compel you to do my bidding, still my fatherly tenderness is strong enough to make me give way to you and not oppose your desire.

*Laches* atque eccum Phidippum optume video: hinc iam scibo hoc quid sit.
Phidippe, ego me meis omnibus scio esse adprime obsequentem,
sed non adeo ut mea facilitas corrumpat illorum animos:
quod tu si idem faceres, magis in rem et vostram et nostram id esset.
nunc video in illarum esse te potestate.
*Phi.* heia vero.
*Laches* adii te heri de filia: ut veni, itidem incertum amisti.
haud ita decet, si perpetem hanc vis esse adfinitatem,
celare te iras. si quid est peccatum a nobis, profer:
aut ea refellendo aut purgando vobis corrigemus
te iudice ipso. sin east retinendi causa apud vos,
quia aegrast: te mi iniuriam facere arbitror. Phidippe,
si metuis satis ut meae domi curetur diligenter.
at ita me di ament, haud tibi hoc concedo, etsi illi pater es,
ut tu illam salvam magis velis quam ego: id adeo gnati causa,
quem ego intellexi illam haud minus quam se ipsum magni facere.
neque adeo clam me est quam esse eum graviter laturum credam,
hoc si rescierit: eo domum studeo haec prius quam ille ut redeat.
*Phi.* Laches, et diligentiam vostram et benignitatem
novi et quae dicis omnia esse ut dicis animum induco,
et te hoc mihi cupio credere: illam ad vos redire studeo,

*aches* Here comes Phidippus: how lucky! From him I shall find out all about it. (*Phidippus comes forward*) Phidippus, I am aware of my remarkable indulgence to all my family, still my good-nature doesn't run to the extreme of corrupting their hearts. If you acted like me, it would be better for both our families. As it is, I see that you are under the control of your womankind.

*hi.* (*scornfully*) Oh, really now?

*aches* I called on you yesterday about your daughter: you let me go away no clearer than I came. It's not the thing to do, if you wish for a lasting alliance between us, to leave your resentment unexplained. If there has been any fault on our side, name it. Either by refutation or by apology we shall make such amends as you will own may satisfy you. If your reason for detaining your daughter is that she is ill, I consider that you do me a wrong if you fear that she will lack any attention in my house. As I hope to be saved, I don't concede to you, her father though you are, that you are more interested in her welfare than I am. My interest is for my son's sake, who, I have seen well enough, esteems her no less than his own self. And I don't conceal from myself how deeply he will be affected if he comes to know it. That is why I am eager for her to return home before he gets back.

*hi.* Laches, I am acquainted with your care and your kindness, and I am ready to believe that what you say is as you say, and I hope you will believe me in turn when I tell you that I am eager she should return, if I can in any way bring it about.

si facere possim ullo modo.
*Laches* quae res te facere id prohibet?
eho, num quid nam accusat virum?
*Phi.* minume. nam postquam attendi
magis et vi coepi cogere ut rediret, sancte adiurat
non posse apud vos Pamphilo se absente perdurare.
aliud fortasse aliis viti est: ego sum animo leni natus:
non possum advorsari meis.
*Laches* em, Sostrata.
*So.* heu me miseram!
*Laches* certumne est istuc?
*Phi.* nunc quidem ut videtur: sed num quid vis?
nam est quod me transire ad forum iam oportet.
*Laches* eo tecum una.
*So.* Edepol ne nos sumus inique aeque omnes invisae
II.iii viris
propter paucas, quae omnes faciunt dignae ut videamur malo.
nam ita me di ament, quod me accusat nunc vir, sum extra noxiam.
sed non facilest expurgatu: ita animum induxerunt socrus
omnis esse iniquas: haud pol me quidem; nam numquam secus
habui illam ac si ex me nata esset, nec qui hoc mi eveniat scio;
nisi pol filium multimodis iam exspecto ut redeat domum.

## ACTVS III

*Pam.* Nemini ego plura ex amore acerba credo homini umquam oblata

*ches* What is it prevents your bringing it about? What, you don't mean to say she has anything against her husband?

*ii.* No, no, no. When I pressed it and set about coercing her into a return, she most solemnly averred that she couldn't endure staying in your house while Pamphilus was away. Different men perhaps have different faults: I am of a mild disposition and cannot bring myself to thwart my family.

*ches* (*aside to his wife*) You see, Sostrata.

. (*nearly weeping*) Oh dear, oh dear!

*ches* (*to Phidippus*) Is that irrevocable?

*ii.* For the time apparently. Is there anything more I can do for you? Some business calls me down to the Piazza.

*ches.* I will go with you. [EXIT WITH *Phidippus.*

. (*soliloquizes*) Oh heavens, how unfair it is that we should be all alike hated by our husbands on account of a few wives whose doings make us all be thought to deserve ill treatment! So help me heaven, about my husband's present accusation I am blameless. But it's not so easy to clear myself: they have made themselves believe that all mothers-in-law are harsh. I'm sure *I* am not. I have always treated her as my own daughter, and I can't think why this should befall me. Oh, how eagerly I do look for my boy to come home. [EXIT INTO HER HOUSE.

## ACT III

(*A few minutes have elapsed.*)

ENTER *Pamphilus* AS FROM THE HARBOUR WITH *Parmeno.*

*am.* Was ever a man that met with more bitternesses from

quam mi. heu me infelicem, hancine ego vitam parsi perdere!
hacine causa ego eram tanto opere cupidus redeundi domum! hui,
quanto fuerat praestabilius ubivis gentium agere aetatem
quam huc redire atque haec ita esse miserum me resciscere!
nam nos omnes quibus est alicunde aliquis obiectus labos,
omne quod est interea tempus prius quam id rescitumst lucrost.

*Par.* at sic citius qui te expedias his aerumnis reperias:
si non rediisses, haec multo factae irae essent ampliores.
sed nunc adventum tuom ambas, Pamphile, scito reverituras:
rem cognosces, iram expedies, rursum in gratiam restitues.
levia sunt quae tu pergravia esse in animum induxti tuom.

*Pam.* quid consolare me? an quisquam usquam gentiumst aeque miser?
prius quam hanc uxorem duxi, habebam alibi animum amori deditum:
tamen numquam ausus sum recusare eam quam mi obtrudit pater:
iam in hac re, ut taceam, quoivis facile scitu est quam fuerim miser.
vix me illim abstraxi atque impeditum in ea expedivi animum meum,
vixque huc contuleram: em, nova res ortast, porro ab hac quae me abstrahat.
nam aut matrem ex ea re me aut uxorem in culpa inventurum arbitror:

love than I have? Distraction! was this the life for which I was so careful to save myself? Was this the reason that made me so eager to return home? Bah! how much better to live in the worst hole in the world than to come back here and learn to my misery that things were like this! If our path ahead is blocked with any trouble, all the time before we find it out is always pure gain.

*r.* Maybe, sir; but this way you will quicker hit on a path out of these distresses. If you hadn't come back, these resentments would have grown immensely. As it is, you may be sure that both ladies will respect your arrival. You will learn the facts, clear away the resentment, make them friends again. They are really trifles, the things you've made yourself to imagine very serious.

*m.* Why try to comfort me? Is anyone in the wide world as wretched as I am? Before I married this girl, my heart had a devotion elsewhere: still I couldn't for a moment bring myself to refuse the wife that my father thrust on me. That's an affair in which anyone can see without my telling him how wretched I must have been. I had hardly weaned myself from the old love and cleared my thoughts of that entanglement, hardly given my heart to my wife, when, behold, up turns a new calamity to drag me clean away from her. Yes, I expect to find either my mother or my wife in fault here, and when I do what is left but further misery? To bear with wrongs from my mother,

quod quom ita esse invenero, quid restat nisi porro ut fiam miser?
nam matris ferre iniurias me, Parmeno, pietas iubet;
tum uxori obnoxius sum: ita olim suo me ingenio pertulit,
tot meas iniurias quae numquam in ullo patefecit loco.
sed magnum nescio quid necessest evenisse, Parmeno,
unde ira inter eas intercessit quae tam permansit diu.

*Par.* aut quid, ere, parvom. si vis vero veram rationem exsequi,
non maxumae eas quae maxumae sunt interdum irae iniuriae
faciunt: nam saepe est, quibus in rebus alius ne iratus quidem est,
quom de eadem causast iracundus factus inimicissumus.
pueri inter sese quam pro levibus noxiis iras gerunt!
quapropter? quia enim qui eos gubernat animus eum infirmum gerunt.
itidem illae mulieres sunt ferme ut pueri levi sententia:
fortasse unum aliquod verbum inter eas iram hanc concivisse ita.

*Pam.* abi, Parmeno, intro ac me venisse nuntia.
*Par.* hem, quid hoc est?
*Pam.* tace.
trepidari sentio et cursari rursum prorsum.
*Par.* age dum, ad fores accedo propius. em, sensistin?
*Pam.* noli fabularier.
pro Iuppiter, clamorem audivi.
*Par.* tute loquere, me vetas.
*Mur.* tace obsecro, mea gnata.
*Pam.* matris vox visast Philumenae.

Parmeno, is prescribed me by filial duty: on the other hand I owe much to my wife, who in the first days had the patience to bear with me, and never at any time breathed a word of all my affronts. Whatever you say it must have been something very serious to occasion a quarrel which has lasted all this time.

*ar.* Or else, Sir, something trivial. If you choose to make a right calculation, it's not the greatest wrongs that give rise to the greatest resentments. No, Sir, it's often the case that, where another man wouldn't even be irritated, your passionate man on the same grounds becomes your bitter enemy. Look at the trifling offences which set children fiercely by the ears. Why so? To be sure, because the mind which guides them is a thing of weakness. Those womenfolk are just the same as children, no weight in their judgement. I shouldn't wonder if it were a single word that stirred up all this enmity.

*im.* In with you, Parmeno, and report my arrival. (*a noise is heard from Phidippus's house*)

*ar.* Hollo, what's up?

*im.* Hush! I hear a bustle and a running to and fro.

*ar.* Come, I'm going nearer the door. (*does so, noise again*)
There, did you hear?

*im.* Don't tell stories. (*shriek within*) God! I heard a shriek.

*ar.* You talk yourself and won't let me.

*yr.* (*within*) Hush, my child, pray, now!

*im.* It was like her mother's voice. I am lost

nullus sum.
*Par.* quidum?
*Pam.* perii.
*Par.* quam ob rem?
*Pam.* nescio quod magnum malum
profecto, Parmeno, me celas.
*Par.* uxorem Philumenam
pavitare nescio quid dixerunt: id si forte est nescio.
*Pam.* interii; quor id mihi non dixti?
*Par.* quia non poteram una omnia.
*Pam.* quid morbi est?
*Par.* nescio.
*Pam.* quid? nemon medicum adduxit?
*Par.* nescio.
*Pam.* cesso hinc ire intro, ut hoc quam primum quidquid
est certo sciam?
quonam modo, Philumena mea, nunc te officiosam
adfectam?
nam si periclum ullum in te inest, perisse me una
haud dubiumst.—
*Par.* non usus factost mihi nunc hunc intro sequi;
nam invisos omnis nos esse illis sentio:
heri nemo voluit Sostratam intro admittere.
si forte morbus amplior factus siet
(quod sane nolim, mei eri causa maxume),
servom ilico intro iisse dicent Sostratae,
aliquid tulisse comminiscentur mali
capiti atque aetati illorum, morbus qui auctus sit:
era in crimen veniet, ego vero in magnum malum.
*So.* Nescio quid iam dudum audio hic tumultuari misera
III. ii male metuo ne Philumenae magis morbus adgravescat:
quod te, Aesculapi, et te, Salus, ne quid sit huius oro

*ar.* How so.
*am.* Ruined!
*ar.* Why?
*am.* (*clutching Parmeno's arm*) It's something terrible you're hiding from me, Parmeno; I'm sure of it.
*ar.* They said your wife had something of shivering fits. I don't know how that may be.
*am.* Death! why didn't you tell me?
*ar.* I couldn't tell you everything at once.
*am.* What's she ill of?
*ar.* I don't know.
*am.* What? Haven't they called in a doctor
*ar.* I don't know.
*am.* I must go in at once to learn the worst straight off. (*goes to the door and stops*) In what condition shall I find you now, my Philumena? If you are in danger, my life is gone with yours, is gone with yours.

[EXIT INTO THE HOUSE.

*ar.* It's no good my going in now after him. I know we're all odious to them: yesterday they positively refused to let in my mistress. If her illness chances to get worse (as I hope it won't, chiefly for my young master's sake) they'll cry out at once that a servant of Sostrata's came into the house and swear he brought in something dangerous to their lives and so her illness was made worse. The mistress will get hotly blamed and I hotly punished.

ENTER *Sostrata.*

*o.* (*not seeing Parmeno*) Oh dear, for some time I've heard some disturbance going on over the way. I am sadly afraid Philumena's illness is getting worse. (*lifting her hands*) I pray all the powers of health may avert it. Now I shall go and visit her.

nunc ad eam visam.
*Par.* heus, Sostrata.
*So.* hem.
*Par.* iterum istinc excludere.
*So.* ehem Parmeno, tun hic eras? perii, quid faciam misera? 340
non visam uxorem Pamphili, quom in proxumo hic sit aegra?
*Par.* non visas? ne mittas quidem visendi causa quemquam.
nam qui amat quoi odio ipsust, eum bis facere stulte duco:
laborem inanem ipsus capit et illi molestiam adfert.
tum filius tuos intro iit videre, ut venit, quid agat.
*So.* quid ais? an venit Pamphilus?
*Par.* venit.
*So.* dis gratiam habeo.
hem, istoc verbo animus mihi redit et cura ex corde excessit.
*Par* iam ea te causa maxume nunc hoc intro ire nolo;
nam si remittent quidpiam Philumenae dolores,
omnem rem narrabit, scio, continuo sola soli, 350
quae inter vos intervenerit, unde ortumst initium irae.
atque eccum video ipsum egredi: quam tristist!
*So.* o mi gnate!
*Pam.* mea mater, salve.
*So.* gaudeo venisse salvom. salvan Philumenast?
*Pam.* Meliusculast.
*So.* utinam istuc ita di faxint
quid tu igitur lacrumas? aut quid es tam tristis?
*Pam.* recte, mater.
*So.* quid fuit tumulti? dic mihi: an dolor repente invasit?

*r.* (*coming forward*) Please, Ma'am.

(*turning round to him*) Who's there?

*r.* You'll be refused admittance a second time.

Ah Parmeno, are you there? Oh dear, it's dreadful, what can I do? Am I not to visit Pamphilus's wife when she's lying ill over the way?

*r.* Visit her, Ma'am? You mustn't even send anyone to inquire. To love one who dislikes you is double folly, *I* think: you lose your labour and you annoy the other person. Besides your son went in, the moment he arrived, to see how she is.

What, is Pamphilus come back?

*r.* Yes, Ma'am.

(*lifting her hands*) Thank heaven! Oh, your words put heart in me again and all my anxiety is departed.

*r.* Now that's my chief reason for wanting you not to go in, for, if the lady's pains get at all easier, she'll tell him all, I'm sure, the moment they two are alone together, all the trouble between you and what her resentment started from. Here he is, coming out. How sorrowful he looks!

ENTER *Pamphilus.*

(*throwing herself into his arms*) My dearest boy!

*m.* Mother mine, I hope you're well.

I am so glad you are come back well. Is Philumena well?

*m.* (*in much disorder*) A little better.

Heaven grant it! Why are you in tears then? Why so sorrowful?

*m.* I'm all right, mother.

What was the bustle about? Tell me. A sudden attack of pain?

*Pam.* ita factumst.
*So.* quid morbi est?
*Pam.* febris.
*So.* cottidiana?
*Pam.* ita aiunt.
i sodes intro, consequar iam te, mea mater.
*So.* fiat.
*Pam.* tu pueris, Parmeno, obviam curre atque eis onera adiuta.
*Par.* quid? non sciunt ipsi viam domum qua veniant? 360
*Pam.* cessas?
III. iii Nequeo mearum rerum initium ullum invenire idoneum,
unde exordiar narrare quae necopinanti accidunt;
partim quae perspexi hisce oculis, partim percepi auribus:
qua me propter exanimatum citius eduxi foras.
nam modo intro me ut corripui timidus, alio suspicans
morbo me visurum adfectam ac sensi esse uxorem: ei mihi!
postquam me aspexere ancillae, advenisse omnes ilico
simul exclamant lactae, id quod me derepente aspexerant.
sed continuo voltum earum sensi inmutari omnium,
quia tam incommode illis fors obtulerat adventum 370
meum.
una illarum interea propere praecucurrit nuntians
me venisse: ego eius videndi cupidus recta consequor.
postquam intro adveni, extemplo eius morbum cognovi miser;
nam neque ut celari posset tempus spatium ullum dabat
neque voce alia ac res monebat ipsa poterat conqueri.
post quam aspexi, "o facinus indignum" inquam et corripui ilico

*am.* That was so.

*.* What is her complaint?

*am.* A fever.

*.* A quotidian?

*am.* They say so. Please go in now, I shan't be long after you, mother dear.

*.* Very well, dear. [EXIT INTO HER HOUSE.

*am.* Run and meet the servants, Parmeno, and help them with the luggage.

*ar.* Well, Sir, I should think they know the way home.

*am.* (*angrily*) Go at once. [EXIT *Parmeno.*] What a catastrophe! How to start upon it? How to begin the story of this miserable surprise? Part of it my eyes told me, part of it my ears. Oh, it made me rush wildly out of the house. When just now I hurried in so anxiously, expecting to find my wife suffering from a far different complaint from what, alas! I found, the maidservants catching sight of me at once cried out joyfully, every one of them together, "He is come," the very moment they saw me. The moment after I saw a change in the looks of all of them, because chance had timed my arrival so inopportunely. Presently one of them hurried away to report that I was come. Eager to see my wife I followed at her heels. When I came into the room I instantly recognized her complaint to my utter misery. They had had no time to conceal it, and she could find voice only for involuntary cries. When I saw it "Oh monstrous! monstrous!" I cried

me inde lacrumans, incredibili re atque atroci
percitus.
mater consequitur: iam ut limen exieram, ad genua accidit
lacrumans misera: miseritumst. profecto hoc sic est, ut puto:
omnibus nobis ut res dant sese, ita magni atque
humiles sumus.
hanc habere orationem mecum principio institit:
"o mi Pamphile, abs te quam ob rem haec abierit
causam vides;
nam vitiumst oblatum virgini olim ab nescio quo
inprobo.
nunc huc confugit, te atque alios partum ut celaret suom.'
sed quom orata huius reminiscor, nequeo quin
lacrumem miser.
"quaeque fors fortunast" inquit "nobis quae te
hodie obtulit,
per eam te obsecramus ambae, si ius, si fas est, uti
advorsa eius per te tecta tacitaque apud omnis sient.
si umquam erga te esse animo amico sensisti eam,
mi Pamphile,
sine labore hanc gratiam te ut sibi des pro illa nunc
rogat.
ceterum de reducenda id facias quod in rem sit tuam.
parturire eam nec gravidam esse ex te solus
consciu's:
nam aiunt tecum post duobus concubuisse mensibus.
tum, postquam ad te venit, mensis agitur hic iam
septumus:
quod te scire ipsa indicat res. nunc si potis est,
Pamphile,
maxume volo doque operam ut clam eveniat partus patrem
atque adeo omnis. sed si id fieri non potest quin
sentiant,
dicam abortum esse: scio nemini aliter suspectum fore

and hurried away in tears, overwhelmed by such an incredible, such a dreadful, fact. Her mother came after me. I had got to the door when she threw herself on her knees, poor woman. I was touched. The fact is, I think, that we are all proud and humble according to our circumstances. Then she began addressing me in this strain: "O my dear Pamphilus, you see the reason why she left your house. Yes, an outrage was offered some time ago to my virgin daughter by some reprobate: now she has fled hither to hide the consequences from you and the world." Remembering her words I cannot help breaking into tears. "Whatever chance," she went on, "has brought you here to-day, by that chance we conjure you, if the laws of man and God allow it, to keep her misfortune an absolute secret before all. If you have ever been conscious of any affection for you in her heart, my dear Pamphilus, she begs you not to grudge her this return for it. As to taking her back or not, you must be guided by your own interests. No one else knows that she is with child and not by you. It might be you for all that is known, for it is the seventh month of the union, and of course you know it. Now, if possible, Pamphilus, I am greatly desirous and I am doing my best to keep the birth secret from her father and from everybody. If they can't be prevented from becoming aware of it, I shall say there has been a miscarriage. I am sure no one will have any sus-

quin, quod veri similest, ex te recte eum natum putent.
continuo exponetur: hic tibist nil quicquam in- 400
commodi,
et illi miserae indigne factam iniuriam contexeris."
pollicitus sum et servare in eo certumst quod dixi fidem.
nam de redducenda, id vero ne utinam honestum
esse arbitror,
nec faciam, etsi amor me graviter consuetudoque
eius tenet.
lacrumo, quae posthac futurast vita quom in mentem
venit
solitudoque. o fortuna, ut numquam perpetuo es bona!
sed iam prior amor me ad hanc rem exercitatum
reddidit,
quem ego tum consilio missum feci: idem hunc
operam dabo.
adest Parmeno cum pueris: hunc minumest opus
in hac re adesse; nam olim soli credidi, 410
ea me abstinuisse in principio, quom datast.
vereor, si clamorem eius hic crebro audiat,
ne parturire intellegat. aliquo mihist
III.iv hinc ablegandus, dum parit Philumena.
*Par.* Ain tu tibi hoc incommodum evenisse iter?
*Sosia* non hercle verbis, Parmeno, dici potest
tantum quam reapse navigare incommodumst.
*Par.* itan est?
*Sosia* o fortunate, nescis quid mali
praeterieris, qui numquam es ingressus mare.
nam alias ut mittam miserias, unam hanc vide: 420

picion, since it looks so like it, but that the child is yours. It shall be at once exposed : it will cause you no inconvenience, and you will have concealed the shameful wrong done to my unhappy child." I gave the promise and am resolved to keep my word. As to taking her back I don't think that would look at all well, and I shan't do it, though my love and the time we spent together makes a strong bond upon me. It makes me weep to think of her life in the future and the loneliness of it. Oh Fortune, Fortune, so fickle in your smiles ! But to this I have been schooled by my former passion which at the time I deliberately got rid of; I will try to do the same now with this.

Here comes Parmeno with the servants. *He* certainly must have no hand in the matter, for at the time he alone was trusted with my secret. I am afraid if he stays about here he may perceive the truth. I must send him off on some errand till the danger is over. (*stands aside*)

ENTER BEHIND *Parmeno* WITH *Sosia* AND OTHERS CARRYING LUGGAGE.

*ar.* So you say you had an unpleasant voyage.

*sia* By Jove, Parmeno, words won't express up to the reality of it the unpleasantness of being aboard ship.

*ar.* Bad as that, is it?

*sia* Lucky dog, you don't know what evil you've escaped by never going to sea. To say nothing of other miseries, look at this one : a whole month or

dies triginta aut plus eo in navi fui,
quom interea semper mortem exspectabam miser;
ita usque advorsa tempestate usi sumus.
*Par.* odiosum.
*Sosia* haud clam me est. denique hercle aufugerim
potius quam redeam, si eo mihi redeundum sciam.
*Par.* olim quidem te causae inpellebant leves,
quod nunc minitare facere, ut faceres, Sosia.
sed Pamphilum ipsum video stare ante ostium:
ite intro; ego hunc adibo, si quid me velit.—
ere, etiam tu hic stas? 430
*Pam.* equidem te exspecto.
*Par.* quid est?
*Pam.* in arcem transcurso opus est.
*Par.* quoi homini?
*Pam.* tibi.
*Par.* in arcem? quid eo?
*Pam.* Callidemidem hospitem
Myconium, qui mecum una vectust, conveni.
*Par.* perii. vovisse hunc dicam, si salvos domum
redisset umquam, ut me ambulando rumperet?
*Pam.* quid cessas?
*Par.* quid vis dicam? an conveniam modo?
*Pam.* immo quod constitui hodie conventurum eum,
non posse, ne me frustra illi exspectet. vola.
*Par.* at non novi hominis faciem.
*Pam.* at faciam ut noveris:
magnus, rubicundus, crispus, crassus, caesius. 440

more I was aboard ship and all the time I was looking forward to death, poor devil; the weather was that bad all the voyage through.

*ar.* Sickening!

*sia* I know it was sickening. In fact, by Jove, I should run away rather than go back home if I were told I must go back there.

*ar.* (*sneering*) Before now small causes have prompted you to do what you now threaten to do, Sosia. Ah, there's Pamphilus himself standing at the door: go you indoors, I'll step across and see if he wants me for anything. [EXEUNT *Sosia* AND SERVANTS. Still standing here, Sir?

*am.* Yes, I've been waiting for you.

*ar.* What for, Sir?

*am.* I want to send a message at once to the Citadel.

*ar.* (*sulkily*) Who's to go?

*am.* You.

*ar.* To the Citadel? Why there?

*am.* Find out Callidemides with whom I stayed at Myconus and who came over in the ship with me.

*ar.* (*aside*) Damn! You might think he'd vowed if he got home safe to make me broken-winded by his errands.

*am.* Why don't you start?

*ar.* What do you want me to tell him? Am I to find him out and nothing more?

*am.* No, I had an appointment with him to-day; tell him I can't come, to save his waiting for me in vain. Away on wings.

*ar.* But I don't know the gentleman by sight.

*am.* I'll describe him so that you can't miss him: a tall, ruddy, curly-headed, burly, blear-eyed fellow with a face like a corpse.

cadaverosa facie.

*Par.* di illum perduint!
quid si non veniet? maneamne usque ad vesperum?

*Pam.* maneto: curre.

*Par.* non queo: ita defessus sum.—

*Pam.* ille abiit. quid agam infelix? prorsus nescio
quo pacto hoc celem quod me oravit Myrrina,
suae gnatae partum; nam me miseret mulieris.
quod potero faciam, tamen ut pietatem colam;
nam me parenti potius quam amori obsequi
oportet. attat eccum Phidippum et patrem
video: horsum pergunt. quid dicam hisce incertus 450
sum.

*Laches* Dixtin dudum illam dixisse se exspectare filium?
III.v

*Phi.* factum.

*Laches* venisse aiunt: redeat.

*Pam.* causam quam dicam patri
quam ob rem non redducam?

*Laches* nescio quem ego hic audivi loqui.

*Pam.* certum offirmare est viam me quam decrevi persequi.

*Laches* ipsus est de quo hoc agebam tecum.

*Pam.* salve, mi pater.

*Laches* gnate mi, salve.

*Phi.* bene factum te advenisse, Pamphile;
atque adeo, id quod maxumumst, salvom atque
validum.

*Pam.* creditur.

*Laches* advenis modo?

*Pam.* admodum.

*Laches* cedo, quid reliquit Phania
consobrinus noster?

*Pam.* sane herele homo voluptati obsequens

*ar.* (*aside*) Damn him! (*aloud*) What if he doesn't come? Am I to wait till sunset?

*am.* Yes, wait: now be quick.

*ar.* Can't be quick: I'm dead tired. [EXIT.

*am.* He's got rid of. What on earth am I to do? I can't in the least see how to hush it up as Myrrina has entreated me, and as I fain would, for I am sorry for the poor lady. I will do what I can consistently with my duty to my parents, for I ought to respect my father before my love. Ah, here are Phidippus and my father: they're coming this way. I can't think what to say to them.

ENTER *Laches* AND *Phidippus*.

*aches* I understood you to say that she was waiting for my son's arrival.

*hi.* That is so.

*aches* They tell me he is arrived: let her come back.

*am.* (*aside*) What reason can I give my father for not taking her back?

*aches* I hear some one speaking there.

*am.* (*aside*) I am resolved to declare my persistence in the course on which I have determined.

*aches* It's the very man we were speaking of.

*am.* A blessing on you, father.

*aches* Bless you, my son.

*hi.* It is well you are come, Pamphilus, all the more that you are in perfect health, the chief thing of all.

*am.* Not doubted, Sir.

*aches* Just arrived?

*am.* Just now.

*aches* Tell me, how much has our cousin Phania left?

*am.* Upon my word, Sir, he was a man given to pleasure

fuit, dum vixit; et qui sic sunt haud multum heredem iuvant,
sibi vero hanc laudem relinquont "vixit, dum vixit, bene."
*Laches* tum tu igitur nil attulisti plus una hac sententia?
*Pam.* quidquid est id, quod reliquit, profuit.
*Laches* immo obfuit;
nam illum vivom et salvom vellem.
*Phi.* inpune optare istuc licet:
ille reviviscet iam numquam; et tamen utrum malis scio.
*Laches* heri Philumenam ad se accersi hic iussit. dic iussisse te.
*Phi.* noli fodere. iussi.
*Laches* sed eam iam remittet.
*Phi.* scilicet.
*Pam.* omnem rem scio ut sit gesta: adveniens audivi modo.
*Laches* at istos invidos di perdant, qui haec lubenter nuntiant.
*Pam.* ego me scio cavisse ne ulla merito contumelia
fieri a vobis posset; idque si nunc memorare hic velim,
quam fideli animo et benigno in illam et clementi fui,
vere possum, ni te ex ipsa haec magis velim rescicscere;
namque eo pacto maxume apud te meo erit ingenio fides,
quom illa, quae nunc in me iniquast, aequa de me dixerit.
neque mea culpa hoc discidium evenisse, id testor deos.
sed quando sese esse indignam deputat, matri meae

all his life, and men of that kind don't do much for their heirs; for themselves they leave one encomium, "While he lived he lived well."

*aches* So you've brought us nothing beyond that sentiment?

*am.* He hasn't left much, but what there is is to the good.

*aches* No, to the bad: I could have wished he were alive and well.

*hi.* You may wish that with impunity: he'll never come to life again now. (*aside*) I know though which you'd like best.

*aches* Phidippus ordered Philumena to be sent over to his house yesterday. (*aside to Phidippus, digging him in the ribs*) Say you ordered it.

*hi.* Don't dig me in the ribs. I ordered it.

*aches* But now he'll send her back.

*hi.* Of course.

*am.* I know all about it: I was told just now when I landed.

*aches* Confound the mischief-makers who jump to tell news of this sort!

*am.* I am conscious of having taken care not to deserve any affront from your family, and if I chose to dilate on my fidelity, my kindness, my gentleness to your daughter, I could do so with truth, were it not that I preferred you should hear it from her own lips, as the surest way of winning credit with you for my disposition, since, though now at variance with me, she will speak me fair. That it is not my fault that a separation has taken place I call heaven to witness. Since she thinks fit not to comply with

quae concedat eiusque mores toleret sua modestia,
neque alio pacto componi potis inter eas gratiast:
segreganda aut mater a me est, Phidippe, aut Philumena.
nunc me pietas matris potius commodum suadet sequi.

*Laches* Pamphile, haud invito ad auris sermo mi accessit tuos,
quom te omnis res postputasse prae parente intellego;
verum vide ne inpulsus ira prave insistas, Pamphile.

*Pam.* quibus iris nunc inpulsus in illam iniquos sim?
quae numquam quicquam erga me commeritast, pater,
quod nollem, et saepe quod vellem meritam scio;
amoque et laudo et vementer desidero.
nam fuisse erga me miro ingenio expertus sum,
illique exopto ut relicuam vitam exigat
cum eo viro, me qui sit fortunatior,
quandoquidem illam a me distrahit necessitas.

*Phi.* tibi id in manust ne fiat.

*Laches* si sanus sies:
iube illam redire.

*Pam.* non est consilium, pater:
matris servibo commodis.

*Laches* quo abis? ades:
mane, inquam: quo abis?—

*Phi.* quae haec est pertinacia?

*Laches* dixin, Phidippe, hanc rem aegre laturum esse eum?
quam ob rem te orabam filiam ut remitteres.

*Phi.* non credidi edepol adeo inhumanum fore.
ita nunc is sibi me supplicaturum putat?

my mother, not to have respect enough to tolerate her ways, and there is no other possible means of reconciling them, I must, Phidippus, part either with my mother or with Philumena. Now my filial respect urges me to prefer the happiness of my mother.

*aches* Pamphilus, your words are not unwelcome to my ears, seeing as I do that you have set a parent before everything; but are you sure that it isn't resentment driving you into a wrongful persistence, Pamphilus?

*am.* What resentment is there that should now drive me into variance with her? She never did anything that I could dislike, and I know she often did things to fit my wishes: I love her, I praise her, I have a strong yearning for her. I found in her a wonderful tenderness for me and my earnest prayer for her is that she may live out her days with a husband more fortunate than I, since an inevitable force tears her away from me.

*hi.* It is in your power to prevent it.

*aches* If your mind were right. Tell her to come back.

*am.* That is not in my mind, father: I shall devote myself to my mother's happiness. (*going*)

*aches* Where are you going? Stop, stay here, I say: where are you going? [EXIT *Pamphilus*

*hi.* (*angrily*) What obstinacy this is!

*aches* Didn't I tell you, Phidippus, that he would take this affair ill? That's why I begged you to send your daughter back.

*hi.* By heaven, I didn't think he'd be so irrational. Does it mean he imagines I shall go on my knees to him? If so be he chooses to take back his wife,

si est ut velit reducere uxorem, licet;
sin aliost animo, renumeret dotem huc, eat.
*Laches* ecce autem tu quoque proterve iracundus es!
*Phi.* percontumax redisti huc nobis, Pamphile!
*Laches* decedet iam ira haec, etsi merito iratus est.
*Phi.* quia accessit vobis paululum pecuniae,
sublati sunt animi.
*Laches* etiam mecum litigas?
*Phi.* deliberet renuntietque hodie mihi
velitne an non: ut alii, si huic non est, siet.
*Laches* Phidippe, ades, audi paucis.—abiit. quid mea? 510
postremo inter se transigant ipsi, ut lubet,
quando nec gnatus neque hic mi quicquam obtemperant,
quae dico parvi pendunt. porro hoc iurgium
ad uxorem, quoius haec fiunt consilio omnia,
atque in eam hoc omne quod mihi aegrest evomam.

## ACTVS IV

*Myr.* Perii, quid agam? quo me vortam? quid viro meo respondebo
misera? nam audivisse vocem pueri visust vagientis:
ita corripuit derepente tacitus sese ad filiam.
quod si rescierit peperisse eam, id qua causa clam me habuisse
dicam non edepol scio. 520
sed ostium concrepuit. credo ipsum exire ad me: nulla sum.

he may: if he is otherwise minded, let him pay me back her dowry, let him go his way.

*aches* There now, now *you* are perversely passionate.

*Phi.* A pretty obstinate state of mind you've come back in, Pamphilus!

*aches* His resentment will soon pass away, not but what it's a justifiable resentment.

*Phi.* Because you people have had a petty addition to your fortune, you are grown proud.

*aches* Quarrelling with *me* as well?

*Phi.* Let him weigh it and send me word before night whether he will or not, that she may be another's wife if she's not to be his. (*going*)

*aches* Phidippus, stop: one word. [EXIT *Phidippus.*] He's gone. What does it matter to me? (*angrily*) Let 'em take their time and settle it between 'em as they like: neither he nor my son listens the least bit to me, they don't mind a word I say. I'll carry this squabble to my wife, who is the author of all this mischief, and pour out all my vexation on her.

[EXIT.

## ACT IV

(*A quarter of an hour has elapsed.*)

ENTER *Myrrina* FROM HER HOUSE.

*Myr.* Oh dear, dear, what am I to do, which way to turn? What answer shall I make to my husband, wretched woman that I am? I think he heard the child, he went in such haste and without a word to our daughter's room. If he finds it out, what reason to give for having kept it secret I can't for the life of me tell. I hear the door, I believe he's coming out, I'm undone.

*Phi.* uxor ubi me ad filiam ire sensit, se eduxit foras :
atque eccam : video. quid ais, Myrrina ? heus tibi dico.
*Myr.* mihine, mi vir ?
*Phi.* vir ego tuos sim ? tun virum me aut hominem deputas adeo esse ?
nam si utrumvis horum, mulier, umquam tibi visus forem,
non sic ludibrio tuis factis habitus essem.
*Myr.* quibus ?
*Phi.* at rogitas ?
peperit filia : hem, taces ? ex quo ?
*Myr.* patrem istuc rogitare aequomst ?
perii ! ex quo nisi ex illo censes quoi datast nuptum obsecro ?
*Phi.* credo : neque adeo arbitrari patris est aliter. sed demiror
quid sit quam ob rem tanto opere omnis nos celare volueris
partum, praesertim quem et recte et suo pepererit tempore.
adeon pervicaci esse animo ut puerum praeoptares perire,
ex quo firmiorem inter nos fore amicitiam posthac scires,
potius quam advorsus lubidinem animi tui esset cum illo nupta !
ego etiam illorum esse hanc culpam credidi, quae te est penes.
*Myr.* misera sum.
*Phi.* utinam sciam ita esse istuc ! sed nunc mi in mentem venit
de hac re quod locuta es olim, quom illum generum cepimus :

ENTER *Phidippus.*

*Phi.* When my wife saw I was going to our daughter's room, she took herself out of doors. There she is, I see. Well, Myrrina. Myrrina, I say.

*Myr* Are you talking to me, my dear husband?

*Phi.* Am I your husband? do you account me your husband or even a fellow creature? If you had ever thought me either, woman, you would never have played upon me with these doings.

*Myr.* What doings?

*Phi.* A pretty question. My daughter has been brought to bed. What, not a word? Who is the father?

*Myr.* Is that a question for a father to ask? Good gracious, whom do you suppose to be the father except the man to whom she was given in marriage?

*Phi.* I believe so; indeed a father cannot think otherwise. What astonishes me is the extraordinary desire you have shown to conceal the birth from us all, and the more so that all is well and the delivery at the right time. Were you so wrong-headed as to prefer the death of a child, who you knew would strengthen for the future the bond of friendship between the families, to seeing the continuance of a union which was not to the liking of your fancy? I positively thought it was their fault when it is all yours.

*Myr.* I am so unhappy.

*Phi.* I would to God I were sure of that, but it has just struck me what you said at the time when we accepted him as a son-in-law: you said that you

nam negabas nuptam posse filiam tuam te pati
cum eo qui meretricem amaret, qui pernoctaret foris.

*Myr.* quamvis causam hunc suspicari quam ipsam veram mavolo.

*Phi.* multo prius quam tu scivi illum habere amicam, Myrrina;
verum id vitium numquam decrevi esse ego adulescentiae;
nam id innatumst. at pol iam aderit, se quoque etiam quom oderit.
sed ut olim te ostendisti, eadem esse nil cessavisti usque adhuc,
ut filiam ab eo abduceres neu quod ego egissem esset ratum.
id nunc indicium haec res facit, quo pacto factum volueris.

*Myr.* adeon me esse pervicacem censes, quoi mater siem,
ut eo essem animo, si ex usu esset nostro hoc matrimonium?

*Phi.* tun prospicere aut iudicare nostram in rem quod sit potes?
audisti ex aliquo fortasse, qui vidisse eum diceret
exeuntem aut intro euntem ad amicam. quid tum postea?
si modeste ac raro fecit, nonne ea dissimulare nos
magis humanumst quam dare operam id scire, qui nos oderit?
nam si is posset ab ea sese derepente avellere,
quacum tot consuesset annos, non eum hominem ducerem
nec virum satis firmum gnatae.

*Myr.* mitte adulescentem obsecro
et quae me peccasse ais. abi, solus solum conveni,

couldn't bear to see your daughter married to a man with a mistress, a man who stayed out at night.

*Myr.* (*aside*) Better he suspect any cause than the right one.

*Chi.* That was a fact which I knew long before you did, Myrrina; but I didn't regard it as a grievous offence, it's a thing young men do. I tell you the time will soon come when he will hate to think of it. But the spirit you showed to start with you have shown unceasingly ever since: you have set yourself to get your daughter away from him and upset the arrangement which I, yes I, had made. What has happened now lets out what your object was.

*Myr.* Do you think a mother would be so wrong-headed as to show that spirit towards her own child, if she thought the marriage were good for us?

*Chi.* Has this mother the wits to foresee or judge what is for our benefit? Perhaps you heard somebody say he had seen him coming out of the woman's house or going in. What if he did? If his visits were discreet and occasional, wasn't it more reasonable for us to wink at it than set ourselves to know all about it only to make him hate us? If he could have torn himself away all in a moment from a woman he had known years and years, I shouldn't have thought him human, nor a man of constancy enough to marry my daughter.

*Myr.* No more of the young man, pray, or of what you call my offence. Go and have a private interview

roga velitne an non uxorem : si est ut dicat velle se,
redde ; sin est autem ut nolit, recte ego consului meae.

*Phi.* siquidem ille ipse non volt et tu sensti in eo esse, Myrrina,
peccatum, aderam, quoius consilio fuerat ea par prospici.
quam ob rem incendor ira, esse ausam facere haec te iniussu meo.
interdico ne extulisse extra aedis puerum usquam velis.
sed ego stultior, meis dictis qui parere hanc postulem.
ibo intro atque edicam servis, ne quoquam ecferri sinant.—

*Myr.* nullam pol credo mulierem me miseriorem vivere :
nam ut hic laturus hoc siet, si rem ipsam ut sit resciverit,
non edepol clam me est, quom hoc quod leviust tam animo iracundo tulit ;
nec qua via sententia eius possit mutari scio.
hoc mi unum ex plurimis miseriis relicuom fuerat malum,
si puerum ut tollam cogit, quoius nos qui sit nescimus pater.
nam quom compressast gnata, forma in tenebris nosci non quitast,
neque detractum ei tum quicquamst, qui post possit nosci qui siet ;
ipse eripuit vi, in digito quem habuit, virgini abiens anulum.
simul vereor Pamphilum ne orata nostra nequeat diutius
celare, quom sciet alienum puerum tolli pro suo.

with him. Ask him whether he wishes to take her back or not. If so be he says he does, give her back; if he doesn't, then I have taken the right course for my daughter.

*hi.* Granted that the unwillingness is really on his side and that you, Myrrina, perceived the fault in him, still I was there and I ought to have been consulted on the prospect. It makes me mad that you have dared to act in this way without my orders. I forbid you to remove the child anywhere out of the house. (*turns away*) But I am the worse fool of the two for expecting her to obey my commands. I will go in and charge the servants not to let it be removed. [EXIT.

*Myr.* I do verily believe I am the most miserable woman alive. How he's likely to bear it, if he finds out the facts, is plain enough, when a much less serious thing like this has put him in such a passion. And how to change his view of it I can't tell. After all these miseries it's the crowning disaster if he compels me to recognize a child of whose father we are in utter ignorance. It was too dark for my child to tell the man by sight, and nothing of his was seized that might lead to an identification. It was he seized on something, for he went off with the ring from her finger. I am afraid too that Pamphilus won't bring himself to keep our appeal secret any longer when he knows that another man's child is to be acknowledged as his. [EXIT.

*So.* Non clam me est, gnate mi, tibi me esse suspectam,
IV. ii uxorem tuam
propter meos mores hinc abisse, etsi ea dissimulas sedulo.
verum ita me di ament itaque optingant ex te quae
exoptem mi, uti
numquam sciens commerui, merito ut caperet odium 580
illam mei.
teque ante quod me amare rebar, ei rei firmasti fidem;
nam mi intus tuos pater narravit modo, quo pacto
me habueris
praepositam amori tuo: nunc tibi me certumst
contra gratiam
referre, ut apud me praemium esse positum pietati scias.
mi Pamphile, hoc et vobis et meae commodum
famae arbitror:
ego rus me abituram hinc esse cum tuo certo decrevi patre,
ne mea praesentia obstet neu causa ulla restet relicua,
quin tua Philumena ad te redeat.
*Pam.* quaeso quid istuc consilist?
stultitia illius victa ex urbe tu rus habitatum migres?
haud facies, neque sinam ut qui nobis, mater, male 590
dictum velit,
mea pertinacia esse dicat factum, haud tua modestia.
tum tuas amicas te et cognatas deserere et festos dies
mea causa nolo.
*So* nil iam istae res mihi voluptatis ferunt:
dum aetatis tempus tulit, perfuncta satis sum: satias
iam tenet
studiorum istorum. haec mihi nunc curast maxuma,
ut ne quoi mea
longinquitas aetatis obstet mortemve expectet meam.
hic video me esse invisam inmerito: tempust me
concedere.
sic optume, ut ego opinor, omnis causas praecidam omnibus;

ENTER *Sostrata* AND *Pamphilus.*

It has not escaped me, my son, that you have a suspicion against me that it was my ways caused your wife's departure, careful though you are not to show it. But, as I hope to prosper and be blessed in you according to my earnest prayers, I have never knowingly done anything to justify her in taking a dislike to me. I always thought you loved me and to-day you have confirmed my belief. Your father has just told me indoors how you set me before your love. Now I am resolved to make you a return so that you may know that in my heart a son's affection has its reward. My dear Pamphilus, what I consider the best course for you and your wife and for my good name is this: I am firmly resolved to go off into the country with your father that my presence may be no bar, and no reason may be left why your Philumena should not return to you.

*m.* Mother mine, what thoughts are these? You to give way to her foolishness and leave town to settle in the country? It shall not be, nor will I allow any backbiting enemy to say that the cause was my obstinacy, not your good-nature. I couldn't think of your giving up for my sake your friends and relations and all your diversions.

I have no longer any delight in what you talk of. When I was young enough, I had my full share in them: now I have had enough of such interests. What I care most for now is that no one should feel my length of days to be a bar to him or look forward for my death. Here I am, as I see, disliked, though I don't deserve it: it is time I retired. That is the best way, I think, to cut off all reasons

et me hac suspicione exsolvam et illis morem gessero.
sine me obsecro hoc effugere, volgus quod male audit mulierum.
*Pam.* quam fortunatus ceteris sum rebus, absque una hac foret,
hanc matrem habens talem, illam autem uxorem!
*So.* obsecro, mi Pamphile,
non tute incommodam rem, ut quaeque est, in animum induces pati?
si cetera ita sunt ut vis itaque uti esse ego illa existumo,
mi gnate, da mi hanc veniam, redduc illam.
*Pam.* vae misero mihi!
*So.* et mihi quidem: nam haec res non minus me male habet quam te, gnate mi.
*Laches* Quem cum istoc sermonem habueris, procul hinc stans accepi, uxor.
IV.iii istuc sapere est, qui ubi quomque opus sit animum possit flectere.
quod faciendum sit post fortasse, idem hoc nunc fecerit sic ultro.
*So.* fors fuat pol.
*Laches* abi rus ergo hinc: ibi ego te et tu me feres.
*So.* spero mecastor.
*Laches* i ergo intro et compone quae tecum simul ferantur: dixi.
*So.* ita ut iubes faciam.—
*Pam.* pater.
*Laches* quid vis, Pamphile?
*Pam.* hinc abire matrem? minume.
*Laches* quid ita tu istuc?
*Pam.* quia de uxore incertus sum etiam quid sim facturus.
*Laches* quid est?
quid vis facere nisi redducere?
*Pam.* equidem cupio et vix contineor;

for discontent, to clear myself from this suspicion, and gratify you know whom. Pray let me avoid this common scandal of my sex.

*m.* How fortunate I am in every thing but one, having so good a mother and such a wife!
Pray now, my dear boy, can't you put up with one unpleasantness, for there's always one? If everything else is as you wish and as I take it to be, my dear, do one thing for me, take her back.

*m.* Oh, I'm so unhappy!
And so am I, my son; it's as great a distress to me as to you.

ENTER *Laches.*

*ches* I have been standing within earshot and heard your conversation, wife. It is true wisdom to bend one's mind in the necessary direction. What he would perhaps be obliged to do later on he will now have done of his own free will.
With the blessing of fortune.

*ches* Come off to the country then: there you shall put up with me, and I wish you.
Honestly I hope so.

*ches* Go indoors then and get ready what you want to take with you. Away.
I will do your bidding. [EXIT.

*m.* Father.

*ches* Well, Pamphilus?

*m.* My mother leave town? It mustn't be.

*ches* Why are you against it?

*m.* Because I am still uncertain what I mean to do about my wife.

*ches* What? What do you want to do if not take her back?

*m.* Indeed I desire it and can scarcely refrain from it,

sed non minuam meum consilium: ex usu quod est,
id persequar:
non credo ea gratia concordes magis, si redducam, fore.
*Laches* nescias: verum tua re fert nil, utrum illaec fecerint.
quando haec aberit. odiosa haec est aetas adulescentulis.
e medio aequom excedere est: postremo nos iam
fabula
sumus, Pamphile, "senex atque anus."
sed video Phidippum egredi per tempus: accedamus.
*Phi.* Tibi quoque edepol sum iratus, Philumena.
IV.iv graviter quidem; nam hercle factumst abs te turpiter.
etsi tibi causast de hac re: mater te inpulit.
huic vero nullast.
*Laches* opportune te mihi,
Phidippe, in ipso tempore ostendis.
*Phi.* quid est?
*Pam.* quid respondebo his? aut quo pacto hoc operiam?
*Laches* die filiae rus concessuram hinc Sostratam:
ne revereatur, minus iam quo redeat domum.
*Phi.* ah,
nullam de his rebus culpam commeruit tua:
a Myrrina haec sunt mea uxore exorta omnia.
*Pam.* mutatio fit.
*Phi.* ea nos perturbat, Laches.
*Pam.* dum ne redducam, turbent porro quam velint.
*Phi.* ego, Pamphile, esse inter nos, si fieri potest,
adfinitatem hanc sane perpetuam volo;
sin est ut aliter tua ista sit sententia,

but I shall not break in upon my resolution. I shall take what course is best. I don't think this will make them any the better friends if I do take her back.

*Laches* You can't tell. Anyhow it doesn't make any difference to you which line they take, as your mother will be away. We old folks are distasteful to the young, it is fair we should go into the background. In short, my boy, we are fit only to play "Darby and Joan." But here comes Phidippus in the nick. Let us meet him. (*starts to cross the street*)

ENTER *Phidippus* FROM HIS HOUSE.

*Phi.* (*to his daughter within*) I am angry with you too, Philumena, I can tell you, very angry indeed: your behaviour has been disgraceful. *You*, though, have some excuse: your mother set you on: *she* has none. (*turns round*)

*Laches* You come at the right moment, Phidippus.

*Phi.* How is that?

*Lam.* (*aside*) What answer shall I make them? How am I to keep it dark?

*Laches* Tell your daughter that Sostrata means to retire into the country, so she needn't be afraid to return home.

*Phi.* Ah, your wife has been entirely blameless all through. It was my wife Myrrina was at the bottom of it all.

*Lam.* (*aside*) The tables turned

*Phi.* It's she that upsets us, Laches.

*Lam.* (*aside*) Provided I haven't to take her back, no matter who upsets them.

*Phi.* My own wish, Pamphilus, is that the connexion between us should, if possible, remain unbroken: if your sentiments are different, you must take the child.

accipias puerum.
*Pam.* sensit peperisse: occidi.
*Laches* puerum? quem puerum?
*Phi.* natus est nobis nepos.
nam abducta a vobis praegnas fuerat filia,
neque fuisse praegnatem umquam ante hunc scivi diem.
*Laches* bene, ita me di ament, nuntias, et gaudeo
natum illum et tibi illam salvam. sed quid mulieris
uxorem habes aut quibus moratam moribus?
nosne hoc celatos tam diu! nequeo satis,
quam hoc mihi videtur factum prave, proloqui.
*Phi.* non tibi illud factum minus placet quam mihi, Laches.
*Pam.* etiam si dudum fuerat ambiguom hoc mihi,
nunc non est, quom eam sequitur alienus puer.
*Laches* nulla tibi, Pamphile, hic iam consultatiost.
*Pam.* perii.
*Laches* hunc videre saepe optabamus diem,
quom ex te esset aliquis, qui te appellaret patrem.
evenit: habeo gratiam dis.
*Pam.* nullus sum.
*Laches* redduc uxorem ac noli advorsari mihi.

*Pam.* pater, si ex me illa liberos vellet sibi
aut se esse mecum nuptam, satis certo scio,
non clam me haberet quod celasse intellego.
nunc quom eius alienum a me esse animum sentiam—
—nec conventurum inter nos posthac arbitror,—
quam ob rem redducam?
*Laches* mater quod suasit sua,
adulescens mulier fecit. mirandumne id est?
censen te posse reperire ullam mulierem,
quae careat culpa? an qui non delinquunt viri?

*Pam.* (*aside*) He knows of the birth! Damnation

*Laches* Child? What child?

*Phi.* We have a grandson born. My daughter was with child when she was removed from your house, though till this very day I never knew it.

*Laches* Good news, as I hope to be saved! I rejoice that it's born and that your daughter does well. But what sort of lady is your wife? Rather a strange disposition, eh? It's odd we should have been kept in the dark all this time. I can hardly express my sense of the impropriety.

*Phi.* I am every bit as much displeased with her conduct as you are, my good friend.

*Pam.* (*aside*) Even if I had any hesitation before I have none now, since she brings with her another man's child.

*Laches* You have no longer any room for choice, Pamphilus.

*Pam.* (*aside*) Confound it all!

*Laches* This is a day we often prayed to see, when you should have a child of your own to call you father. It's come, and I thank heaven for it.

*Pam.* (*aside*) There's an end of me!

*Laches* Take back your wife and don't set yourself against me.

*Pam.* Father, if she had desired to have a child by me or to remain as my wife, I am perfectly sure she would never have concealed from me what I perceive she has kept dark. Now, feeling as I do that her heart is estranged from me—what's more, I don't think we shall ever agree—why should I take her back?

*Laches* She was quite under her mother's thumb; she's very young, remember; anything strange in that? You don't think you can find any woman quite free from blame, do you? or any men that don't sin at times?

*Phi.* vosmet videte iam, Laches et tu Pamphile,
remissan opus sit vobis, redductan domum:
neutra in re vobis difficultas a me erit.
uxor quid faciat, in manu non est mea.
sed quid faciemus puero?
*Laches* ridicule rogas:
quidquid futurumst, huic suom reddas scilicet,
ut alamus nostrum.
*Pam.* quem ipse neglexit pater,
ego alam?
*Laches* quid dixti? eho an non alemus, Pamphile?
prodemus quaeso potius? quae haec amentiast?
enim vero prosus iam tacere non queo;
nam cogis ea quae nolo ut praesente hoc loquar.
ignarum censes tuarum lacrumarum esse me?
aut quid sit id quod sollicitere ad hunc modum?
primum hanc ubi dixti causam, te propter tuam
matrem non posse habere hunc uxorem domi,
pollicitast ea se concessuram ex aedibus.
nunc postquam ademptam hanc quoque tibi causam
vides,
puer quia clam te est natus, nactus alteram es.
erras, tui animi si me esse ignarum putas.
aliquando tandem huc animum ut adiungas tuom.
quam longum spatium amandi amicam tibi dedi!
sumptus quos fecisti in eam quam animo aequo
tuli!
egi atque oravi tecum uxorem ut duceres,
tempus dixi esse: impulsu duxisti meo.
quae tum obsecutus mihi fecisti ut decuerat.
nunc animum rursum ad meretricem adduxti
tuom:
cui tu obsecutus facis huic adeo iniuriam.
nam in eandem vitam te revolutum denuo

*Phi.* Settle it between you, Laches, and you, Pamphilus, whether you require her to be left with us or taken back. You will find on my side no obstacle to either course. What my wife does, that I can't help. But what shall we do with the child?

*Laches* An absurd question! Whatever's done, you must of course surrender the child to its father for us to bring up our own.

*Pam.* (*forgetting himself*) When its own father has slighted it, am I to bring it up?

*Laches* (*hearing only the last words*) What do you say? What, boy? Are we not to bring it up? Pray, shall we abandon it? What madness is all this? Upon my word I can hold my tongue no longer; you compel me to say what I am unwilling to say in your father-in-law's presence. Do you think I'm not the man to know what your tears mean? or why you are upset in this fashion? When you first alleged it was for your mother's sake you couldn't keep your wife at home, she promised to leave the house. Now, when you see yourself deprived of this pretext even, the child's birth being kept secret has enabled you to hit on another. You are in error if you imagine me ignorant of what's in your mind. In order that you might some day devote yourself to your wife, what a time I allowed you to keep up your amour! The money you spent on it, how patiently I bore it! I urged and entreated you to marry, I said it was time you did: at my instigation you married. In complying with my wishes then you did as became you, now your heart is gone back to your mistress, and your compliance with her is a grievous insult to your wife. Yes, I see that you've slid back again into your former life.

video esse.

*Pam.* mene?

*Laches* te ipsum: et facis iniuriam:
confingis falsas causas ad discordiam,
ut cum illa vivas, testem hanc quom abs te amoveris.
sensitque adeo uxor; nam ei causa alia quae fuit,
quam ob rem abs te abiret?

*Phi.* plane hic divinat: nam id est.

*Pam.* dabo ius iurandum nil esse istorum mihi.

*Laches* ah,
redduce uxorem, aut quam ob rem non opus sit cedo.

*Pam.* non est nunc tempus.

*Laches* puerum accipias: nam is quidem
in culpa non est: post de matre videro.

*Pam.* omnimodis ego miser sum nec quid agam scio:
tot me nunc rebus miserum concludit pater.
abibo hinc, praesens quando promoveo parum.
nam puerum iniussu credo non tollet meo,
praesertim in ea re quom sit mi adiutrix socrus.

*Laches* fugis? hem, nec quicquam certi respondes mihi?—
num tibi videtur esse apud sese? sine:
puerum, Phidippe, mihi cedo: ego alam.

*Phi.* maxume.
non mirum fecit uxor, si hoc aegre tulit:
amarae mulieres sunt, non facile haec ferunt.
propterea haec irast: nam ipsa narravit mihi.
id ego hoc praesente tibi nolueram dicere,
neque illi credebam primo: nunc verum palamst.
nam omnino abhorrere animum huic video a nuptiis.

*Laches* quid ergo agam, Phidippe? quid das consili?

*Phi.* quid agas? meretricem hanc primum adeundam
censeo:

*am.* *I* have?

*aches* Yes, you, and you act wickedly. You concoct false pretexts for a quarrel that you may live with your mistress as soon as you have cleared your wife's observation of it from your path. Yes, and your wife has noticed it: what other reason had she for leaving you?

*hi.* He has the seer's eye: what he says is the fact.

*am.* I'll take my oath it was none of these things.

*aches* So? Then take your wife back or else tell us why you can't.

*am.* It isn't a convenient moment.

*aches* Take the child; he at any rate is not to blame. I will see about the mother later on.

*am.* (*aside*) Wretched every way, and I can't tell what to do, wretchedly hemmed in by my father at so many points. I'll be off, as my presence doesn't help matters. I don't think he'll acknowledge the child in defiance of me, especially as on that point my mother-in-law will back me up. (*going*)

*aches* Running away? What? and no definite answer for me? [EXIT *Pamphilus.*] Do you think he's in his right mind? Never mind him. As to the child, Phidippus, give it to me; I will bring it up.

*hi.* By all means. I don't wonder the wife was vexed: women are bitter on this point and don't easily put up with such things. This *is* the reason of her resentment; she told me about it herself. I shrank from telling you in your son's presence; in fact at first I didn't believe her, but now the truth is out. I see he is utterly set against married life.

*aches* What's my course then, Phidippus? What do you suggest?

*hi.* Let me see. I think we had better first go to the

oremus, accusemu , gravius denique
minitemur, si cum illo habuerit rem postea.
*Laches* faciam ut mones. eho puere, curre ad Bacchidem hanc
vicinam nostram: huc evoca verbis meis.
at te oro porro in hac re adiutor sis mihi.
*Phi.* ah,
iam dudum dixi idemque nunc dico, Laches:
manere adfinitatem hanc inter nos volo,
si ullo modo est ut possit: quod spero fore.
sed vin adesse me una, dum istam convenis?
*Laches* immo vero abi, aliquam puero nutricem para.

## ACTVS V

*Bacchis* Non hoc de nihilost, quod Laches me nunc conventam esse expetit;
nec pol me multum fallit, quin quod suspicor sit quod velit.
*Laches* videndumst ne minus propter iram hinc inpetrem quam possiem,
aut ne quid faciam plus, quod minus me post fecisse satius sit.
adgrediar. Bacchis, salve.
*Bacchis* salve, Laches.
*Laches* credo edepol te non nil mirari, Bacchis,
quid sit quapropter te huc foras puerum evocare iussi.
*Bacchis* ego pol quoque etiam timida sum, quom venit in mentem quae sim,
ne nomen mihi quaesti obsiet: nam mores facile tutor.
*Laches* si vera dicis, nil tibi est a me pericli, mulier;
nam ea aetate iam sum, ut non siet peccato mi ignosci aequom:

woman. Let us appeal to her, expostulate with her, if necessary threaten her pretty hotly, if she has anything more to do with him.

*Laches* I will follow your advice. (*goes to his door*) Boy, boy! [ENTER A PAGE.] Run across to Bacchis's over there, ask her in my name to come out here. [EXIT PAGE.] But I must beg you still to back me up.

*Phi.* Ah, my friend, I said before, and I now repeat it, I want our connexion to continue if it's anyway possible, and I hope it will. You don't want me to be present at your interview with this person?

*Laches* Oh no: go away and find a nurse for the child. [EXIT *Phidippus.*

## ACT V

(*A few minutes have elapsed. Laches on the stage.*)

ENTER *Bacchis* WITH ATTENDANTS AT A DISTANCE.

*Bacchis* (*to her maid*) It's not for nothing Laches has begged me to come and see him, and on my word I'm much mistaken if I don't guess his object.

*Laches* (*aside*) I must take care that anger doesn't make me gain less than I might or do some foolish thing I should afterwards be sorry for. I will approach her. (*advances*) Good day, Bacchis.

*Bacchis* Good day, Laches.

*Laches* I can well suppose you wonder what made me tell the boy to ask you to come out here and see me.

*Bacchis* I assure you I too have some fears, remembering what I am, that the name of my profession may prejudice you against me: my conduct I can entirely justify.

*Laches* My good woman, if you speak the truth you are in no danger from me. I am now of an age when a fault cannot expect forgiveness, and so I habitually

quo magis omnis res cautius ne temere faciam adcuro.
nam si id facis facturave es, bonas quod par est facere :
inscitum offerre iniuriam tibi inmerenti iniquom est.
*Bacchis* est magnam ecastor gratiam de istac re quod tibi habeam ;
nam qui post factam iniuriam se expurget, parum mi prosit.
sed quid istuc est ?
*Laches* meum receptas filium ad te Pamphilum.
*Bacchis* ah.
*Laches* sine dicam : hic hanc prius quam duxit, vostrum amorem pertuli.
mane : nondum etiam dixi id quod te volui. hic nunc uxorem habet :
quaere alium tibi firmiorem amicum, dum tibi tempus est ;
nam neque ille hoc animo erit aetatem neque pol ista aetas tibi.
*Bacchis* quis id ait ?
*Laches* socrus.
*Bacchis* mene ?
*Laches* te ipsam : et filiam abduxit suam,
puerumque ob eam rem clam voluit, natus qui est, extinguere.
*Bacchis* alid si scirem qui firmare meam apud vos possem fidem,
sanctius quam ius iurandum, id pollicerer tibi, Laches,
segregatum habuisse uxorem ut duxit a me Pamphilum.
*Laches* lepida es. sed scin, quid volo potius sodes facias ?
*Bacchis* quid ? cedo.
*Laches* eas ad mulieres huc intro atque istuc ius iurandum
item pollicere illis. exple animum eis teque hoc crimine expedi.

employ such caution as may avoid a rash act. If you act or mean to act as good women should, to offer you any blundering insult when you don't deserve it would be unjust.

*acchis* I do assure you that for that I am sincerely grateful to you; an apology after an insult would not be much use to me. What is it that you wish?

*aches* You receive visits from my son Pamphilus.

*Bacchis* Ah——

*aches* (*interrupting*) Please let me speak. Before he married I put up with this. (*Bacchis is about to interrupt*) One moment; I haven't yet told you what I wanted with you. He is now married. Look out for some friend who will stick closer to you before it is too late. He won't be of the same mind all his life, and you won't always be as young as you are.

*Bacchis* Whose story is that?

*aches* His mother-in-law's.

*Bacchis* About me?

*aches* No other, and she has carried off her daughter and she wished on this account privately to make away with the child that is born.

*Bacchis* If I knew any other means of strengthening your belief in my word, anything more sacred than an oath, I would promise to take it to assure you that ever since Pamphilus married I have kept him at a distance.

*aches* You are a good girl, but do you know what I'd still sooner have you do if you don't mind?

*Bacchis* What? Tell me.

*aches* Go and visit the women here and promise *them* as well to take this oath. Satisfy their minds and clear yourself of the accusation.

*Bacchis* faciam, quod pol, si esset alia ex hoc quaestu, haud faceret, scio,
ut de tali causa nuptae mulieri se ostenderet.
sed nolo esse falsa fama gnatum suspectum tuom,
nec leviorem vobis, quibus est minume aequom, eum viderier
immerito; nam meritus de me est, quod queam illi ut commodem.

*Laches* facilem benivolumque lingua tua iam tibi me reddidit:
nam non sunt solae arbitratae haec; ego quoque etiam credidi.
nunc quam ego te esse praeter nostram opinionem comperi,
fac eadem ut sis porro: nostra utere amicitia, ut voles.
aliter si facias—reprimam me, ne aegre quicquam ex me audias.
verum hoc te moneo unum, amicus qualis sim aut quid possiem
potius quam inimicus, periclum facias.

*Phi.* Nil apud me tibi

V. ii defieri patiar, quin benigne quod opust praebeatur.
sed quom tu satura atque ebria es, puer ut satur sit facito.

*Laches* noster socer, video, venit: puero nutricem adducit.
Phidippe, Bacchis deierat persancte.

*Phi.* haecine east?

*Laches* haec est.

*Phi.* nec pol istae metuont deos neque eas respicere deos opinor.

*Bacchis* ancillas dedo: quolubet cruciatu per me exquire.

*Bacchis* I will do what on my word there isn't another woman of my profession that would, I'm sure of that; I mean show herself before a married woman for such a purpose. But I don't like your son to be under suspicion because of a baseless story, or to appear to his parents, the last persons to whom he should so appear, to be deficient in principle. He has deserved at my hands anything I can do for his convenience.

*Laches* Well inclined and well disposed to you is what your remarks have made me. I must own the women were not alone in their opinion, I shared it myself. Now I have found you quite different from my expectation, and I hope you will continue to be so. In that case you shall make such use of our friendship as you choose. If you act otherwise—no, I will restrain myself and say nothing that might vex you. My one piece of advice to you is to try my character and my power rather as your friend than as your enemy.

ENTER *Phidippus* WITH A NURSE.

*Phi.* (*to the Nurse*) I shall see that you want for nothing in my house and have a bountiful supply of all that is necessary. But when you have had your fill of eating and drinking, mind the child too is satisfied.

[CONDUCTS THE NURSE TO HIS DOOR. EXIT NURSE.

*Laches* I see my son's father-in-law. He's bringing a nurse for the child. Phidippus, Bacchis takes her solemn oath that it isn't true.

*Phi.* Is this she?

*Laches* This is she.

*Phi.* On my word such women have no fear of heaven, and heaven, I think, has no regard for them.

*Bacchis* Here are my maidservants; I give you leave to use

haec res hic agitur: Pamphilo me facere ut redeat uxor
oportet: quod si perficio, non paenitet me famae,
solam fecisse id quod aliae meretrices facere fugitant.

*Laches* Phidippe, nostras mulieres suspectas fuisse falso
nobis in reapse invenimus: porro hanc nunc experiamur.
nam si compererit crimini tua falso credidisse,
missam iram faciet; sin ut est ob eam rem iratus gnatust,
quod peperit uxor clam, id levest: cito ab eo haec ira abscedet.
profecto in hac re nil malist, quod sit discidio dignum.

*Phi.* velim quidem hercle.

*Laches* exquire: adest: quod satis sit, faciet ipsa.

*Phi.* quid mi istaec narras? an quia non tute ipse dudum audisti,
de hac re animus meus ut sit, Laches? illis modo explete animum.—

*Laches* quaeso edepol, Bacchis, quod mihi es pollicita tute ut serves.

*Bacchis* ob eam rem vin ergo intro eam?

*Laches* i, exple animum eis, coge ut credant.

*Bacchis* eo, etsi scio pol eis fore meum conspectum invisum hodie.
nam nupta meretrici hostis est, a viro ubi segregatast.

*Laches* at haec amicae erunt, ubi quam ob rem adveneris resciscent:
nam illas errore et te simul suspicione exsolves.

*Bacchis* peri, pudet Philumenae. me sequimini intro huc ambae.—

any torture on them in your inquiry. Our present business is this: I have to make Pamphilus's wife return to him: if I succeed I have nothing to regret in the reputation of standing alone as having done what other women of my class studiously avoid.

*Laches* Phidippus, we have discovered by actual proof that we suspected our wives without a cause: let us now go on to test Bacchis. If your wife finds out that she had no cause for believing the accusation, she will drop her resentment. If the cause of my son's resentment is, as it is, the secrecy of the delivery, that's a trifle; his resentment on that account will soon fall from him. Clearly there is no mischief in the matter to justify a divorce.

*Phi.* I'm sure I hope so.

*Laches* Make your examination; here she is; she will give you satisfaction.

*Phi.* Why all this to me? Surely you heard from my own lips what is my mind on the matter; it is only the women you two have to satisfy. [EXIT.

*Laches* Now, Bacchis, I beg you to keep the promise you made me.

*Bacchis* You wish me to go in with that object?

*Laches* Yes, go and satisfy them, compel them to believe.

*Bacchis* I go then, though I know they will absolutely loathe the sight of me. In the circumstances we are natural enemies.

*Laches* No, no, they will be friendly enough when they find out the object of your visit, for by freeing them from their mistake you will free yourself from suspicion.

*Bacchis* Oh dear, dear, I'm ashamed to appear before Philumena. Come you two with me.

[EXIT WITH HER MAIDSERVANTS.

*Laches* quid est mihi quod malim quam quod huic intellego evenire,
ut gratiam ineat sine suo dispendio et mihi prosit?
nam si est ut haec nunc Pamphilum vere ab se segregarit,
scit sibi nobilitatem ex ea re natam et gloriam esse:
feret gratiam eius unaque nos sibi opera amicos iunget.

*Par.* Edepol ne meam erus esse operam deputat parvi preti,
V.iii qui ob rem nullam misit, frustra ubi totum desedi diem, 800
Myconium hospitem dum expecto in arce Callidemidem.
itaque ineptus hodie dum illi sedeo, ut quisque venerat,
accedebam: "adulescens, dic dum mihi quaeso, es tu Myconius?"
"non sum." "at Callidemides?" "non." "hospitem ecquem Pamphilum
hic habes?" omnes negabant: neque eum quemquam esse arbitror.
denique hercle iam pudebat: abii. sed quid Bacchidem
ab nostro adfine exeuntem video? quid huic hic est rei?
*Bacchis* Parmeno, opportune te offers: propere curre ad Pamphilum.
*Par.* quid eo?
*Bacchis* dic me orare ut veniat.
*Par.* ad te?
*Bacchis* immo ad Philumenam.

*Laches* Could anything be better for me than what I perceive is going to be the result for Bacchis, gaining favour at no cost and doing me a service? If it is really a fact that she has actually all this time left Pamphilus at a distance, she knows that it will redound to her credit, even to her glory. She will win gratitude on that account and at the same time link us to her in friendship. [EXIT.

## ACT VI

(*Half an hour has elapsed.*)

ENTER *Parmeno* OUT OF TEMPER.

*Par.* Upon my word my master doesn't think my labour worth much, sending me this way on a fool's errand, where I've been loitering the whole day for nothing, waiting in the Citadel for his friend Callidemides from Myconus. So as I sat there gaping like a fool, if anyone appeared, up I went to him; "Sir," says I, "please are you from Myconus?" "No," says he. "Not Callidemides?" say I. "No," says he. "Have you a friend here named Pamphilus?" Everybody said no, in fact I don't believe there's any such man. At last, by Jove, I grew ashamed of it and was off. Hollo, why is Bacchis coming from our connexions' house? What's her business there?

ENTER *Bacchis.*

*Bacchis* Parmeno, I am glad to have met you: run straight off to Pamphilus.

*Par.* Why to Pamphilus?

*Bacchis* Tell him I beg him to come here.

*Par.* To you?

*Bacchis* No, to Philumena.

*Par.* quid rei est? 810
*Bacchis* tua quod nil re fert, percontari desinas.
*Par.* nil dicam aliud?
*Bacchis* etiam: cognosse anulum illum Myrrinam
gnatae suae fuisse, quem ipsus olim mi dederat.
*Par.* scio.
tantumne est?
*Bacchis* tantum: aderit continuo, hoc ubi ex te audiverit.
sed cessas?
*Par.* minume equidem; nam hodie mihi potestas haud datast:
ita cursando atque ambulando totum hunc contrivi diem.
*Bacchis* quantam obtuli adventu meo laetitiam Pamphilo hodie!
quot commodas res attuli! quot autem ademi curas!
gnatum ei restituo, paene qui harum ipsiusque opera periit;
uxorem, quam numquam est ratus posthac se habiturum, reddo;
qua re suspectus suo patri fuit et Phidippo, exsolvi: 820
hic adeo his rebus anulus fuit initium inveniundis.
nam memini abhinc mensis decem fere ad me nocte prima
confugere anhelantem domum sine comite, vini plenum,
cum hoc anulo: extimui ilico: "mi Pamphile," inquam "amabo,
quid exanimatus obsecro es? unde anulum istum nactu's?
dic mi." ille alias res agere se simulare. postquam id video,
nescio quid suspicarier, magis coepi instare ut dicat.
homo se fatetur vi in via nescio quam compressisse,

*Par.* What's the matter?

*Bacchis* Nothing to do with you, don't be inquisitive.

*Par.* Is that all I am to say?

*Bacchis* No, tell him Myrrina has recognized as her daughter's the ring he gave me some time ago.

*Par.* I know. Is that all?

*Bacchis* That's all. He'll be here in no time when you tell him that. Why are you loitering?

*Par.* (*sulkily*) I'm not loitering at all, never had a chance of it all day, everlastingly running and walking, that's the day I've had of it. [EXIT.

*Bacchis* What happiness my visit has secured to Pamphilus, what blessings it has brought and what troubles cleared away! I give him back a child who, by the women's doing and his own was within an ace of destruction; I restore him a wife with whom he never expected to live again; I have freed him from what made his father and Phidippus look askance at him; and all these good things come from the ring. For I remember about ten months ago just after dark he came running out of breath to my house, all by himself and far gone in wine, with this ring. Struck with alarm, "My dear Pamphilus," I cried, "for heaven's sake what has put you into this excited state? Where did you get that ring from? Tell me." He made as if he weren't attending. Seeing this made me a little suspicious, and so I was more urgent with him to tell me. He owned up to having had an adventure in the street with a

dicitque sese illi anulum, dum luctat, detraxisse.
eum haec cognovit Myrrina, in digito modo me habente.
rogat unde sit: narro omnia haec: inde est cognitio facta,
Philumenam compressam esse ab eo et filium inde hunc natum.
haec tot propter me gaudia illi contigisse laetor:
etsi hoc meretrices aliae nolunt; neque enim est in rem nostram
ut quisquam amator nuptiis laetetur. verum ecastor
numquam animum quaesti gratia ad malas adducam partis.
ego illo dum licitumst usa sum benigno et lepido et comi.
incommode mihi nuptiis evenit, factum fateor:
at pol me fecisse arbitror, ne id merito mi eveniret.
multa ex quo fuerint commoda, eius incommoda aequomst ferre.

*Pam.* Vide, mi Parmeno, etiam sodes, ut mi haec certa
V. iv et clara attuleris,
ne me in breve conlicias tempus gaudio hoc falso frui.
*Par.* visumst.
*Pam.* certen?
*Par.* certe.
*Pam.* deus sum, si hoc itast.
*Par.* verum reperies.
*Pam.* mane dum sodes: timeo ne aliud credam atque aliud nunties.
*Par.* maneo.
*Pam.* sic te dixe opinor, invenisse Myrrinam
Bacchidem anulum suom habere.
*Par.* factum.
*Pam.* eum quem olim ei dedi:
eaque hoc te mihi nuntiare iussit. itane est factum?

girl from whom, he said, in a struggle he had pulled off this ring. Myrrina recognized it just now on my finger. She asked me where I got it and I told her the whole story. This led to a recognition: Philumena was the girl and the child is her husband's. I am glad to have been the occasion of all this happiness befalling them. It is not what others of my class would like, for it is not to our interest to have marriages happy. For my part I vow I will never let mercenary motives induce me to play a wicked part. So long as I fairly might I found him liberal, charming, and good-humoured. The marriage was inconvenient for me, I admit, but I think I have so acted as not to deserve the inconvenience. When a thing brings many advantages it is only fair to put up with the disadvantages which it involves. (*goes aside*)

ENTER *Pamphilus* AND *Parmeno*.

*Pam.* Be sure now, my good Parmeno, be quite sure that your news is certain and definite, else you may allure me into a delight that is but momentary and groundless.

*Par.* Sure I am.

*Pam.* Absolutely?

*Par.* Absolutely.

*Pam.* I am in heaven if this is so.

*Par.* You'll find it true.

*Pam.* Stop now, stop, please: I am afraid that I may be believing one thing and you reporting another.

*Par.* Well.

*Pam.* What I understand you to have said is that Myrrina has discovered that Bacchis has her ring.

*Par.* That is so.

*Pam.* The ring I gave her some time ago, and she told you to report this to me: is that so?

ita, inquam.

*Par.* quis me est fortunatior venustatisque adeo plenior?

*Pam.* eho tu, pro hoc te nuntio qui donem? qui? qui?
nescio.

*Par.* at ego scio.

*Pam.* quid?

*Par.* nil enim;
nam neque in nuntio neque in me ipso tibi boni
quid sit scio.

*Pam.* egon qui ab orco mortuom me reducem in lucem feceris
sinam sine munere a me abire? ah, nimium me in-
gratum putas.
sed Bacchidem eccam video stare ante ostium:
me expectat credo: adibo.

*Bacchis* salve, Pamphile.

*Pam.* o Bacchis, o mea Bacchis, servatrix mea!

*Bacchis* bene factum et volup est.

*Pam.* factis ut credam facis;
antiquamque adeo tuam venustatem obtines,
ut voluptati obitus, sermo, adventus tuos, quo
quemque adveneris,
semper sit.

*Bacchis* at tu ecastor morem antiquom atque ingenium
obtines,
ut unus omnium homo te vivat nusquam quisquam
blandior.

*Pam.* hahahae, tun mi istuc?

*Bacchis* recte amasti, Pamphile, uxorem tuam;
nam numquam ante hunc diem meis oculis eam,
quod nossem, videram:
perliberalis visast.

*Pam.* dic verum.

*Bacchis* ita me di ament, Pamphile.

*Par.* That is so, I tell you.

*Pam.* Who more fortunate than I or more blessed in love? Man, man, what am I to give you in reward for your news? what? what? I can't tell.

*Par.* But I can.

*Pam.* What?

*Par.* Why nothing, for I don't know what good there is for you in the news or in me either.

*Pam.* What? When I was dead and buried and you brought me back into the light of day, could I let you go off without a reward? Man, you must think me very ungrateful. Ah, there's Bacchis standing at our door: she's waiting for me, I fancy: now to her.

*Bacchis* Good day, Pamphilus.

*Pam.* O Bacchis, oh my dear Bacchis, my preserver.

*Bacchis* All's well and I'm delighted at it.

*Pam.* Your acts make me believe your words. Yes, and you keep your old charm. To meet you, to hear you, to see you come, is a delight always and everywhere.

*Bacchis* (*laughing*) Yes, and on my word you keep your old way and character of being absolutely the most winsome man in the wide world.

*Pam.* Ha, ha, ha! That from you to me?

*Bacchis* You were quite right to love your wife, Pamphilus. I couldn't say so before, for till to-day I had never seen her to know her. Quite the lady, I see.

*Pam.* Honestly?

*Bacchis* Yes, Pamphilus, as I hope to be saved.

*Pam.* dic mi, harum rerum num quid dixti meo patri?
*Bacchis* nil.
*Pam.* neque opus est
adeo muttito. non placet fieri hoc item ut in comoediis,
omnia omnes ubi resciscunt. hic quos fuerat par resciscere,
sciunt; quos autem non scire aequomst, neque resciscent neque scient.
*Bacchis.* immo etiam qui hoc occultari facilius credas dabo.
Myrrina ita Phidippo dixit iure iurando meo
se fidem habuisse et propterea te sibi purgatum.
*Pam.* optumest:
speroque hanc rem esse eventuram nobis ex sententia.—
*Par.* ere, licetne scire ex te hodie, quid sit quod feci boni?
aut quid istuc est quod vos agitis?
*Pam.* non licet.
*Par.* tamen suspicor:
ego hunc ab orco mortuom quo pacto . . ?
*Pam.* nescis, Parmeno,
quantum hodie profueris mihi et ex quanta aerumna extraxeris.
*Par.* immo scio, neque hoc inprudens feci.
*Pam.* ego istuc satis scio.
*Par.* ah,
temere quicquam Parmeno praetereat quod facto usus sit?
*Pam.* sequere me intro, Parmeno.
*Par.* sequor. equidem plus hodie boni
feci inprudens quam sciens ante hunc diem umquam.
*Cantor* plaudite!

*Pam.* Tell me, have you said anything of all this to my father?

*Bacchis* Not a word.

*Pam.* No, and there's no need to breathe a syllable of it. I have no wish for it to be as in the comedies where everybody gets to know everything. In our case those who might rightly get to know do know: those who oughtn't to know shan't get to know and shan't know.

*Bacchis* And I'll tell you something to make you more ready to believe that the secret's a secret. Myrrina told Phidippus that she had confidence in my oath and consequently you were cleared in her eyes.

*Pam.* Excellent, and I hope the issue will be satisfactory to us all. EXIT *Bacchis.*

*Par.* May I learn from you, I wonder, Sir, what the good is that I have done? What have you two been talking about?

*Pam.* You mayn't.

*Par.* Still I have my suspicions. "Dead and buried and you brought me back." How was that, Sir?

*Pam.* Parmeno, you don't know how much you have done for me to-day and from what trouble you drew me out.

*Par.* Oh, but I do know, Sir, and I didn't act blindly either.

*Pam.* (*ironically*) That I'm quite sure you didn't.

*Par.* Ah, could Parmeno ever slip doing anything that was wanted!

*Pam.* Come indoors with me, Parmeno.

*Par.* Yes, Sir. [EXIT *Pamphilus.*] By Jove, I've done more good to-day without knowing it than I ever deliberately did before. [EXIT.

*Mus.* Clap your hands.

# THE BROTHERS

INCIPIT TERENTI ADELPHOE . ACTA LVDIS FVNERALIBVS L . AEMILIO PAVLO QVOS FECERE Q . FABIVS MAXVMVS P. CORNELIVS AFRICANVS . EGERE L. AMBIVIVS TVRPIO L. HATILIVS PRAENESTINVS . MODOS FECIT FLACCVS CLAVDI TIBIIS SARRANIS TOTA GRAECA MENANDRV . FACTA SEXTA M . CORNELIO CETHEGO L ANICIO GALLO COS

The Brothers by Terence. Acted at the Funeral Games of Lucius Aemilius Paullus which were given by Quintus Fabius Maximus and Publius Cornelius Africanus. Under the management of Lucius Ambivius Turpio and Lucius Hatilius of Palestrina. Pipe-music bass by Flaccus, servant to Claudius. The whole from the Greek of Menander. The adapter's sixth Comedy. Produced in the Consulship of Marcus Cornelius Cethegus and Lucius Anicius Gallus.

## C. SVLPICI APOLLINARIS PERIOCHA

Duos cum haberet Demea adulescentulos,
dat Micioni fratri adoptandum Aeschinum,
sed Ctesiphonem retinet. hunc citharistriae
lepore captum sub duro ac tristi patre
frater celabat Aeschinus; famam rei,
amorem in sese transferebat; denique
fidicinam lenoni eripit. vitiaverat
idem Aeschinus civem Atticam pauperculam
fidemque dederat hanc sibi uxorem fore.
Demea iurgare, graviter ferre; mox tamen
ut veritas patefactast, ducit Aeschinus
vitiatam, potitur Ctesipho citharistriam.

## PERSONAE

MICIO SENEX
DEMEA SENEX
SANNIO LENO
AESCHINVS ADVLESCENS
SYRVS SERVOS
CTESIPHO ADVLESCENS
SOSTRATA MATRONA
CANTHARA ANVS
GETA SERVOS
HEGIO SENEX
DROMO PVER
CANTOR

## MVTAE

MERETRIX BACCHIS
PARMENO SERVOS
PAMPHILA VIRGO

## SUMMARY OF THE PLAY

BY GAIUS SULPICIUS APOLLINARIS

Demea having two sons, Aeschinus and Ctesipho, allowed the one to be adopted by his brother Micio but kept the other. Demea was a grim and harsh father, and Ctesipho being captivated by the charms of a cithern-player was sheltered by his brother Aeschinus, who allowed rumour to ascribe the intrigue to himself. Further he carried off the girl from the slave-dealer who owned her. Aeschinus had himself seduced an Athenian lady of scanty means and pledged himself to marry her. Demea angrily protested against the affair, but on the truth becoming known Aeschinus married the lady and Ctesipho was left in possession of the fiddle-girl.

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MICIO, *an old gentleman of Athens.*
DEMEA, *brother to Micio, resident in the country*
AESCHINUS, *son to Demea, adopted by Micio.*
CTESIPHO, *son to Demea.*
HEGIO, *an old gentleman of Athens.*
SANNIO, *a slave-dealer.*
SYRUS, *servant (slave) to Micio and Aeschinus.*
DROMO, *servant (slave) to Micio.*
GETA, *servant (slave) to Sostrata.*
SOSTRATA, *a lady of Athens.*
CANTHARA, *an old crone, servant to Sostrata*

## PERSONAE MUTAE

PARMENO, *servant (slave) to Aeschinus.*
PAMPHILA, *beloved by Aeschinus.*
BACCHIS, *a cithern-player.*

## PROLOGVS

Postquam poeta sensit scripturam suam
ab iniquis observari et advorsarios
rapere in peiorem partem quam acturi sumus:
indicio de se ipse erit, vos eritis iudices,
laudin an vitio duci id factum oporteat.
Synapothnescontes Diphili comoediast:
eam Commorientis Plautus fecit fabulam.
in Graeca adulescens est, qui lenoni eripit
meretricem in prima fabula: eum Plautus locum
reliquit integrum. eum hic locum sumpsit sibi
in Adelphos, verbum de verbo expressum extulit.
eam nos acturi sumus novam: pernoscite
furtumne factum existumetis an locum
reprensum, qui praeteritus neclegentiast.

nam quod isti dicunt malivoli, homines nobilis
hunc adiutare adsidueque una scribere:
quod illi maledictum vehemens esse existumant,
eam laudem hic ducit maxumam, quom illis placet,
qui vobis univorsis et populo placent,
quorum opera in bello, in otio, in negotio
suo quisque tempore usust sine superbia.

dehinc ne expectetis argumentum fabulae:
senes qui primi venient, ei partem aperient,
in agendo partem ostendent. facite aequanimitas
poetae ad scribendum augeat industriam.

## PROLOGUE

Our playwright, having become aware that his composition is unfairly criticized and that his enemies carp at the play which we are about to present, will give evidence in his own case and you shall be the court to decide whether the line he has taken ought to redound to his honour or to his discredit. "Linked in Death" is a comedy by Diphilus. Plautus turned it into Latin without change of title. In the Greek play there is a young man who in the first act carries off a girl from a slave-dealer. Plautus omitted this incident. Our playwright has introduced it, translated word for word, into his "Brothers." This is the new play which we are about to present. It is for you to scrutinize whether in your view this is a theft or the recovery of an incident which was negligently omitted.

As for the malignant accusation that our playwright is assisted by men of high rank who perpetually aid him with the pen, his enemies may regard it as a bitter reproach, but he himself considers it as a high honour that he finds favour with those who are in favour with all of you and with the country at large, men of whose assistance in war and in the various occupations of peace every one has at his need availed himself and thought no shame.

I will not detain you on the plot of the play. Part of it will be opened by the old men who first come on the stage, the rest will appear in the course of the action. See that your candour stimulates the poet's zeal in his calling.

## ACTVS I

*Micio* Storax!—non rediit hac nocte a cena Aeschinus
neque servolorum quisquam, qui advorsum iverant.
profecto hoc vere dicunt: si absis uspiam
aut ibi si cesses, evenire ea satius est
quae in te uxor dicit et quae in animo cogitat
irata quam illa quae parentes propitii.
uxor, si cesses, aut te amare cogitat
aut tete amari aut potare atque animo obsequi,
et tibi bene esse soli, sibi quom sit male.
ego quia non rediit filius quae cogito!
quibus nunc sollicitor rebus! ne aut ille alserit
aut uspiam ceciderit aut praefregerit
aliquid. vah, quemquamne hominem in animo instituere aut
parare quod sit carius quam ipse est sibi!
atque ex me hic natus non est, sed ex fratre. is adeo
dissimili studiost iam inde ab adulescentia:
ego hanc clementem vitam urbanam atque otium
secutus sum et, quod fortunatum isti putant,
uxorem numquam habui. ille contra haec omnia:
ruri agere vitam; semper parce ac duriter
se habere; uxorem duxit; nati filii
duo: inde ego hunc maiorem adoptavi mihi;

*Scene :—Athens, a place where four streets meet. On one side the house of Micio, next to it that of Sostrata.*

## ACT I

(*Time, Early Morning.*)

ENTER *Micio* FROM HIS HOUSE.

*Micio* (*calling through the door*) Storax! (*after a pause he turns round and advances*) Then Aeschinus never came back last night after dinner nor any of the servant lads who went to escort him. I am sure it is a true saying that if you are away anywhere or at least slow to return it is better to have happen to you what your wife says at you, even what she thinks in her heart, when she is in a temper, than what indulgent parents fear. The wife, if you are late, thinks you are after another woman or another woman after you, or that you are at a drinking-party and making merry, enjoying yourself without her while she is miserable. I know, what things I imagine from my son's not returning, what anxieties harry me! I dread his having caught a chill or fallen in the street or broken a limb. Bah! why should a man take it into his head to procure a thing to be dearer to him than his own self? Yes, and this lad isn't my own son but my brother's. My brother's bent has differed from mine right away from boyhood. I have led this easy life of town without a calling and, a thing which men at the clubs call a blessing, without even taking a wife. His career has been the very opposite. He has passed his days in the country, always lived a sparing and hard life, married, and had two sons.

eduxi a parvolo, habui, amavi pro meo;
in eo me oblecto, solum id est carum mihi.
ille ut item contra me habeat facio sedulo·
do, praetermitto, non necesse habeo omnia
pro meo iure agere; postremo, alii clanculum
patres quae faciunt, quae fert adulescentia,
ea ne me celet consuefeci filium.
nam qui mentiri aut fallere insuerit patrem aut
audebit, tanto magis audebit ceteros.
pudore et liberalitate liberos
retinere satius esse credo quam metu.
haec fratri mecum non conveniunt neque placent.
venit ad me saepe clamans "quid agis, Micio?
quor perdis adulescentem nobis? quor amat?
quor potat? quor tu his rebus sumptum suggeris,
vestitu nimio indulges? nimium ineptus es."
nimium ipse est durus praeter aequomque et bonum,
et errat longe mea quidem sententia.
qui imperium credat gravius esse aut stabilius
vi quod fit quam illud quod amicitia adiungitur.
mea sic est ratio et sic animum induco meum:
malo coactus qui suom officium facit,
dum id rescitum iri credit, tantisper pavet;
si sperat fore clam, rursum ad ingenium redit.
ille quem beneficio adiungas ex animo facit,
studet par referre, praesens absensque idem erit.

The elder of them I have adopted. I have brought him up from his childhood, regarded him and loved him as my own son. In that is the joy of my life, the one thing I hold dear. I am zealous that he should show the same spirit towards me. I give him money, overlook his peccadilloes, don't feel compelled to exercise full authority over him In fact, whereas other sons hide their youthful pranks from their fathers, I have trained my son not to keep his a secret from me; for if a lad has got accustomed or brings himself to meet his father with falsehoods or tricks, all the more will he so meet others.

In my view honour and gentlemanly feeling are better curbs on a gentleman's son than fear. My brother and I disagree in this, he is quite against this view. He comes to me perpetually, crying "What are you about, Micio? Why are you bringing the boy to ruin on our hands? Why this licence? Why these drinking parties? Why do you pile him up the guineas for such a life and let him spend so much at the tailor's? It's extremely silly of you." He himself is extremely hard, past right and sense, and in my opinion it's a great mistake to suppose that the authority which is founded on force has more weight and stability than that which hangs by the link of friendliness. My system, my theory, is this: he who does his duty under the lash of punishment has no dread except in the thought of detection; if he thinks he won't be found out, back he goes to his natural bent. When you link a son to you by kindness, there is sincerity in all his acts, he sets himself to make a return, and will be the same behind your back as to your face.

hoc patriumst, potius consuefacere filium
sua sponte recte facere quam alieno metu :
hoc pater ac dominus interest. hoc qui nequit,
fateatur nescire imperare liberis.
sed estne hic ipsus, de quo agebam ? et certe is est.
nescio quid tristem video : credo, iam ut solet
iurgabit. salvom te advenire, Demea.

I. ii **gaudemus.**

*Demea* Ehem, opportune : te ipsum quaerito.

*Micio* **quid tristis es ?**

*Demea* rogas me, ubi nobis Aeschinus
siet, quid tristis ego sim ?

*Micio* dixin hoc fore ?
**quid fecit ?**

*Demea* quid ille fecerit ? quem neque pudet
quicquam nec metuit quemquam neque legem putat
tenere se ullam. nam illa quae antehac facta sunt
omitto : modo quid designavit ?

*Micio* **quid nam id est ?**

*Demea* fores ecfregit atque in aedis inruit
alienas ; ipsum dominum atque omnem familiam
mulcavit usque ad mortem ; eripuit mulierem
quam amabat : clamant omnes indignissume
factum esse. hoc advenienti quot mihi, Micio,
dixere ! in orest omni populo. denique,
si conferendum exemplumst, non fratrem videt
rei dare operam, ruri esse parcum ac sobrium ?
nullum huius simile factum. haec quom illi, Micio,
dico, tibi dico : tu illum corrumpi sinis.

*Micio* homine imperito numquam quicquam iniustiust,
qui nisi quod ipse fecit nil rectum putat.

That's the spirit of a true father, to accustom his son to do right rather by his own inclination than by fear of another, and that's the difference between the parent of sons and the owner of slaves. A man who can't do this should own that he doesn't know how to rule a gentleman's sons. Ah, is that the man I was talking of? It is. He looks a bit glum. I suppose we shall now have the usual scolding.

ENTER *Demea* AS FROM THE COUNTRY.

Glad to see you well, Demea.

*Demea* (*bluntly*) Ah, well met! you're the man I'm hunting up.

*Micio* Why are you so glum?

*Demea* A pretty question! Asking why I'm glum when we have an Aeschinus on our hands!

*Micio* (*aside*) Didn't I say so? (*aloud*) What's he done?

*Demea* Done? Ashamed of nothing, afraid of nobody, holding himself above the check of law! Of his old doings I say nothing: what is his last outrage?

*Micio* What is it?

*Demea* Broken a door-lock, forced his way into a strange house, beaten the owner and all the household almost to death, carried off the girl he loved. All the town is crying out at it as a most scandalous business. Man after man has told me of it in the streets, it's on everybody's lips. Bad enough that, and, if he wants a pattern set him, doesn't he see how his brother attends to business and leads a thrifty and sober life in the country on quite other lines? My reproaches to *him* are reproaches to *you*, Micio: it's you that let him grow debauched.

*Micio* (*calmly*) There is nothing more unjust than a man without knowledge of the world: he thinks nothing right except what he has done himself.

*Demea* quorsum istuc?

*Micio* quia tu, Demea, haec male iudicas.
non est flagitium, mihi crede, adulescentulum
scortari neque potare: non est; neque fores
ecfringere. haec si neque ego neque tu fecimus,
non siit egestas facere nos. tu nunc tibi
id laudi ducis quod tum fecisti inopia?
iniuriumst; nam si esset unde id fieret,
faceremus. et tu illum tuom, si esses homo,
sineres nunc facere, dum per aetatem licet,
potius quam, ubi te expectatum eiecisset foras,
alieniore aetate post faceret tamen.

*Demea* pro Iuppiter, tu homo adigis me ad insaniam!
non est flagitium facere haec adulescentulum?

*Micio* ah,
ausculta, ne me optundas de hac re saepius:
tuom filium dedisti adoptandum mihi;
is meus est factus: si quid peccat, Demea,
mihi peccat; ego illi maxumam partem fero.
obsonat, potat, olet unguenta: de meo;
amat: dabitur a me argentum, dum erit commodum;
ubi non erit, fortasse excludetur foras.
fores ecfregit; restituentur: discidit
vestem; resarcietur: est—dis gratia—
est unde haec fiant, et adhuc non molesta sunt.

*Demea* (*gruffly*) And the point of that observation?

*Micio* Is that you, Demea, misjudge these matters There is no heinous crime, believe me, in a stripling's having an amour or attending a drinking party. (*Demea makes a gesture of dissent*) No, there isn't. nor in his breaking a door-lock. If neither you nor I did these things, it was our poverty wouldn't let us. Do you now take credit for an abstinence which at the time was due only to lack of means? It's not just, for if we had had the wherewithal we should have done the same. And if you were flesh and blood you'd allow that son of yours to do it now, while his youth makes it reasonable, rather than have him look forward to tumbling your corpse out of doors and then at a less fitting time of life run riot for all your care.

*Demea* (*furiously*) Good God! you're a man to drive one to Bedlam! Not a heinous crime for these things to be done by a stripling?

*Micio* (*stopping his ears*) Oh! listen to me instead of stunning me by your perpetual repetitions. You gave me your son to adopt; he is become mine: if he commits an offence, Demea, it's an offence against me, the chief share in the matter is mine. His dinner parties, drinking parties, reeking of perfumes, are at my cost. He has an amour, I shall give him the money so long as it's convenient; when it isn't, possibly his mistress will shut her door against him. He has broken a door-lock, I'll send a locksmith: he has torn a man's coat, I'll send a tailor. The means for this, thank God, the means I have, and up to now it isn't irksome. To end all, either have done or else name an

postremo aut desine aut cedo quemvis arbitrum :
te plura in hac re peccare ostendam.
*Demea* ei mihi,
pater esse discе ab illis, qui vere sciunt.
*Micio* natura tu illi pater es, consiliis ego.
*Demea* tun consiliis quicquam ?
*Micio* ah, si pergis, abiero.
*Demea* sicine agis ?
*Micio* an ego totiens de eadem re audiam ?
*Demea* curaest mihi
*Micio* et mihi curaest. verum, Demea,
curemus aequam uterque partem : tu alterum,
ego item alterum ; nam ambos curare propemodum
reposcere illum est quem dedisti.
*Demea* ah, Micio !
*Micio* mihi sic videtur.
*Demea* quid istic ? si tibi istuc placet.
profundat perdat pereat, nil ad me attinet
iam si verbum unum posthac—
*Micio* rursum, Demea,
irascere ?
*Demea* an non credis ? repeton quem dedi ?
aegrest ; alienus non sum ; si obsto—em, desino.
unum vis curem : curo ; et est dis gratia,
quom ita ut volo est. iste tuos ipse sentiet
posterius . nolo in illum gravius dicere.—
*Micio* nec nil neque omnia haec sunt quae dicit : tamen
non nil molesta haec sunt mihi, sed ostendere
me aegre pati illi nolui. nam itast homo
quom placo, advorsor sedulo et deterreo,

arbitrator. I shall show that you are the worse offender in the matter.

*Demea* Man, man, learn to be a father from those who know what it is.

*Micio* You are his father by nature, but by design I am.

*Demea* (*sneering*) Design? You and design?

*Micio* Oh, if you are going on, I'm off.

*Demea* (*in remonstrance*) Is that the way you treat me?

*Micio* Am I to hear the same story over and over again?

*Demea* It touches me.

*Micio* It touches me too. But, Demea, let the concern for it be divided between us, you looking after one and I after the other. Your looking after both is as good as asking back the son you gave me.

*Demea* No, no, Micio.

*Micio* Well, *I* think so.

*Demea* Very well then. If that's your pleasure, let him squander, ruin and be ruined, it's no concern of mine. Now if ever again one single word—

*Micio* (*interrupting*) Again going into a passion, Demea?

*Demea* Don't you take my word? Do I ask back the son I gave you? It troubles me: his blood is mine. If I oppose—(*Micio makes a gesture of remonstrance*) Well, well, I have done. You wish me to look after one: so I do, and I thank God he is a son after my heart. That fellow of yours will find out some day—well, harsher words against him I won't use.

[EXIT.

*Micio* There's something in what he says, but it isn't everything. Not but what these doings annoy me, still I wouldn't let him see my vexation. This is the nature of the man: to pacify him I must

tamen vix humane patitur; verum si augeam
aut etiam adiutor sim eius iracundiae,
insaniam profecto cum illo. etsi Aeschinus
non nullam in hac re nobis facit iniuriam.
quam hic non amavit meretricem, aut quoi non dedit
aliquid? postremo nuper (credo iam omnium
taedebat) dixit velle uxorem ducere.
sperabam iam defervisse adulescentiam:
gaudebam. ecce autem de integro! nisi quidquid est,
volo scire atque hominem convenire, si apud forumst.

## ACTVS II

*Sannio* Obsecro, populares, ferte misero atque innocenti auxilium:
subvenite inopi.
*Aes.* otiose: nunciam ilico hic consiste.
quid respectas? nil periclist: numquam, dum ego adero, hic te tanget.
*Sannio* ego istam invitis omnibus . .
*Aes.* quamquamst scelestus, non committet hodie umquam iterum ut vapulet.
*Sannio* Aeschine, audi, ne te ignarum fuisse dicas meorum morum:
leno ego sum.
*Aes.* scio.
*Sannio* at ita, ut usquam fuit fide quisquam optuma.
tu quod te posterius purges, hanc iniuriam mihi nolle

earnestly thwart him and scare him off, though even that hardly brings him to human patience. Still, if I inflamed or even fell in with his passionate temper, I should surely give him another madman for company. Not but what Aeschinus does me no little wrong in this matter. His love affairs have been innumerable, and every one of them has cost a pretty penny. At last only the other day, weary, I suppose, of them all he announced a desire to marry. I hoped his hot blood had cooled down and I was delighted. And now, bless us, he starts again. But in any case I should like to know the facts and for that end to see my gentleman. He may be in the Piazza. [EXIT.

## ACT II

(*Half an hour has elapsed. Aeschinus had the night before carried off the girl to the house where he dined. He is now bringing her to Micio's house and Sannio has intercepted him. He enters with Parmeno and the girl followed by a small crowd.*)

*Sannio* In heaven's name, good people, help an unfortunate and innocent man, assist the distressed.

*Aes.* (*to the girl*) Don't be afraid, stand just there. Why look over your shoulder? There's no danger, he shall never lay a finger on you while I am by.

*Sannio* In spite of all the world, I'll—

*Aes.* Rogue as he is, he'll never make the mistake of getting a second cudgelling.

*Sannio* One word, Aeschinus. You shan't say you didn't know my character. I am a slave-dealer.

*Aes.* (*drily*) I know it.

*Sannio* But as honest a man at that as ever man was anywhere. As for your apologizing afterwards and

factam esse, huius non faciam. crede hoc. ego meum ius persequar,
neque tu verbis solves umquam, quod mihi re male feceris.
novi ego vostra haec "nollem factum: ius iurandum iniuria hac
dabitur te esse indignum," indignis quom egomet sim acceptus modis.

*Aes.* abi prae strenue ac fores aperi.

*Sannio* ceterum hoc nili facis?

*Aes.* i intro nunciam tu.

*Sannio* enim non sinam.

*Aes.* accede illuc, Parmeno;
nimium istuc abisti: hic propter hunc adsiste: em. sic volo.
cave nunciam oculos a meis oculis quoquam demoveas tuos, 170
ne mora sit, si innuerim, quin pugnus continuo in mala haereat.

*Sannio* istuc volo ergo ipsum experiri.

*Aes.* em, serva. omitte mulierem.

*Sannio* o facinus indignum!

*Aes.* geminabit nisi caves.

*Sannio* ei misero mihi!

*Aes.* non innueram; verum in istam partem potius peccato tamen.
i nunciam.—

*Sannio* quid hoc reist? regnumne, Aeschine, hic tu possides?

saying you are sorry, I shan't care that for it. (*snaps his fingers*) You may take it from me that I shall go to law for my rights, and it's not words will pay for your maltreatment of me. I know your ways: "Sorry," you'll say, "sorry; I'll take an oath you're a man it was a shame to wrong like that," and that when I have been treated in the most shameful way.

*Aes.* (*to Parmeno*) Go on, be brisk, open the door.

*Sannio* What? No regard for what I say? (*Parmeno opens the door of Micio's house*)

*Aes.* (*to the girl*) In with you straight.

*Sannio* (*getting between her and the door*) I tell you I won't have it.

*Aes.* Stand near him, Parmeno: you've got too much this way. Here, stand here close to the fellow. (*Parmeno does so*) Yes, that's right. Now take care you never take your eyes off mine, so that, if I nod to you, you may be quick and plant your fist on his jaw that very instant.

*Sannio* I should just like to see him try. (*the girl goes towards the door and Sannio clutches her*)

*Aes.* There, look out; let go the girl. (*nods to Parmeno who gives Sannio a violent blow*)

*Sannio* Shameful, shameful!

*Aes.* He'll give you another if you don't look out. (*Parmeno repeats the blow*)

*Sannio* Oh, oh!

*Aes.* I hadn't nodded but it's better to err on that side, it's true. (*to the girl*) Now in with you.

[EXEUNT THE GIRL AND *Parmeno* INTO THE HOUSE.

*Sannio* What's all this? Are you a monarch here, Aeschinus?

*Aes.* si possiderem, ornatus esses ex tuis virtutibus.
*Sannio* quid tibi rei mecumst?
*Aes.* nil.
*Sannio* quid? nostin qui sim?
*Aes.* non desidero.
*Sannio* tetigin tui quicquam?
*Aes.* si attigisses, ferres infortunium.
*Sannio* qui tibi magis licet meam habere, pro qua ego argentum dedi?
responde.
*Aes.* ante aedis non fecisse erit melius hic convicium; 180
nam si molestus pergis esse, iam intro abripiere atque ibi
usque ad necem operiere loris.
*Sannio* loris liber?
*Aes.* sic erit.
*Sannio* o hominem inpurum! hicine libertatem aiunt esse aequam omnibus?
*Aes.* si satis iam debacchatus es, leno, audi si vis nunciam.
*Sannio* egon debacchatus sum autem an tu in me?
*Aes.* mitte ista atque ad rem redi.
*Sannio* quam rem? quo redeam?
*Aes.* iamne me vis dicere id quod ad te attinet?
*Sannio* cupio, aequi modo aliquid.
*Aes.* vah, leno iniqua me non volt loqui.
*Sannio* leno sum, fateor, pernicies communis adulescentium, periurus, pestis; tamen tibi a me nulla ortast iniuria.
*Aes.* nam hercle etiam hoc restat. 190
*Sannio* illuc quaeso redi, quo coepisti, Aeschine.

*Aes.* (*drily*) If I were a monarch, you should have a place to suit your qualities.

*Sannio* What have you to do with me?

*Aes.* Nothing.

*Sannio* Do you know what sort of man I am?

*Aes.* I have no yearning for that knowledge.

*Sannio* Have I laid a finger on anything of yours?

*Aes.* If you had, you'd have been suffering for it.

*Sannio* What greater right have you to detain my girl whom I bought and paid for? Answer me that.

*Aes.* You will find it just as well not to bellow in front of the house. Ay, if you persist in your annoyance, you shall be haled in straight away and be covered with stripes till you're half dead.

*Sannio* Stripes to a free man?

*Aes.* You'll find it so.

*Sannio* Beast of a man! And this is Athens, where they say all free men are equal!

*Aes.* If you have brawled enough, master slave-dealer, now be so good as to listen.

*Sannio* Who's the brawler? I or you?

*Aes.* Drop that, come to business.

*Sannio* What business? What am I to come to?

*Aes.* Are you ready yet for me to tell you what concerns you?

*Sannio* Ready? Eager; it must be a fair proffer, though.

*Aes.* Bah! A slave-dealer and wants me to make no unfair proffer.

*Sannio* Slave-dealer I am, the common bane, I own it, of youth, liar, and nuisance; still *I* didn't start outraging *you.*

*Aes.* (*sarcastically*) Pugh! that's to come, is it?

*Sannio* Please go back to your starting point, Aeschinus.

*Aes.* minis viginti tu illam emisti (quae res tibi vortat male!):
argenti tantum dabitur.
*Sannio* quid? si ego tibi illam nolo vendere,
coges me?
*Aes.* minume.
*Sannio* namque id metui.
*Aes.* neque vendundam censeo,
quae liberast; nam ego liberali illam adsero causa manu.
nunc vide utrum vis, argentum accipere an causam meditari tuam.
delibera hoc, dum ego redeo, leno. –
*Sannio* pro supreme Iuppiter,
minume miror qui insanire occipiunt ex iniuria.
domo me eripuit, verberavit; me invito abduxit meam;
homini misero plus quingentos colaphos infregit mihi.
ob malefacta haec tantidem emptam postulat sibi tradier.
verum enim quando bene promeruit, fiat: suom ius postulat.
age iam cupio, si modo argentum reddat. sed ego hoc hariolor:
ubi me dixero dare tanti, testis faciet ilico
vendidisse me; de argento somnium: "mox; eras redi."
id quoque possum ferre, modo si reddat, quamquam iniuriumst.
verum cogito id quod res est: quando eum quaestum occeperis,
accipiunda et mussitanda iniuria adulescentiumst.
sed nemo dabit: frustra egomet mecum has rationes puto.

*Aes.* You gave a hundred pounds for her (curse on your purchase!) You shall have the sum.

*Sannio* What? If I refuse to sell, will you force me?

*Aes.* Not at all.

*Sannio* Oh, I was afraid you would.

*Aes.* And I don't think she ought to be sold, being a free woman. Yes, I enter a plea that free she is. Now then consider your choice, getting the money or getting up your case. Think it over till I come back, (*sneering*) master slave-dealer.

[EXIT INTO HIS HOUSE

*Sannio* God in heaven! I don't wonder that outrage drives men into Bedlam. He tore me out of my house, cudgelled me, carried off my girl in spite of my teeth, showered a thousand blows or more on an unhappy creature, and in requital for these enormities he demands to have the girl at cost price. (*ironically*) However in return for all his noble services to me, so be it: he has a right to be gratified. Come now, come, I am eager for it, if only he would pay me. But I talk like a fool. As soon as I agree to the price he will have witnesses to prove that I have sold her and the money will be moonshine. "I'll pay you before long, come again to-morrow." Even that I could put up with, provided he does pay, outrage though it is. But I face facts: when you set up in my line, you must receive and pocket outrages from young men. Still here nobody will pay me, so these private calculations are all beside the mark.

*Syrus* Tace, egomet conveniam ipsum: cupide accipiat
II. ii iam faxo ac bene
dicat secum etiam esse actum. quid istuc, Sannio,
est quod te audio
nescio quid concertasse cum ero?
*Sannio* numquam vidi iniquius
certationem comparatam, quam haec hodie inter
nos fuit:
ego vapulando, ille verberando, usque ambo defessi
sumus.
*Syrus* tua culpa.
*Sannio* quid facerem?
*Syrus* adulescenti morem gestum oportuit.
*Sannio* qui potui melius, qui hodie usque os praebui?
*Syrus* age, scis quid loquar?
pecuniam in loco neclegere maxumum interdumst
lucrum. hui,
metuisti, si nunc de tuo iure concessisses paululum,
adulescenti esses morigeratus, hominum homo stul-
tissume,
ne non tibi istuc faeneraret.
*Sannio* ego spem pretio non emo.
*Syrus* numquam rem facies: abi, inescare nescis homines,
Sannio.
*Sannio* credo istuc melius esse; verum ego numquam adeo
astutus fui,
quin quidquid possem mallem auferre potius in praesentia.
*Syrus* age, novi tuom animum: quasi iam usquam tibi sint
viginti minae,
dum huic obsequare. praeterea autem te aiunt
proficisci Cyprum,
*Sannio* hem.
*Syrus* coemisse hinc quae illuc veheres multa, navem con-
ductam: hoc, scio,

ENTER *Syrus* FROM *Micio's* HOUSE.

*Syrus* (*to Aeschinus within*) No more, Sir: I'll see him in person, I'll soon make him eager to treat and say he has been well treated besides. (*comes forward*) What's this I hear, Sannio, of your having a bit of a fight with my master?

*Sannio* The unfairest match that ever I saw, that between us to-day. I taking, he giving, a drubbing, we're both fairly worn out.

*Syrus* It was your fault.

*Sannio* What ought I to have done?

*Syrus* Humoured him, being he's young.

*Sannio* How could I better, man? Why, I let him hit me on the mouth.

*Syrus* Come now, do you know what I say about it? Slighting money at the right moment is sometimes the way to make it. Phew! you were afraid that if you gave up an inch or two of your rights and humoured our young gentleman, you silliest of all silly fellows, that it wouldn't come back to you with interest.

*Sannio* Pay cash for expectations? Not I.

*Syrus* You'll never make your fortune. Go along with you, you don't know the baits to catch men with, Sannio.

*Sannio* (*ironically*) No doubt yours is the better way, but I never had sharpness enough not to prefer all I could get on the nail.

*Syrus* Come, I know your spirit. Surely a hundred pounds is neither here nor there to you if you can oblige our man. Besides, they tell me you're bound on a voyage to Cyprus.

*Sannio* (*aside*) The devil!

*Syrus* That you've got together a pile of purchases to

animus tibi pendet. ubi illinc, spero, redieris tamen, hoc ages.

*Sannio* nusquam pedem. perii hercle: hac illi spe hoc inceperunt.

*Syrus* timet:

inieci scrupulum homini.

*Sannio* o scelera: illud vide,

ut in ipso articulo oppressit. emptae mulieres complures et item hinc alia quae porto Cyprum. 230

nisi eo ad mercatum venio, damnum maximumst.

nunc si hoc omitto ac tum agam ubi illinc rediero,

nil est: refrixerit res: "nunc demum venis?

quor passu's? ubi eras?" ut sit satius perdere

quam aut nunc manere tam diu aut tum persequi.

*Syrus* iamne enumerasti id quod ad te rediturum putes?

*Sannio* hocine illo dignumst? hocine incipere Aeschinum,

per oppressionem ut hanc mi eripere postulet?

*Syrus* labascit. unum hoc habeo: vide si satis placet:

potius quam venias in periclum, Sannio, 240

servesne an perdas totum, dividuom face;

minas decem conradet alicunde.

*Sannio* ei mihi,

etiam de sorte nunc venio in dubium miser?

pudet nil? omnis dentis labefecit mihi,

praeterea colaphis tuber est totum caput:

etiam insuper defraudat? nusquam abeo.

*Syrus* ut lubet.

take there and chartered a merchantman. I'm sure this puts you in two minds between this and that. Anyhow, when you are come back you'll attend, I hope, to this.

*Sannio* Not a step do I budge. (*aside*) Damnation! that was the hope that set 'em on this.

*Syrus* (*aside*) He's frightened: grit in his shoes!

*Sannio* (*aside*) The scoundrels! Look at that now, he's hit me on the very joint. I've bought a shipload of women and other goods here to export to Cyprus. If I'm too late for the fair, it's a devil of a loss. If I drop this business now and take it up again when I get back, it's no go, it will be a frost. The court will say "What? After all this time? Why did you put up with it? Where have you been?" In fact I'd better lose it than either stop here ever so long or go into court so late.

*Syrus* Reckoned up yet what you may count your gain?

*Sannio* Is this conduct worthy of the party? A gentleman like Aeschinus scheming to get the girl from me by a surprise attack?

*Syrus* (*aside*) He's on the seesaw. (*aloud*) I've only one word more, see if it satisfies you. Rather than take the hazard of getting or losing the whole, halve it, Sannio. Fifty pounds he'll scrape up from somewhere or other.

*Sannio* Good heavens! is a poor wretch put in doubt about his principal even? Is your man utterly shameless? He's loosened every tooth in my head, beside my skull being all swellings from his blows, and on the top of it all is he to cheat me? (*stamping his foot*) Here I stop.

*Syrus* (*turning to go*) As you please. Anything more I can do for you before leaving you?

num quid vis quin abeam ?

*Sannio* immo hercle hoc quaeso, Syre :
utut haec sunt acta, potius quam litis sequar,
meum mihi reddatur, saltem quanti emptast, Syre.
scio te antehac non esse usum amicitia mea :
memorem me dices esse et gratum.

*Syrus* sedulo
faciam. sed Ctesiphonem video : laetus est
de amica.

*Sannio* quid quod te oro ?

*Syrus* paulisper mane.

*Cte.* Abs quivis homine, quom est opus, beneficium
H.iii accipere gaudeas ;
verum enim vero id demum iuvat, si quem aequomst
facere is bene facit.
o frater frater, quid ego nunc te laudem ? satis certo scio :
numquam ita magnifice quicquam dicam, id virtus
quin superet tua.
itaque unam hanc rem me habere praeter alios
praecipuam arbitror,
fratrem homini nemini esse primarum artium magis
principem.

*Syrus* o Ctesipho.

*Cte.* o Syre, Aeschinus ubist ?

*Syrus* ellum, te expectat domi.

*Cte.* hem.

*Syrus* quid est ?

*Cte.* quid sit ? illius opera, Syre, nunc vivo. festivom caput,
qui quom omnia sibi post putarit esse prae meo commodo,
maledicta, famam, meum laborem et peccatum in
se transtulit.
nil pote supra. quidnam foris crepuit ?

*Syrus* mane, mane : ipse exit foras.

*Sannio* No, no, hang it! please, Syrus, please. Never mind how I've been treated, rather than go to law let me have my own repaid me, cost price anyhow, Syrus. (*wheedling*) I know you've had no tokens of my friendship up to now: (*giving him moneys*) you shall have cause to say that I don't forget and am grateful.

*Syrus* I'll put my back into it. Ah, here comes Ctesipho: he's in joy about his mistress.

*Sannio* But about my request?

*Syrus* One moment.

ENTER *Ctesipho* IN RAPTURES.

*Cte.* (*not seeing the others*) To get a good thing from anyone, when you want it, may give you joy, but the only real delight is when your benefactor is the right man. O brother, brother mine, how can I find words to praise you? This I am sure of, my most splendid phrases must fall short of your goodness. So there's one thing in which I think I take first place of all: there isn't a man with a brother such a complete master in every good quality.

*Syrus* (*coming forward*) You, Sir, is it?

*Cte.* Oh Syrus, where is Aeschinus?

*Syrus* At home there, waiting for you.

*Cte.* (*ecstatically*) Oh heaven!

*Syrus* What do you mean?

*Cte.* Don't you know? O Syrus, it's his doing that I'm now alive. A pearl of a man! Why he sacrificed all his interests to mine: the hard words, the disrepute, my trouble and offence, he took 'em all on himself. It's beyond anything. Why's the door on the move? (*turns to go*)

*Syrus* Stop, stop, it's your brother himself.

II. iv

*Aes.* Ubist ille sacrilegus?

*Sannio* me quaerit. num quidnam ecfert? occidi: nil video.

*Aes.* ehem opportune: te ipsum quaero: quid fit, Ctesipho? in tutost omnis res: omitte vero tristitiem tuam.

*Cte.* ego illam hercle vero omitto, qui quidem te habeam fratrem: o mi Aeschine,
o mi germane! ah, vereor coram in os te laudare amplius,
ne id adsentandi magis quam quo habeam gratum facere existumes.

*Aes.* age inepte, quasi nunc non norimus nos inter nos, Ctesipho.
hoc mihi dolet, nos sero rescisse et rem paene in eum locum
redisse, ut si omnes cuperent tibi nil possent auxiliarier.

*Cte.* pudebat.

*Aes.* ah, stultitiast istaec, non pudor. tam ob parvolam rem paene e patria! turpe dictu. deos quaeso ut istaec prohibeant.

*Cte.* peccavi.

*Aes.* quid ait tandem nobis Sannio?

*Syrus* iam mitis est.

*Aes.* ego ad forum ibo, ut hunc absolvam; tu intro ad illam, Ctesipho.

*Sannio* Syre, insta.

*Syrus* eamus; namque hic properat in Cyprum.

*Sannio* non tam quidem,
quam vis: etiam maneo otiosus hic.

*Syrus* reddetur: ne time.

ENTER *Aeschinus.*

*Aes.* Where's that piece of impiety?

*Sannio* (*starting forward*) It's me he means. Anything in his hand? Damn! I can't see anything.

*Aes.* (*to Ctesipho*) Ah, well met: I was looking for you. How goes it Ctesipho? All's secure: no more of your glum looks!

*Cte.* No more indeed, by Jove no, with a brother like you. My dear Aeschinus, my true brother! Oh, I dare not praise you more to your face; you might take it for flattery else instead of gratitude.

*Aes.* Silly boy! Surely at this time we know one another, Ctesipho. What pains me is that on this side the discovery was so late and things were almost come to the pass where the best will of the whole world couldn't have helped you.

*Cte.* (*bashfully*) I was too modest.

*Aes.* Folly, dear boy, not modesty. A trifle like that almost make you flee the country? Scandalous! God forbid such a thing!

*Cte.* I was wrong.

*Aes.* (*to Syrus*) Pray, what says our friend Sannio.

*Syrus* He's tamed down.

*Aes.* I'm going to the Piazza to pay him. In with you, Ctesipho, to your love.

[EXIT *Ctesipho* INTO THE HOUSE.

*Sannio* (*aside to Syrus*) Press it, Syrus.

*Syrus* (*airily*) Let's be off: our friend's for Cyprus and in haste. (*teasing him*)

*Sannio* (*angrily*) Not so much as you want. I've plenty of time and here I stop.

*Syrus* You shall be paid, never fear.

*Sannio* at ut omne reddat.
*Syrus* omne reddet; tace modo ac sequere hac.
*Sannio* sequor.—
*Cte.* heus heus, Syre.
*Syrus* quid est?
*Cte.* obsecro te hercle, hominem istum impurissumum quam primum absolvitote, ne, si magis inritatus siet, aliqua ad patrem hoc permanet atque ego tum perpetuo perierim.
*Syrus* non fiet, bono animo es: tu cum illa te intus oblecta interim
et lectulos iube sterni nobis et parari cetera.
ego iam transacta re convortam me domum cum obsonio.
*Cte.* ita quaeso. quando hoc bene successit, hilare hunc sumamus diem.

## ACTVS III

*So.* Obsecro, mea nutrix, quid nunc fiet?
*Can.* quid fiat rogas?
recte edepol spero. modo dolores, mea tu, occipiunt primulum.
iam nunc times, quasi numquam adfueris, numquam tute pepereris?
*So.* miseram me, neminem habeo, solae sumus; Geta autem hic non adest;
nec quem ad obstetricem mittam, nec qui accersat Aeschinum.

*Sannio* But will he pay in full?

*Syrus* He'll pay in full. Only hold your tongue and go along with him.

*Sannio* I'm with you. [EXEUNT *Aeschinus* AND *Sannio*. *Syrus* IS FOLLOWING WHEN *Ctesipho* REAPPEARS AT THE DOOR

*Cte.* Hi, hi, Syrus!

*Syrus* (*stopping*) What's the matter?

*Cte.* In heaven's name pay that beast of a man as soon as possible, else, if his rage increases, it may leak through by some channel to my father and then I'm ruined for good and all.

*Syrus* It won't: courage, Sir! Enjoy yourself with the lady indoors and have dinner laid for us and so or.. As soon as the business is settled I shall come back with the fish and vegetables.

*Cte.* Please do: as things have gone so well with us let us make merry for the day.

[GOES BACK INTO THE HOUSE EXIT *Syrus*.

## ACT III

(*About a quarter of an hour has elapsed.*)

ENTER *Sostrata* FROM HER HOUSE WITH *Canthara*.

*So.* Nurse, dear nurse, how will it go with her?

*Can* Go with her? Quite well, I warrant you. (*looking towards the house*) My poor dear, your first throes are just beginning. (*turning to Sostrata*) Afraid now, as though you'd never been present at a childbirth or borne a child yourself.

*So.* Oh dear, we have no friend, we have only ourselves. And then Geta is out and there's no one to send for the midwife or fetch Aeschinus.

*Can.* pol is quidem iam hic aderit; nam numquam unum intermittit diem
quin semper veniat.
*So.* solus mearum miseriarumst remedium.
*Can.* e re nata melius fieri haud potuit quam factumst. era,
quando vitium oblatumst, quod ad illum attinet potissumum,
talem, tali ingenio atque animo, natum ex tanta familia.
*So.* ita pol est ut dicis: salvos nobis deos quaeso ut siet.
*Geta* Nunc illud est, quom, si omnia omnes sua consilia
III.ii conferant
atque huic malo salutem quaerant, auxili nil adferant,
quod mihique eraeque filiaeque erilist. vae misero mihi!
tot res repente circumvallant se unde emergi non potest:
vis egestas iniustitia solitudo infamia.
hocine saeclum! o scelera, o genera sacrilega, o hominem inpium!
*So.* me miseram, quidnam est quod sic video timidum et properantem Getam?
*Geta* quem neque fides neque ius iurandum neque illum misericordia
repressit neque reflexit neque quod partus instabat prope,
quoi miserae indigne per vim vitium obtulerat.
*So.* non intellego
satis quae loquitur.
*Can.* propius obsecro accedamus, Sostrata.
*Geta* ah
me miserum, vix sum compos animi, ita ardeo iracundia.
nil est quod malim quam illam totam familiam dari mi obviam,

*Can.* Bless you, he'll be here in a minute: he never misses a day, he always comes.

*So.* He's my only stay in my troubles.

*Can.* Considering the circumstances things are as well as they could be, Ma'am. It's well the lover was a man like that, such a character and such a good heart, and of such a high family too.

*So.* Indeed he is what you call him: Heaven preserve him to us!

ENTER *Geta* IN MUCH EXCITEMENT.

*Geta* (*pacing up and down and not seeing the others*) Now it's come to this that if all the world put all their heads together to find a way out of this trouble, they couldn't help us the least bit, trouble to me and my mistress and my mistress's daughter. Lord deliver us! a bristling wall of evils and not a way over it! Violence, poverty, wickedness, helplessness, disgrace! What a world! Oh the sins of it, the tribes of impiety, the unnatural wretch!

*So.* (*aside to Canthara*) Mercy on us, why is Geta so terrified and so agitated?

*Geta* (*as before*) His honour, his oath, compassion, not one of them kept him or turned him back, not even the throes, so near at hand, of the poor lady whom he had so shamefully and violently outraged.

*So.* (*as before*) I can't quite follow what he says.

*Can.* Let us go nearer, Ma'am, pray. (*they come more forward*)

*Geta* (*as before*) Heavens! I'm almost off my head, I'm such a blaze of passion. There's nothing I should like better than to have that whole household put in front of me so as to disgorge all my fury on them

ut ego hanc iram in eos evomam omnem, dum aegritudo haec est recens. 312
seni animam primum exstinguerem ipsi, qui illud produxit scelus; 314
tum autem Syrum inpulsorem, vah, quibus illum lacerarem modis!
sublimem medium arriperem et capite pronum in terra statuerem,
ut cerebro dispergat viam.
adulescenti ipsi eriperem oculos, post haec praecipitem darem.
ceteros ruerem agerem raperem tunderem et prosternerem.
sed cesso eram hoc malo inpertire propere? 320

*So.* revocemus: Geta.
*Geta* hem,
quisquis es, sine me.
*So.* ego sum Sostrata.
*Geta* ubi east? te ipsam quaerito,
te expecto; oppido opportune te obtulisti mi obviam.
era . .
*So.* quid est? quid trepidas?
*Geta* ei m'!
*Can.* quid festinas, mi Geta?
animam recipe.
*Geta* prorsus .
*So.* quid istuc "prorsus" ergost?
*Geta* periimus.
actumst.
*So.* eloquere, obsecro te, quid sit?
*Geta* iam . .
*So.* quid "iam," Geta?

while the smart is fresh. First I'd crush the breath out of the old man, the master, him that brought the monster up. Then as for Syrus who set him on, God! how I'd mangle *him*! I'd catch him by the waist, lift him up, and dash his skull right on the ground to scatter his brains over the pavement. For the young man I'd tear out his eyes and then hurl him over a precipice. The rest of 'em I'd knock down, worry to bits, trample and crush under my feet. But why don't I hurry and tell the mistress about this disaster? (*moves towards the door*)

*So.* (*behind him*) Let's call him back. Geta!

*Geta* No, I shan't stop whoever you are.

*So.* It's me, Sostrata.

*Geta* (*turning round*) Where? Oh, I've been looking for you, seeking for you, Ma'am. Very lucky you met me. Ma'am—(*hesitates*)

*So.* What's the matter? Why are you panting?

*Geta* Oh dear!

*Can.* Why so excited, my dear Geta? Get your breath back.

*Geta* We are utterly—(*hesitates*)

*So.* Utterly what, then?

*Geta* Undone: all's over.

*So.* For heaven's sake explain

*Geta* Now—(*hesitates*)

*So.* "Now" what, Geta?

*Geta* Aeschinus . .
*So.* quid is ergo ?
*Geta* alienus est ab nostra familia.
*So.* hem,
perii. qua re ?
*Geta* amare occepit aliam.
*So.* vae miserae mihi !
*Geta* neque id occulte fert, a lenone ipsus eripuit palam.
*So.* satine hoc certumst ?
*Geta* certum. hisce oculis egomet vidi, Sostrata.
*So.* ah,
me miseram ! quid iam credas ? aut quoi credas ? nostrumne Aeschinum,
nostram vitam omnium, in quo nostrae spes opesque omnes sitae
erant ? qui sine hac iurabat se unum numquam victurum diem ?
qui se in sui gremio positurum puerum dicebat patris,
ita obsecraturum ut liceret hanc sibi uxorem ducere ?
*Geta* era, lacrumas mitte ac potius quod ad hanc rem opus est porro prospice :
patiamurne an narremus quoipiam ?
*Can.* au au, mi homo, sanun es ?
an hoc proferendum tibi videtur usquam ?
*Geta* mihi quidem non placet.
iam primum illum alieno animo a nobis esse res ipsa indicat.
nunc si hoc palam proferimus, ille infitias ibit, sat scio :
tua fama et gnatae vita in dubium veniet. tum si maxume
fateatur, quom amet aliam, non est utile hanc illi dari.

*Geta* Aeschinus—

*So.* What of Aeschinus?

*Geta* —has cut himself off from our family.

*So.* What? Heaven save us! (*buries her face in her hands*) Ah, why?

*Geta* He's fallen in love with some one else.

*So.* Heaven help me!

*Geta* And makes no secret of it, carried her off himself from a slave-dealer's with no concealment.

*So.* Are you quite sure of it?

*Geta* Quite. I saw it myself, Ma'am.

*So.* (*crying bitterly*) Unhappy woman that I am! What is one to believe any longer? Whom can one trust? What, our Aeschinus, the life of all of us, on whom all our hopes and chances lay? He who swore that without my daughter he wouldn't live a single day? He who said he would put his baby in his father's arms and thus implore his leave to marry her?

*Geta* Stop weeping, Ma'am; rather look to the future and see what we must do. Are we to sit down under it or tell the facts to some one?

*Can.* Gracious goodness, man alive, are you in your senses? Do you think it ought to be disclosed anywhere?

*Geta* No, I don't for one. In the first place the facts show that he is estranged from us: now, if we disclose the thing, he'll deny it, I'm sure of that; consequently your good name, Ma'am, and your daughter's life will fall into hazard. What's more, even if he owned up to the full, as he's in love with some one else, it would be a bad thing for her to be married to him. So, take it as you will, we must hold our tongues.

quapropter quoquo pacto tacitost opus.

*So.* ah, minume gentium :
non faciam.

*Geta* quid ages ?

*So.* proferam.

*Can.* hem, mea Sostrata, vide quam rem agas.

*So.* peiore res loco non potis est esse quam in quo nunc sitast.
primum indotatast ; tum praeterea, quae secunda ei dos erat,
periit : pro virgine dari nuptum non potest. hoc relicuomst :
si infitias ibit, testis mecum est anulus quem amiserat.
postremo quando ego conscia mihi sum a me culpam esse hanc procul
neque pretium neque rem ullam intercessisse illa aut me indignam, Geta,
experiar.

*Geta* quid istic ? cedo ut melius dicis.

*So.* tu quantum potes
abi atque Hegioni cognato eius rem enarrato omnem ordine ;
nam is nostro Simulo fuit summus et nos coluit maxume.

*Geta* nam hercle alius nemo respicit nos.

*So.* propera tu, mea Canthara,
curre, obstetricem accerse, ut quom opus sit ne in mora nobis siet.

*Demea* Disperii ! Ctesiphonem audivi filium
I7I. iii una fuisse in raptione cum Aeschino.
id misero restat mihi mali, si illum potest,
qui aliquoi reist etiam, eum ad nequitiem adducere.

*So.* No, no, not for the world : I won't.

*Geta* What shall you do ?

*So.* Disclose it.

*Can.* Oh dear, my dear lady, are you sure what you are about ?

*So.* Things can't be in a worse position than they are now. In the first place she has no dowry : next what's worse, that which was next best to a dowry is lost. She can't be married with an untarnished name. There's only one way left : if he denies the fact, I have a witness in the ring which he let drop. Lastly as my conscience tells me that with this fault I have no connexion and that there has been no payment of money or anything else unfitting my daughter or me, Geta, I will go to court.

*Geta* Very well, Ma'am, I give in, your suggestion is the better.

*So.* Off with you quick as you can and give her kinsman Hegio a full account of the facts. He was my poor dear Simulus's nearest friend and has always been most attentive to us.

*Geta* (*bitterly*) Most indeed ! There's no one else regards us at all. [EXIT.

*So.* Now, dear Canthara, make haste, run and call the midwife that she may be at hand when she's wanted.

[EXEUNT, *Sostrata* INTO HER HOUSE, *Canthara* DOWN THE STREET.

ENTER *Demea* MUCH AGITATED.

*Demea* Death and destruction ! I have learnt that Ctesipho had a hand with Aeschinus in this affray. It's the crown of my miseries if the son who is still good for something can be enticed by the other into debauchery. Where am I to look for the boy ?

ubi ego illum quaeram ? credo abductum in ganeum
aliquo : persuasit ille inpurus, sat scio.
sed eccum Syrum ire video : iam hinc scibo ubi siet.
atque hercle hic de grege illost : si me senserit
eum quaeritare, numquam dicet carnufex.
non ostendam id me velle.

*Syrus* omnem rem modo seni
quo pacto haberet enarramus ordine :
nil quicquam vidi laetius.

*Demea* pro Iuppiter,
hominis stultitiam !

*Syrus* conlaudavit filium :
mihi, qui id dedissem consilium, egit gratias.

*Demea* disrumpor .

*Syrus* argentum adnumeravit ilico ;
dedit praeterea in sumptum dimidium minae ;
id distributum sane est ex sententia.

*Demea* hem,
huic mandes, si quid recte curatum velis.

*Syrus* ehem Demea, haud aspexeram te. quid agitur ?

*Demea* quid agatur ? vostram nequeo mirari satis rationem.

*Syrus* est hercle inepta ; ne dicam dolo,
absurda. pisces ceteros purga, Dromo ;
gongrum istum maxumum in aqua sinito ludere
tantisper : ubi ego rediero, exossabitur ;
prius nolo.

*Demea* haecin flagitia ?

*Syrus* mi quidem non placent
et clamo saepe. salsamenta haec, Stephanio,

Drawn, I suppose, into some home of iniquity, allured by that profligate, that I'm sure of! Ah here comes Syrus: he'll tell me at once where he is. Yet, by heaven, he's one of that gang. If he smells out that I'm on the hunt for him, he'll never tell me, the villain.

ENTER *Syrus* CARRYING A FISHBASKET.

I won't let out my wishes.

*Syrus* (*making as if he did not see Demea*) I've just told this whole story to our old gentleman, every point in it as it fell out. I never saw a body more delighted.

*Demea* (*aside*) Powers above us! what a fool of a man!

*Syrus* (*as before*) He praised his son to the skies, and me he thanked for having given him that advice.

*Demea* (*aside*) I burst with rage.

*Syrus* The coins he counted down on the spot, and gave me a couple of sovereigns besides for an entertainment: *that* I've laid out quite satisfactorily. (*looking into the basket*)

*Demea* (*aside*) See there! This is the fellow for a commission, if you want it rightly executed. (*comes forward*)

*Syrus* (*pretending surprise*) O Sir, I didn't see you were there. What's going on?

*Demea* Going on? I can't enough wonder at the management of you people.

*Syrus* Yes on my word, Sir, it is silly; to be frank with you it's ridiculous. (*goes to the door and hands in the basket*) Gut these fish, Dromo, except the biggest conger, let that play in the water for a bit; when I come back it shall be filleted, not before, mind.

*Demea* Perfectly scandalous!

*Syrus* (*turning round*) It doesn't satisfy me either, Sir: I often protest. (*turning again to the door*) Those salt fish, Stephanio, see they're properly soaked.

fac macerentur pulchre.

*Demea* di vostram fidem,
utrum studione id sibi habet an laudi putat
fore, si perdiderit gnatum? vae misero mihi!
videre videor iam diem illum, quom hinc egens
profugiet aliquo militatum.

*Syrus* o Demea,
istuc est sapere, non quod ante pedes modost
videre sed etiam illa quae futura sunt
prospicere.

*Demea* quid? istaec iam penes vos psaltriast?

*Syrus* ellam intus.

*Demea* eho, an domist habiturus?

*Syrus* credo, ut est
dementia.

*Demea* haecin fieri!

*Syrus* inepta lenitas
patris et facilitas prava.

*Demea* fratris me quidem
pudet pigetque.

*Syrus* nimium inter vos, Demea,
(non quia ades praesens dico hoc) pernimium interest.
tu, quantus quantu's, nil nisi sapientia es,
ille somnium. num sineres vero illum tuom
facere haec?

*Demea* sinerem illum? aut non sex totis mensibus
prius olfecissem quam ille quicquam coeperet?

*Syrus* vigilantiam tuam tu mihi narras?

*Demea* sic sict
modo ut nunc est, quaeso.

*Syrus* ut quisque suom volt esse, itast.

*Demea* quid eum? vidistin hodie?

*Syrus* tuomne filium?

*Demea* Good heavens! does he do it on purpose or think it will be a credit to him if he ruins the boy? Lord help me! I think I see the day when he will flee the country a beggar and enter some foreign service.

*Syrus* (*mockingly*) Ah Sir, that is indeed wisdom, not only seeing what is in front of your nose but foreseeing what is to come.

*Demea* Here you, is that cithern-girl still in your house?

*Syrus* That's what she is, Sir.

*Demea* Lord bless us! is he to keep her there at home?

*Syrus* I suppose so: there's lunacy enough for it.

*Demea* Incredible!

*Syrus* His father's foolish mildness, Sir, so easy-going, quite wicked.

*Demea* I am sick and ashamed of my brother.

*Syrus* The difference between you, Sir (it's not because you are on the spot that I say it), the enormous difference! You, Sir, from top to toe (*bowing low*) are nothing but wisdom, he's a dotard. You wouldn't have been likely to let that son of yours do such things, would you now?

*Demea* Let him? Shouldn't I have smelt it out six months before he started anything?

*Syrus* *You* talk to *me* of your all-aliveness? Really now, Sir!

*Demea* My only prayer is that he may remain what he is now.

*Syrus* Each of you finds his son what he would like him to be.

*Demea* What of my son? Have you seen him to-day?

*Syrus* Your son, Sir! (*aside*) I'll pack the old boy into the

abigam hunc rus. iam dudum aliquid ruri agere arbitror.

*Demea* satin scis ibi esse?

*Syrus* oh, qui egomet produxi.

*Demea* optumest: metui ne haereret hic.

*Syrus* atque iratum admodum.

*Demea* quid autem?

*Syrus* adortust iurgio fratrem apud forum de psaltria ista.

*Demea* ain vero?

*Syrus* vah, nil reticuit. nam ut numerabatur forte argentum, intervenit homo de improviso: coepit clamare "Aeschine, haecin flagitia facere te! haec te admittere indigna genere nostro!"

*Demea* oh, lacrumo gaudio!

*Syrus* "non tu hoc argentum perdis, sed vitam tuam." 410

*Demea* salvos sit! spero, est similis maiorum suom.

*Syrus* hui.

*Demea* Syre, praeceptorum plenust istorum ille.

*Syrus* phy. domi habuit unde disceret.

*Demea* fit sedulo: nil praetermitto; consuefacio; denique inspicere tamquam in speculum in vitas omnium iubeo atque ex aliis sumere exemplum sibi: "hoc facito."

*Syrus* recte sane.

*Demea* "hoc fugito."

*Syrus* callide.

*Demea* "hoc laudist."

*Syrus* istaec res est.

*Demea* "hoc vitio datur."

country. (*aloud*) I think he's been some time in the country on some farm job.

*Demea* Are you sure he's there?

*Syrus* Oh yes, Sir: I walked out with him myself.

*Demea* Good; I was afraid he was hanging about here.

*Syrus* And a pretty temper he was in.

*Demea* What about?

*Syrus* He attacked his brother with hard words in the Piazza about that cithern-girl.

*Demea* (*delighted*) Really?

*Syrus* Dear me, yes, he didn't mince matters. Just as the money was counting out, up comes our gentleman unexpectedly and cries out "O Aeschinus, *you* to do such wicked things! *You* to bring disgrace upon the family."

*Demea* Oh, it makes me weep for joy.

*Syrus* "It's not money you're squandering, it's your life."

*Demea* Bless him, bless him! The good old blood comes out.

*Syrus* Good indeed!

*Demea* Syrus, he's full of those maxims, my boy is.

*Syrus* No wonder, Sir: he had some one at home to learn from.

*Demea* I'm a zealous teacher, never let a point slide, train him to it. In fine I tell him to look into all men's ways of living as into a looking-glass, and draw from others a model for himself. "Do this" I say.

*Syrus* Very right and proper.

*Demea* "Avoid that."

*Syrus* A skilful lesson.

*Demea* "That is a credit to you."

*Syrus* Hits the nail.

*Demea* "That is reprehensible."

*Syrus* probissume.
*Demea* porro autem. . .
*Syrus* non hercle otiumst
nunc mi auscultandi. piscis ex sententia
nactus sum: ei mihi ne corrumpantur cautiost.
nam id nobis tam flagitiumst quam illa, Demea,
non facere vobis quae modo dixti; et quod queo
conservis ad eundem istunc praecipio modum:
"hoc salsumst, hoc adustumst, hoc lautumst parum";
illud recte: iterum sic memento." sedulo
moneo quae possum pro mea sapientia:
postremo tamquam in speculum in patinas, Demea,
inspicere iubeo et moneo quid facto usus sit.
aequa haec esse nos quae facimus sentio;
verum quid facias? ut homost, ita morem geras.
num quid vis?
*Demea* mentem vobis meliorem dari.
*Syrus* tu rus hinc ibis?
*Demea* recta.
*Syrus* nam quid tu hic agas,
ubi si quid bene praecipias, nemo obtemperet?—
*Demea* ego vero hinc abeo, quando is quam ob rem huc veneram
rus abiit: illum curo unum, illi ad me attinet:
quando ita volt frater, de istoc ipse viderit.
sed quis illic est quem video procul? estne Hegio
tribulis noster? si satis cerno, is est hercle. vah,
homo amicus nobis iam inde a puero: o di boni,
ne illius modi iam nobis magna civium
penuriast antiqua virtute ac fide!
haud cito mali quid ortum ex hoc sit publice.

*Syrus* Perfect.

*Demea* Then moreover—

*Syrus* (*interrupting*) Lord, Sir, I haven't time to listen at the moment. I have hit on a good bargain in fish and must see they're not spoiled in the cooking. Yes, it's just as much a sin in us servants not to do this as it is in you masters, Sir, not to do what you said just now, and as far as I can I school my fellow servants after that same pattern of yours. (*imitating Demea*) "That's too salt," I say, "that's roasted to a cinder, that's not properly cleaned; that one's right, remember to do like that again." I'm a zealous teacher up to my lights. Lastly I tell 'em to look into the dishes as into a looking-glass, Sir, and I teach 'em what ought to be done. Silly enough these doings of ours I'm aware, but what can one do? As a man's made, so you should humour him. Anything more I can do for you, Sir?

*Demea* (*gruffly*) Get yourself supplied with a better mind.

*Syrus* You'll be off to the country, Sir?

*Demea* Straight away.

*Syrus* Yes, what should you do in town where your good instructions fall on deaf ears? [EXIT INTO THE HOUSE.

*Demea* Off to the country? I should think so, as the boy I came about is off there already. He is my sole care, he is my possession. As my brother so desires it, let him look to the other fellow himself. But who's that down the street? Is it my connexion Hegio? If my eyes speak truth, Hegio it certainly is. Ah, a man who has been a friend of ours from a boy. Bless us all, we have a sore lack of men of that stamp, men of the old worth and honour. It would be long before any harm to the country grew out of *him*. What a pleasure to see him! When I look

quam gaudeo! ubi etiam huius generis reliquias
restare video, ah, vivere etiam nunc lubet.
opperiar hominem hic, ut salutem et conloquar.
*Hegio* Pro di inmortales, facinus indignum, Geta!
III.iv quid narras?
*Geta* sic est factum.
*Hegio* ex illan familia
tam inliberale facinus esse ortum! Aeschine,
pol haud paternum istuc dedisti! 450
*Demea* videlicet
de psaltria hac audivit: id illi nunc dolet
alieno, pater eius nili pendit. ei mihi,
utinam hic prope adesset alicubi atque audiret haec!
*Hegio* nisi facient quae illos aequomst, haud sic auferent.
*Geta* in te spes omnis, Hegio, nobis sitast:
te solum habemus, tu es patronus, tu pater:
ille tibi moriens nos commendavit senex:
si deseris tu, periimus.
*Hegio* cave dixeris:
neque faciam neque me satis pie posse arbitror
*Demea* adibo. salvere Hegionem plurimum 460
iubeo.
*Hegio* oh, te quaerebam ipsum: salve, Demea.
*Demea* quid autem?
*Hegio* maior filius tuos Aeschinus,
quem fratri adoptandum dedisti, neque boni
neque liberalis functus officiumst viri.
*Demea* quid istuc est?
*Hegio* nostrum amicum noras Simulum
aequalem?
*Demea* quid ni?
*Hegio* filiam eius virginem

on the remains of that breed still among us, ah there's joy in life yet. I'll stop to greet him and talk with him.

ENTER *Hegio* AND *Geta* IN CONVERSATION.

*Hegio* (*not seeing Demea*) Great heavens! a monstrous act, Geta: can it be so?

*Geta* It's a fact, Sir.

*Hegio* That house the source of such an ungentlemanly action! Aeschinus, Aeschinus, I swear you've not trodden in your father's steps.

*Demea* (*aside*) Obviously he has heard about this citherngirl. It's painful to him though he's a stranger in blood, the father doesn't care a jot. Dear, dear, I wish he'd been by somewhere to hear this.

*Hegio* If they don't take the righteous line, they shan't carry it off like this.

*Geta* Oh Sir, all our hope rests on you, there's no one else, you are her champion, her father. My old master entrusted us to you with his last breath: if you forsake us, we are undone.

*Hegio* Don't name it: I won't do it: I should think myself deaf to the call of affection.

*Demea* (*aside*) I will go up to him. (*aloud, coming forward*) The best of health to you, Hegio.

*Hegio* (*coldly*) Ah, the very man I was looking for. Good day to you, Demea.

*Demea* You were looking for me?

*Hegio* Yes. Your elder son Aeschinus, whom you gave to your brother to adopt, has acted very unlike an honest man and a gentleman.

*Demea* How is that?

*Hegio* You knew our friend and contemporary Simulus?

*Demea* Of course I did.

*Hegio* His daughter has been wronged by your son.

vitiavit.
*Demea* hem.
*Hegio* mane : non dum audisti, Demea,
quod est gravissumum.
*Demea* an quicquam est etiam amplius ?
*Hegio* vero amplius ; nam hoc quidem ferundum aliquo modost :
persuasit nox amor vinum adulescentia :
humanumst. ubi scit factum, ad matrem virginis
venit ipsus ultro lacrumans orans obsecrans
fidem dans, iurans se illam ducturum domum.
ignotumst, tacitumst, creditumst. virgo ex eo
compressu gravida factast : mensis decumus est :
ille bonus vir nobis psaltriam, si dis placet,
paravit quicum vivat ; illam deserit.
*Demea* pro certon tu istaec dicis ?
*Hegio* mater virginis
in mediost, ipsa virgo, res ipsa, hic Geta
praeterea, ut captus est servorum, non malus
neque iners : alit illas, solus omnem familiam
sustentat : hunc abduce, vinci, quaere rem.
*Geta* immo hercle extorque, nisi ita factumst, Demea.
postremo non negabit : coram ipsum cedo.
*Demea* pudet : nec quid agam neque quid huic respondeam scio.
*Pam.* miseram me, differor doloribus !
Iuno Lucina, fer opem ! serva me obsecro !
*Hegio* hem,
num nam illa quaeso parturit ?
*Geta* certe, Hegio.
*Hegio* em,
illaec fidem nunc vostram inplorat, Demea :
quod vos vis cogit id voluntate impetret.
haec primum ut fiant deos quaeso ut vobis decet.

*Demea* Heaven above us

*Hegio* One moment: you haven't yet heard the worst.

*Demea* Can there be anything worse to tell?

*Hegio* Indeed there is. So much must in some way be put up with. There were the inducements of darkness, passion, wine, young blood: it's human nature. On realizing what he had done he came of his own accord to the girl's mother, weeping, begging, beseeching, promising, swearing to marry her. He was forgiven, the matter was hushed up, his word was taken. The girl is now with child, it's the tenth month. Our honest gentleman, bless us all, has bought a cithern-player to live with: the other he deserts.

*Demea* Are you quite sure of your facts?

*Hegio* The girl's mother can be produced, there's the girl herself, there's the obvious fact, and here's Geta too, not a bad fellow as slaves go and active enough. He finds them a livelihood, he's the sole prop of the whole house. Take him off, put him in fetters, have the truth out of him.

*Geta* Ay, put me on the rack if it isn't the truth, Sir Put him to it and he won't deny it. Have him up before you.

*Demea* (*aside*) I'm ashamed. I don't know what to do or how to answer him.

*Pam.* (*within*) Oh the pain, the pain! Help, Madonna! Save me for mercy's sake.

*Hegio* What, is her time come?

*Geta* Certainly, Sir.

*Hegio* See now, there she is, appealing to the honour of your house, Demea. Let what you are forced to do be done of your good will. I pray heaven that, if possible, your course may be such as becomes

sin aliter animus voster est, ego, Demea,
summa vi defendam hanc atque illum mortuom.
cognatus mihi erat; una a pueris parvolis
sumus educti; una semper militiae et domi
fuimus; paupertatem una pertulimus gravem.
quapropter nitar, faciam, experiar, denique
animam relinquam potius quam illas deseram.
quid mihi respondes?

*Demea* fratrem conveniam, Hegio.

*Hegio* sed, Demea, hoc tu facito cum animo cogites: 500
quam vos facillume agitis, quam estis maxume
potentes dites fortunati nobiles,
tam maxume vos aequo animo aequa noscere
oportet, si vos voltis perhiberi probos.

*Demea* redito: fient quae fieri aequomst omnia.

*Hegio* decet te facere. Geta, duc me intro ad Sostratam.—

*Demea* non me indicente haec fiunt: utinam hic sit modo
defunctum! verum nimia illaec licentia
profecto evadet in aliquod magnum malum.
ibo ac requiram fratrem, ut in eum haec evomam. 510

*Hegio* Bono animo fac sis, Sostrata, et istam quod potes
III.v fac consolere. ego Micionem, si apud forumst,
conveniam atque ut res gestast narrabo ordine:
si est is facturus ut sit officium suom,
faciat; sin aliter de hac re est eius sententia,
respondeat mi, ut quid agam quam primum sciam.

you all, but if your intentions are different, I, Demea, will strain every nerve in support of the girl and my departed friend. He was my kinsman, we were brought up together from our earliest infancy, we stood side by side in war and in peace, side by side we wore through the bitterness of poverty. For that cause I shall toil, be active, go to law, yes lay down my very life rather than forsake them. What is your answer?

*Demea* I will see my brother, Hegio.

*Hegio* Yes, Demea, but see that you take this thought to heart: the more easy your life and your brother's, the greater your influence, riches, prosperity, rank, the more are you bound in the spirit of justice to recognize what is just, if you wish to have a reputation for probity.

*Demea* You may go back home: everything that is just shall be done.

*Hegio* That course befits you. Geta, take me in to Sostrata. [EXIT WITH *Geta* INTO *Sostrata's* HOUSE.

*Demea* I foretold as much. Would to heaven this were the end of it! but that excessive licence will certainly end in some grievous catastrophe. I will go and find my brother to pour out this iniquity on him. [EXIT.

RE-ENTER *Hegio*.

*Hegio* (*at the door*) Keep a good heart, Sostrata, and do what you can to comfort your daughter. I will see Micio, if he's in the Piazza and tell him the whole course of events. If it prove that he means to do his duty, let him do it. If he takes a different view of the situation, let him give me an answer so that I may know as soon as possible what steps to take. [EXIT.

## ACTVS IV

*Cte.* Ain patrem hinc abisse rus ?
*Syrus* iam dudum.
*Cte.* dic sodes.
*Syrus* apud villamst :
nunc quom maxume operis aliquid facere credo.
*Cte.* utinam quidem !
quod cum salute eius fiat, ita se defetigarit velim
ut triduo hoc perpetuo prorsum e lecto nequeat surgere.
*Syrus* ita fiat, et istoc siqui potis est rectius.
*Cte.* ita ; nam hunc diem
misere nimis cupio, ut coepi, perpetuom in laetitia degere.
et illud rus nulla alia causa tam male odi nisi quia propest :
quod si abesset longius,
prius nox oppressisset illi quam huc revorti posset iterum.
nunc ubi me illic non videbit, iam huc recurret. sat scio :
rogitabit me ubi fuerim : " ego hodie toto non vidi die."
quid dicam ?
*Syrus* nilne in mentemst ?
*Cte.* numquam quicquam.
*Syrus* tanto nequior.
cliens amicus hospes nemost vobis ?
*Cte.* sunt : quid postea ?
*Syrus* hisce opera ut data sit ?
*Cte.* quae non data sit ? non potest fieri.
*Syrus* potest.
*Cte.* interdius ; sed si hic pernocto, causae quid dicam, Syre ?

## ACT IV

(*Half an hour has elapsed.*)

ENTER *Ctesipho* AND *Syrus* FROM *Micio's* HOUSE.

*Cte.* Do you really mean that my father is gone off to the country?

*Syrus* Some time ago.

*Cte.* No, but really?

*Syrus* He's at your country house. (*grinning*) I expect at this very moment he's on some farm job.

*Cte.* I hope to heaven he is! Short of hurting his health I should like him to get so tired out that for the next three days he couldn't get out of bed.

*Syrus* That I desire, or, if possible, something better.

*Cte.* Just so, for I'm dreadfully eager to pass the whole day as I have begun it in unbroken delight. And the chief spite I have against our country place is that it's so near. If it were further off, night would have overtaken him before he could get back here a second time. As it is, not finding me there, he'll trot back here in a moment, I am sure of that. There'll be a volley of questions where I've been: "I haven't had a sight of you all day." What's to be my answer?

*Syrus* Nothing occur to you?

*Cte.* (*blankly*) Nothing at all.

*Syrus* The more good for nothing you! Is there no dependant, acquaintance, family friend?

*Cte.* There are: what follows?

*Syrus* So that you had business with 'em?

*Cte.* When I hadn't? Not to be said!

*Syrus* To be said.

*Cte.* (*dubiously*) For the daytime, but if I stop the night here, what excuse can I make, Syrus?

*Syrus* vah, quam vellem etiam noctu amicis operam mos esset dari!
quin tu otiosus esto: ego illius sensum pulchre calleo.
quom fervit maxume, tam placidum quasi ovem reddo.
*Cte.* quo modo?
*Syrus* laudarier te audit lubenter: facio te apud illum deum. virtutes narro.
*Cte.* meas?
*Syrus* tuas: homini ilico lacrumae cadunt quasi puero gaudio. em tibi autem!
*Cte.* quidnam est?
*Syrus* lupus in fabula.
*Cte.* pater est?
*Syrus* is ipsust.
*Cte.* Syre, quid agimus?
*Syrus* fuge modo intro, ego videro.
*Cte.* si quid rogabit, nusquam tu me: audistin?
*Syrus* potine ut desinas?
*Demea* Ne ego homo sum infelix: fratrem nusquam invenio 540
IV.ii gentium;
praeterea autem, dum illum quaero, a villa mercennarium
vidi: is filium negat esse ruri. nec quid agam scio.
*Cte.* Syre.
*Syrus* quid est?
*Cte.* men quaerit?
*Syrus* verum.
*Cte.* peril.
*Syrus* quin tu animo bono es.
*Demea* quid hoc, malum, infelicitatis? nequeo satis decernere;

*Syrus* Bah, how I could have wished it were the custom to attend to one's friends' business by night as well! Never mind, be you easy: I've got the hang of his disposition finely. When he's at his hottest I make him as gentle as a ewe.

*Cte.* How?

*Syrus* He's delighted to hear you praised. I make you out to him to be an angel. Virtues are my theme.

*Cte.* (*astonished*) Mine?

*Syrus* Yours. The tears start at once down his old cheeks like a boy's for delight. (*points up the street*) There's for you now!

*Cte.* What is it?

*Syrus* The wolf in the story.

*Cte.* Is it my father?

*Syrus* Your father it is.

*Cte.* (*alarmed*) Syrus, what are we to do?

*Syrus* Run away indoors, I'll see to it.

*Cte.* If he asks, you haven't seen me anywhere, do you hear?

*Syrus* Can't you shut up? (*pushes him off*)

ENTER *Demea.*

*Demea* (*not seeing Syrus*) On my word I'm an unfortunate creature! I can't find my brother anywhere in the world. More, while I was looking for him, I caught sight of one of my farm servants: he says my son is not in the country, and I don't know what to do.

*Cte.* (*putting his head out at the door and whispering*) Syrus!

*Syrus* (*whispering*) What's the matter?

*Cte.* Is it me he's looking for?

*Syrus* Yes.

*Cte.* Confound it!

*Syrus* Just you keep your heart up. (*Ctesipho disappears*)

*Demea* (*as before*) What the plague does this ill luck

nisi me credo huic esse natum rei, ferundis miseriis.
primus sentio mala nostra, primus rescisco omnia;
primus porro obnuntio; aegre solus si quid fit fero.

*Syrus* rideo hunc: primum ait se scire: is solus nescit omnia.

*Demea* nunc redeo: si forte frater redierit viso.

*Cte.* Syre,
obsecro, vide ne ille huc prorsus se inruat.

*Syrus* etiam taces?
ego cavebo.

*Cte.* numquam hercle hodie ego istuc committam tibi;
nam me iam in cellam aliquam cum illa concludam: id tutissumumst.

*Syrus* age, tamen ego hunc amovebo.—

*Demea* sed eccum sceleratum Syrum.

*Syrus* non hercle hic qui volt durare quisquam, si sic fit, potest.
scire equidem volo quod mihi sint domini: quae haec est miseria!

*Demea* quid ille gannit? quid volt? quid ais, bone vir? est frater domi?

*Syrus* quid, malum, "bone vir" mihi narras? equidem perii.

*Demea* quid tibist?

*Syrus* rogitas? Ctesipho me pugnis miserum et istam psaltriam
usque occidit.

*Demea* hem, quid narras?

*Syrus* em, vide ut discidit labrum.

mean? I can't account for it, only I believe that's what I was born for, enduring distresses. I'm the first to become aware of our troubles, the first to find everything out, the first too to give the bad news. Any trouble, and I alone bear the annoyance.

*Syrus* (*aside*) He makes me laugh: he says he's the first to know: he's the only one that's quite in the dark.

*Demea* Now I come back to see if my brother happens to be back.

*Cte.* (*reappearing at the door*) Syrus, for mercy's sake don't let him dash straight in here.

*Syrus* *Will* you be quiet? I'll take care.

*Cte.* By Jove I won't, no I won't, trust that to you. I'll lock myself up in some room with her. That's the safest way.

*Syrus* All right: I'll clear him away from here all the same. [*Ctesipho* DISAPPEARS.

*Demea* Ah, there's that scoundrel Syrus.

*Syrus* (*whining, as if to himself*) By Jove, there isn't a soul can endure living here if this is to go on. I should like to know for my part how many masters I've got. Pretty misery this is!

*Demea* What's the fellow grunting about? What does he want? (*louder and sneering*) Now then, my worthy Sir, is my brother at home?

*Syrus* Why the plague do you say "worthy Sir" to me? I'm a dead man, I am.

*Demea* What's happened to you?

*yrus* Happened? Ctesipho's fists have pretty nearly been the death of poor me and that cithern-girl.

*Demea* What? What's that?

*Syrus* There, see how he's cut my lip. (*shows it*)

*Demea* quam ob rem ? 560
*Syrus* me inpulsore hanc emptam esse ait.
*Demea* non tu eum rus hinc modo produxe aibas ?
*Syrus* factum ; verum venit post insaniens : nil pepercit. non puduisse verberare hominem senem qu em ego modo puerum tantillum in manibus gestavi meis.
*Demea* laudo : Ctesipho, patrissas : abi, virum te iudico.
*Syrus* laudas? ne ille continebit posthac, si sapiet, manus.
*Demea* fortiter.
*Syrus* perquam,quia miseram mulierem et me servolum, qui referire non audebam, vicit : hui, perfortiter.
*Demea* non potuit melius. idem quod ego sentit te esse huic rei caput.
sed estne frater intus?
*Syrus* non est.
*Demea* ubi illum inveniam cogito.
*Syrus* scio ubi sit, verum hodie numquam monstrabo. 570
*Demea* hem quid ais?
*Syrus* ita.
*Demea* diminuetur tibi quidem iam cerebrum.
*Syrus* at nomen nescio illius hominis, sed locum novi ubi sit.
*Demea* dic ergo locum.
*Syrus* nostin porticum apud macellum hac deorsum?
*Demea* quid ni noverim?
*Syrus* praeterito hac recta platea sursum : ubi eo veneris, Clivos deorsum vorsum est : hac te praecipitato. postea

*Demea* What for?

*Syrus* He says it was I prompted buying the girl.

*Demea* Didn't you say just now that you'd gone with him into the country?

*Syrus* So I did, but he came back here raving. He had no mercy. Fancy not being ashamed to drub an old fellow, and when he was an urchin no bigger than that (*illustrates*) I carried him in my arms.

*Demea* Bravo, Ctesipho! Good, good! A man, I warrant you!

*Syrus* Bravo indeed! My word, in future, if he's wise, he'll keep his fists to himself.

*Demea* Bravely done!

*Syrus* Oh very! Because he got the best of a poor lady and a bit of a slave who daren't hit him back, phew, mighty bravely!

*Demea* It couldn't have been better. He sees as I do that you are at the bottom of this business. But is my brother at home?

*Syrus* (*sulkily*) No, he ain't.

*Demea* I wonder where I can find him.

*Syrus* I know where he is, (*half aside*) but hang me if I ever tell you.

*Demea* What's that you say?

*Syrus* What I say.

*Demea* I'll break your head on the spot.

*Syrus* (*still affecting the sulks*) Well, I don't know the man's name, but I know the place where he is.

*Demea* Tell me the place then.

*Syrus* Do you know the colonnade by the meat-market, down that way? (*points*)

*Demea* Of course I do.

*Syrus* Go that way straight up the street. When you get there the Slope is right down in front of you:

est ad hanc manum sacellum: ibi angiportum propter est.

*Demea* quodnam?

*Syrus* illi ubi etiam caprificus magna est.

*Demea* novi.

*Syrus* hac pergito.

*Demea* id quidem angiportum non est pervium.

*Syrus* verum hercle. vah, censen hominem me esse? erravi: in porticum rursum redi:
sane hac multo propius ibis et minor est erratio.
scin Cratini huius ditis aedis?

*Demea* scio.

*Syrus* ubi eas praeterieris, ad sinistram hac recta platea; ubi ad Dianae veneris, ito ad dextram. prius quam ad portam venias, apud ipsum lacum
est pistrilla et exadversum fabrica: ibist.

*Demea* quid ibi facit?

*Syrus* lectulos in sole ilignis pedibus faciundos dedit.

*Demea* ubi potetis vos: bene sane. sed cesso ad eum pergere?—

*Syrus* i sane: ego te exercebo hodie, ut dignus es, silicernium.
Aeschinus odiose cessat: prandium corrumpitur;
Ctesipho autem in amorest totus. ego iam prospiciam mihi:
nam iam abibo atque unum quicquid, quod quidem erit bellissumum,
carpam et cyathos sorbilans paulatim hunc producam diem.

down it you go. At the end there's a chapel on this side. Just by the side of it there's an alley.

*Demea* Which?

*Syrus* That where the great wild-fig-tree is.

*Demea* I know it.

*Syrus* Take that way.

*Demea* (*reflecting*) That's a blind alley.

*Syrus* So it is, by Jove. Tut, tut, you must think me a fool. I made a mistake. Come back to the colonnade: yes, yes, that's a much nearer way and much less chance of missing it. Do you know Cratinus's house, the millionaire man there?

*Demea* Yes.

*Syrus* When you are past it turn to your left, go straight along the street and when you come to the Church turn to the right. Before you come to the town-gate, close by the pool there's a baker's shop and opposite it a workshop. That's where he is.

*Demea* What's he doing there?

*Syrus* Giving an order for some garden seats with holmoak legs.

*Demea* (*sneering as at extravagance*) For one of your drinking-parties, quite so, quite so. I'd better go to him at once. [EXIT.

*Syrus* (*looking after him*) Yes, go your way. I'll give you the exercise you deserve, I swear I will, (*with a loud cackle*) old Drybones! (*turning round and yawning*) Aeschinus is cursedly late, this dinner's spoiling, Ctesipho is drowned in love. Now I'll look out for myself, for I'll go off at once and pick out every blessed titbit and with one glass after another I'll lazily lengthen out the day.

[EXIT INTO THE HOUSE.

*Micio* IV. iii Ego in hac re nil reperio, quam ob rem lauder tanto opere, Hegio:
meum officium facio: quod peccatum a nobis ortumst corrigo.
nisi si me in illo credidisti esse hominum numero, qui ita putant,
sibi fieri iniuriam ultro, si quam fecere ipsi expostules,
et ultro accusant. id quia non est a me factum, agis gratias?
*Hegio* ah, minume: numquam te aliter atque es esse animum induxi meum.
sed quaeso ut una mecum ad matrem virginis eas, Micio,
atque istaec eadem quae mihi dixti tute dicas mulieri:
suspicionem hanc propter fratrem esse: eius esse illam psaltriam.
*Micio* si ita aequom censes aut si ita opus est facto, eamus.
*Hegio* bene facis:
nam et illi ita animum iam relevabis, quae dolore ac miseria
tabescit, et tuom officium fueris functus. sed si aliter putas,
egomet narrabo quae mihi dixti.
*Micio* immo ego ibo.
*Hegio* bene facis:
omnes, quibus res sunt minus secundae, magis sunt nescio quo modo
suspiciosi: ad contumeliam omnia accipiunt magis:
propter suam inpotentiam se semper credunt ludier.
quapropter te ipsum purgare ipsi coram placabilius est.
*Micio* et recte et verum dicis.
*Hegio* sequere me ergo hac intro.
*Micio* maxume.

ENTER *Micio* AND *Hegio*.

*Micio* Really, Hegio, I see no reason in this matter why you should belaud me so much. I am only doing my duty. The offence was ours and I make amends. You can hardly have reckoned me with the class of men who take the view that it is an unprovoked wrong if you protest against a wrong done by themselves and themselves positively attack you. Is it because I have not acted thus that you thank me?

*Hegio* Not at all, not at all. I have never imagined your disposition to be other than it is. Now be so good as to come with me and see the girl's mother, Micio, and say in person to the lady just what you have said to me, that what has caused her suspicion was done for his brother's sake, that the cithern-girl is Ctesipho's.

*Micio* If you think it the right course or if it is necessary, let us go.

*Hegio* That is right. Not only will it be a relief to her mind, wasting away as she is, under pain and affliction, but you will have done your duty. If you don't take this view, I will myself repeat to her what you have said.

*Micio* Oh no, I will go.

*Hegio* That is right. When people are not so prosperous as they might be, they are always somehow more inclined to take offence, to imagine that a slight is intended. Their want of means always makes them think that you are toying with them. Hence an apology made in person is the better way to sooth them.

*Micio* A just and true observation.

*Hegio* Then come with me indoors.

*Micio* By all means. [EXEUNT INTO *Sostrata's*.

*Aes.* Discrucior animi: 610[a]
IV. iv Locine de inproviso mali mihi obici tantum 610[b]
ut neque quid me faciam nec quid agam certum sit!
membra metu debilia sunt; animus timore
obstipuit; pectore consistere nil consili quit.
vah, quo modo hac me expediam turba? tanta nunc
suspicio de me incidit;
neque ea inmerito: Sostrata
credit mihi me psaltriam hance emisse; id anus mi
indicium fecit.
nam ut hinc forte ad obstetricem erat missa, ubi
eam vidi, ilico
accedo, rogito Pamphila quid agat, iam partus adsiet,
eon obstetricem accersat. illa exclamat "abi, abi: 620
iam, Aeschine,
satis diu dedisti verba: sat adhuc tua nos frustratast
fides."
"hem, quid istuc obsecro" inquam "est?" valeas,
habeas illam quae placet."
sensi ilico id illas suspicari, sed me reprehendi
tamen,
ne quid de fratre garrulae illi dicerem ac fieret
palam.
nunc quid faciam? dicam fratris esse hanc? quod
minumest opus
usquam eeferri. ac mitto: fieri potis est ut ne qua
exeat:
id ipsum metuo ut credant. tot concurrunt veri
similia:
egomet rapui ipse; egomet solvi argentum; ad me
abductast domum.
haec adeo mea culpa fateor fieri. non me hanc rem
patri,
utut erat gesta, indicasse! exorassem ut eam ducerem. 630

ENTER *Aeschinus* IN MUCH DEJECTION.

*Aes.* What torture this is! To be suddenly confronted with such disaster! What to do with myself, what line to take, I can't see. Apprehension brings palsy on my limbs, fear has dazed my thoughts. Confound it, how am I to clear myself from this coil? To what a horrible suspicion I am exposed! And such a natural one! Sostrata thinks I have bought this cithern-girl for myself: the old crone let me into that. I happened to catch sight of her on her way to the midwife's, ran up and asked her how Pamphila was, whether the birth was imminent, whether that was the cause of her errand. "Go away," cries she, "go away; you have deceived us long enough, young Sir; we want no more of your broken promises." "What?" I said: "for heaven's sake what do you mean by that?" "Good-bye," says she, "stick to the girl of your choice." I saw in a flash the suspicion they had, but I checked myself, for one word about my brother to that chatterbox and all would be out. What am I to do now? Say the girl is my brother's? That secret must be kept at all hazards. I won't breathe a word of it. Absolute secrecy is still possible. Besides I doubt if they would ever believe the truth. All the probabilities are against it: it was I that carried her off, I that paid the money, it was to our house she was taken. It was all my own fault, I own it. Badly as I may have acted, why didn't I tell my father all about it?

cessatum usque adhuc est: nunc porro, Aeschine, expergiscere!
nunc hoc primumst: ad illas ibo, ut purgem me. accedam ad fores.
perii: horresco semper ubi pultare hasce occipio miser.
heus heus: Aeschinus ego sum. aperite aliquis actutum ostium.
prodit nescio quis: concedam huc.

*Micio* Ita uti dixi, Sostrata,
IV.v facite; ego Aeschinum conveniam, ut quo modo acta haec sint sciat.
sed quis ostium hic pultavit?

*Aes.* pater hercle est: perii.

*Micio* Aeschine

*Aes.* quid huic hic negotist?

*Micio* tune has pepulisti fores?
tacet. quor non ludo hunc aliquantisper? melius est,
quandoquidem hoc numquam mi ipse voluit dicere.
nil mihi respondes?

*Aes.* non equidem istas, quod sciam.

*Micio* ita? nam mirabar quid hic negoti esset tibi.
erubuit: salva res est.

*Aes.* dic sodes, pater,
tibi vero quid istic est rei?

*Micio* nil mi quidem.
amicus quidam me a foro abduxit modo
huc advocatum sibi.

*Aes.* quid?

*Micio* ego dicam tibi:
habitant hic quaedam mulieres pauperculae:
ut opinor eas non nosse te, et certo scio;
neque enim diu huc migrarunt.

*Aes.* quid tum postea?

I could have won him over to let me marry her. I have been dilatory all this time: from this moment, Aeschinus, wake up! The first thing to do is to go to the women and clear myself. There's the door. (*moves towards it, then stops*) Confusion! I'm always of a shudder when I start knocking at this door, poor wretch. (*knocks*) Anyone there? It's Aeschinus. Open the door some one at once. (*the door opens*) Some one coming out? I'll stand aside. (*goes behind the door*)

ENTER *Micio* THROUGH THE DOORWAY.

*Micio* (*at the door*) Do as I have told you, Sostrata, both of you. I will see Aeschinus to let him know of these arrangements. (*turns round*) Some one knocked: who was it?

*Aes.* (*aside*) Heavens! it's my father. Destruction!

*Micio* Aeschinus!

*Aes.* (*aside in confusion*) What's the meaning of this?

*Micio* Was it you knocked here? (*aside*) No answer? Why shouldn't I play with him a bit? He deserves it for never choosing to tell me himself. (*aloud*) Have you no answer for me?

*Aes.* N-n-not there, Sir, as far as I know.

*Micio* So? I wondered what business you could have there. (*aside*) He blushed: all's well.

*Aes.* Tell me, father, please what takes you there?

*Micio* No business of my own: a friend of mine brought me here just now to help him in a law affair.

*Aes.* What affair?

*Micio* I will tell you. There are some ladies living here in a very small way. I think you don't know them, in fact I'm sure you don't: it isn't long since they moved here.

*Aes.* What follows?

*Micio* virgo est cum matre. 650
*Aes.* perge.
*Micio* haec virgo orbast patre;
hic meus amicus illi genere est proxumus:
huic leges cogunt nubere hanc.
*Aes.* perii
*Micio* quid est?
*Aes.* nil: recte: perge.
*Micio* is venit ut secum avehat:
nam habitat Mileti.
*Aes.* hem, virginem ut secum avehat?
*Micio* sic est?
*Aes.* Miletum usque obsecro?
*Micio* ita.
*Aes.* animo malest.
quid ipsae? quid aiunt?
*Micio* quid illas censes? nil enim.
commenta mater est esse ex alio viro
nescio quo puerum natum, neque eum nominat;
priorem esse illum, non oportere huic dari.
*Aes.* eho, nonne haec iusta tibi videntur poscier? 660
*Micio* non.
*Aes.* obsecro non? an illam hinc abducet, pater?
*Micio* quid illam ni abducat?
*Aes.* factum a vobis duriter
inmisericorditerque atque etiam, si est, pater,
dicendum magis aperte, inliberaliter.
*Micio* quam ob rem?
*Aes.* rogas me? quid illi tandem creditis
fore animi misero qui illa consuevit prior,
qui infelix haud scio an illam misere nunc amet,
quom hanc sibi videbit praesens praesenti eripi.
abduci ab oculis? facinus indignum, pater!

*Micio* There's a girl and her mother.

*Æs.* Yes, and?

*Micio* The girl has lost her father, my friend is next of kin, and the law enjoins a marriage between them.

*Æs.* (*aside but overheard*) Destruction!

*Micio* What's the matter?

*Æs.* Nothing, nothing; it's all right: well?

*Micio* He is come to take her with him: Miletus he lives at.

*Æs.* What! Take the girl with him?

*Micio* That is so.

*Æs.* O heavens, all the way to Miletus?

*Micio* Yes.

*Æs.* (*aside*) Oh my heart! (*aloud*) And the ladies? what do *they* say?

*Micio* What do you expect them to say? Some nonsense. The mother has faked up a story about a child by some other man, but she doesn't give him a name. He came first, she says, and her daughter oughtn't to be married to my friend.

*Æs.* Good Lord! and don't you think the claim is just!

*Micio* No, I don't.

*Æs.* You don't? Oh heavens! and is he to take her away, father?

*Micio* Why shouldn't he?

*Æs.* Your side has acted harshly and barbarously and what's more, if I must speak more openly, father, not like gentlemen.

*Micio* How so?

*Æs.* Can you ask? Pray what do you suppose will be the feelings of the unhappy man who loved her first and for all I know is desperately in love with her still, poor wretch, when he sees her snatched off before his very eyes, dragged out of his sight? A monstrous act, father!

*Micio* qua ratione istuc? quis despondit? quis dedit? 670
quoi quando nupsit? auctor his rebus quis est?
quor duxit alienam?
*Aes.* an sedere oportuit
domi virginem tam grandem, dum cognatus huc
illinc veniret exspectantem? haec, mi pater,
te dicere aequom fuit et id defendere.
*Micio* ridiculum: advorsumne illum causam dicerem
quoi veneram advocatus? sed quid ista, Aeschine,
nostra? aut quid nobis cum illis? abeamus. quid est?
quid lacrumas?
*Aes.* pater, obsecro, ausculta.
*Micio* Aeschine, audivi omnia
et scio; nam te amo: quo magis quae agis curae 680
sunt mihi.
*Aes.* ita velim me promerentem ames, dum vivas, mi
pater,
ut me hoc delictum admisisse in me, id mihi vehementer dolet
et me tui pudet.
*Micio* credo hercle; nam ingenium novi tuom
liberale; sed vereor ne indiligens nimium sies.
in qua civitate tandem te arbitrare vivere?
virginem vitiasti quam te non ius fuerat tangere.
iam id peccatum primum magnum, magnum, at humanum tamen:
fecere alii saepe item boni. at postquam id evenit, cedo
num quid circumspexti? aut num quid tute prospexti tibi,
quid fieret? qua fieret? si te mi ipsum puduit 690
proloqui,
qua rescisceremus? haec dum dubitas, menses abierunt decem.

*Micio* How do you make that out? Who betrothed her? Who gave her in marriage? Who is her husband? When was the wedding? Who gave consent? Why did the man marry another's bride?

*Aes.* Was a girl of that age to sit at home and wait for a kinsman to turn up from Miletus? That's what in justice you ought to have said, my dear father, and stood to the point too.

*Micio* Absurd! Was I to plead against the man for whom I was briefed? However, my boy, how does this concern us? Let us come away. (*Aeschinus bursts into tears*) What's the matter? What are you weeping for?

*Aes.* Father, in heaven's name hear me.

*Micio* My boy, I have heard all, I know all, for I love you, and so all your doings touch me the more.

*Aes.* May I never deserve your love in all your life, father mine, if my fault against you doesn't cause me grievous pain and I can't look you in the face. (*hides his face in his hands*)

*Micio* By heaven, I believe it: I know you have a gentleman's heart, but I am afraid you are very heedless. Pray, what country do you think you are living in? You have wronged a girl contrary to all law. That's a great fault to start with, a great fault, but still not unnatural: honest men have often done it before you. But after it happened, tell me, had you any consideration, any forethought for yourself, what was to be done, how it was to be done? If you were ashamed to tell me openly yourself, did you ever think how I was to find it out? You hesitated and hesitated and ten months passed away. You have been false to yourself and to the poor lady and to the child, as

prodidisti et te et illam miseram et gnatum, quod quidem in te fuit.
quid? credebas dormienti haec tibi confecturos deos?
et illam sine tua opera in cubiculum iri deductum domum?
nolim ceterarum rerum te socordem eodem modo.
bono animo es, duces uxorem hanc.

*Aes.* hem.
*Micio* bono inquam animo es.
*Aes.* pater,
obsecro, num ludis nunc tu me?
*Micio* ego te? quam ob rem?
*Aes.* nescio:
quia tam misere hoc esse cupio verum, eo vereor magis.
*Micio* abi domum ac deos conprecare ut uxorem accersas: abi.
*Aes.* quid? iam uxorem? 700
*Micio* iam.
*Aes.* iam?
*Micio* iam quantum potes.
*Aes.* di me, pater,
omnes oderint, ni magis te quam oculos nunc amo meos.
*Micio* quid? quam illam?
*Aes* aeque.
*Micio* perbenigne.
*Aes.* quid? ille ubist Milesius?
*Micio* periit: abiit, navem ascendit. sed quor cessas?
*Aes.* abi, pater:
tu potius deos conprecare; nam tibi eos certo scio,
quo vir melior multo es quam ego, obtemperaturos magis.
*Micio* ego eo intro, ut quae opus sunt parentur: tu fac ut dixi, si sapis.—

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far as it lay with you. What, did you think heaven would do your work while you slept, that without your lifting a finger the wife would be brought home to the bridal chamber? I should be sorry to see you so thoughtless in the rest of your affairs. (*a pause*) Be of good heart: you shall marry her.

*Aes.* What, Sir!

*Micio* Be of good heart, I say.

*Aes.* Father, in honour's name, you're not mocking me, are you?

*Micio* No indeed: why should I?

*Aes.* I don't know; I'm so desperately eager for this to be true, and that makes me fear the more.

*Micio* Go off home, pray for heaven's favour in fetching your wife. Off with you.

*Aes.* What? My wife at once?

*Micio* At once.

*Aes.* At once?

*Micio* As soon as ever you can.

*Aes.* All the anger of heaven on my head, father, if I don't love you more than my own eyes!

*Micio* What? More than— eh? (*smiles and points to Pamphila's house*)

*Aes.* Just the same.

*Micio* Very kind of you.

*Aes.* (*starting*) But by the way, where's that Milesian?

*Micio* Lost, vanished, gone aboard ship. Why are you lingering?

*Aes.* *You* go, father: you are more likely to gain heaven's favour. I am sure you are a much better man than I am and they will have more ear for your prayers.

*Micio* I am going indoors to make the necessary preparations. Do as I tell you if you are wise.

*Aes.* quid hoc est negoti? hoc est patrem esse aut hoc
est filium esse?
si frater aut sodalis esset, qui magis morem gereret?
hic non amandust? hicine non gestandus in sinust?
hem.
itaque adeo magnam mi inicit sua commoditate
curam,
ne inprudens forte faciam quod nolit: sciens cavebo.
sed cesso ire intro, ne morae meis nuptiis egomet
siem?

*Demea* Defessus sum ambulando: ut, Syre, te cum tua
IV.vi monstratione magnus perdat Iuppiter!
perreptavi usque omne oppidum: ad portam, ad
lacum,
quo non? neque fabrica illi ulla erat nec fratrem
homo
vidisse se aibat quisquam. nunc vero domi
IV.vii certum obsidere est usque, donec redierit.

*Micio* Ibo, illis dicam nullam esse in nobis moram.

*Demea* sed eccum ipsum. te iam dudum quaero, Micio

*Micio* quidnam?

*Demea* fero alia flagitia ad te ingentia
boni illius adulescentis.

*Micio* ecce autem!

*Demea* nova.

*Aes.* Did ever anyone hear the like? Is this to be a father or this to be a son? Had he been my brother or my friend could he have been more complaisant? Is he not a man to be loved, to be next one's heart? It's wonderful, and so his kindness fills me with the most vehement desire not to do from want of thought anything to displease him. Forewarned is forearmed. But I must go in at once or I shall be myself a hindrance to my own speedy marriage. [EXIT.

## ACT V

(*About an hour has elapsed.*)

ENTER *Demea* WEARILY.

*Demea* I've walked and walked till I'm dead tired. Devil take you, Syrus, and your directions! I've hobbled all over the town, to the gate, to the pool, where not? Deuce a workshop there, and not a soul could speak of having seen my brother. Now I'm determined to sit on blockading his house till he comes back.

ENTER *Micio.*

*Micio* (*at the door to Aeschinus within*) I'll go and tell them we are quite ready to receive her.

*Demea* There he is. I've been looking for you ever so long, Micio.

*Micio* What for?

*Demea* I have news for you of other crimes, monstrous crimes, of your good young man.

*Micio* At it again!

*Demea* Fresh ones, of the worst.

capitalia.
*Micio* ohe iam!
*Demea* nescis qui vir sit.
*Micio* scio.
*Demea* a stulte, tu de psaltria me somnias
agere: hoc peccatum in virginemst civem.
*Micio* scio.
*Demea* oho, scis et patere?
*Micio* quid ni patiar?
*Demea* dic mihi,
non clamas? non insanis?
*Micio* non: malim quidem....
*Demea* puer natust.
*Micio* di bene vortant!
*Demea* virgo nil habet.
*Micio* audivi.
*Demea* et ducenda indotatast.
*Micio* scilicet.
*Demea* quid nunc futurumst? 730
*Micio* id enim quod res ipsa fert:
illinc huc transferetur virgo.
*Demea* o Iuppiter,
istocine pacto oportet?
*Micio* quid faciam amplius?
*Demea* quid facias? si non ipsa re tibi istuc dolet,
simulare certe est hominis.
*Micio* quin iam virginem
despondi; res compositast; fiunt nuptiae;
dempsi metum omnem: haec magis sunt hominis.
*Demea* ceterum
placet tibi factum, Micio?
*Micio* non, si queam
mutare. nunc quom non queo, animo aequo fero.
ita vitast hominum quasi quom ludas tesseris:

*Micio* You bore me, man.

*Demea* You don't know what he is.

*Micio* I do.

*Demea* Fool of a man, you fancy I'm talking about the cithern-girl. This wrong is against an Athenian born.

*Micio* I know.

*Demea* Good heavens, you know it and allow it?

*Micio* Why shouldn't I?

*Demea* Just tell me, don't you burst out? don't you go mad?

*Micio* I don't. It's true I should prefer——

*Demea* (*interrupting*) There's a child born.

*Micio* Heaven bless it!

*Demea* The girl hasn't a penny.

*Micio* So I'm told.

*Demea* And must be married without a dowry.

*Micio* Undoubtedly.

*Demea* What's to happen now?

*Micio* What the circumstances suggest. The lady shall be moved across from that house to this. (*points*)

*Demea* Heaven above us! is that the proper thing?

*Micio* What more can I do?

*Demea* Why, if the thing doesn't cause you genuine anguish, it is unnatural not at least to affect that it does.

*Micio* No, I have already betrothed the lady to him, the matter is settled, the wedding goes on, I have removed all their apprehensions. That is the more natural course.

*Demea* But, but are you pleased with the transaction, Micio?

*Micio* No, not if I could alter it. As it is I can't, so I bear it with equanimity. Human life is like a game with dice; if you don't get the throw you

si illud quod maxume opus est iactu non cadit,
illud quod cecidit forte, id arte ut corrigas.
*Demea* corrector! nempe tua arte viginti minae
pro psaltria periere: quae quantum potest
aliquo abiciundast, si non pretio, gratiis.
*Micio* neque est neque illam sane studeo vendere.
*Demea* quid igitur facies?
*Micio* domi erit.
*Demea* pro divom fidem,
meretrix et mater familias una in domo?
*Micio* quor non?
*Demea* sanum te credis esse?
*Micio* equidem arbitror.
*Demea* ita me di ament, ut video tuam ego ineptiam:
facturum credo ut habeas quicum cantites.
*Micio* quor non?
*Demea* et nova nupta eadem haec discet.
*Micio* scilicet.
*Demea* tu inter eas restim ductans saltabis.
*Micio* probe.
*Demea* probe?
*Micio* et tu nobiscum una, si opus sit.
*Demea* ei mihi!
non te haec pudent?
*Micio* iam vero omitte, Demea,
tuam istanc iracundiam, atque ita uti decet
hilarum ac lubentem fac te gnati in nuptiis.
ego hos convenio: post huc redeo.—
*Demea* o Iuppiter,
hancine vitam! hosein mores! hanc dementiam!

most want, you must show your skill in making the best of the throw which you do get.

*Demea* Make the best, you? By your skill you've thrown away a hundred pounds on the cithern-girl, for she must be sold out of hand and if no one bids be given away.

*Micio* Sold she can't be, and I admit I'm not keen on selling her.

*Demea* What shall you do then?

*Micio* She will remain in my house.

*Demea* (*astounded*) Heaven above us! A concubine and a married wife under one roof?

*Micio* Why not?

*Demea* Do you suppose you are in your senses?

*Micio* I imagine so.

*Demea* As I hope to be saved, I see your tomfoolery. I believe your object is to sing to her accompaniment.

*Micio* Why not?

*Demea* And the new bride will be taught the same songs.

*Micio* Undoubtedly.

*Demea* And you'll dance with a string and one of them on each side of you. (*imitates such a dance*)

*Micio* To be sure.

*Demea* To be sure?

*Micio* And you shall make a fourth if we want one.

*Demea* Heaven save us, aren't you ashamed of yourself?

*Micio* Enough, Demea, enough; drop your ill temper, think of the occasion, be merry and sociable at your son's wedding. I'm going to call there. (*points to Sostrata's*) Afterwards I'm coming back here. [EXIT.

*Demea* Heaven above us. What a life! What morals! What lunacy! The bride won't bring a halfpenny,

uxor sine dote veniet : intus psaltriast :
domus sumptuosa : adulescens luxu perditus ;
senex delirans. ipsa si cupiat Salus,
servare prorsus non potest hanc familiam.

## ACTVS V

*Syrus* Edepol, Syrisce, te curasti molliter
lauteque munus administrasti tuom :
abi. sed postquam intus sum omnium rerum satur,
prodeambulare huc lubitumst.
*Demea* illud sis vide :
exemplum disciplinae ?
*Syrus* ecce autem hic adest
senex noster. quid fit ? quid tu es tristis ?
*Demea* oh scelus !
*Syrus* ohe iam ! tu verba fundis hic, sapientia !
*Demea* tun si meus esses . . .
*Syrus* dis quidem esses, Demea,
ac tuam rem constabilisses.
*Demea* exemplo omnibus
curarem ut esses.
*Syrus* quam ob rem ? quid feci ?
*Demea* rogas ?
in ipsa turba atque in peccato maxumo,
quod vix sedatum satis est, potasti, scelus,
quasi re bene gesta.
*Syrus* sane nollem huc exitum.

V.ii.

*Dromo* Heus Syre, rogat te Ctesipho ut redeas.
*Syrus* abi.—

the cithern-girl's in the house, a home of extravagance, a son ruined by luxury, and the head of the house a maniac! It is absolutely beyond the power of Providence itself to save this household.

RE-ENTER *Syrus* TIPSY.

*Syrus* S'help me, little Syrus, you've taken downy care of yourself and filled your office in fine style. G'along. Still, as I've filled my belly indoors from all the dishes, taking a stroll out here has caught my fancy.

*Demea* Look at that, so please you: a pattern of domestic discipline!

*Syrus* (*seeing Demea*) Hollo now, here's our old man. (*staggers up to him*) What's going on? Why are you s' glum?

*Demea* You scoundrel!

*Syrus* That'll do. So you're pouring out your maxims here, old Wisdom?

*Demea* If you were my man—

*Syrus* (*interrupting*) You'd be rich, you would, Master, and have put your fortunes on a firm footing. (*lurches*)

*Demea* —I should have made an example of you to the whole household.

*Syrus* What for? What have I done?

*Demea* Done? In the very middle of this trouble, with a great wrong committed and hardly settled yet, you've been drinking, you scoundrel, as if you were celebrating a great achievement.

*Syrus* (*aside*) Sorry I came out, that I am.

*Dromo* APPEARS AT *Micio's* DOOR.

*Dromo* Hi, Syrus! Ctesipho wants you to come back.

*Syrus* Go along. [*Dromo* DISAPPEARS.

*Demea* quid Ctesiphonem hic narrat ?
*Syrus* nil.
*Demea* eho, carnufex,
est Ctesipho intus ?
*Syrus* non est.
*Demea* quor hic nominat ?
*Syrus* est alius quidam, parasitaster paululus :
nostin ?
*Demea* iam scibo.
*Syrus* quid agis ? quo abis ?
*Demea* mitte me.
*Syrus* noli inquam.
*Demea* non manum abstines, mastigia ?
an tibi iam mavis cerebrum dispergam hic ?
*Syrus* abit.—
edepol comissatorem haud sane commodum,
praesertim Ctesiphoni ! quid ego nunc agam ?
nisi, dum haec silescunt turbae, interea in angulum
aliquo abeam atque edormiscam hoc villi : sic agam.
*Micio* Parata a nobis sunt, ita ut dixi, Sostrata,
V.iii ubi vis. quisnam a me pepulit tam graviter fores ?
*Demea* ei mihi, quid faciam ? quid agam ? quid clamem aut
querar ?
o caelum, o terra, o maria Neptuni !
*Micio* em tibi :
rescivit omnem rem : id nunc clamat : ilicet ;
300

*Demea* What does he say of Ctesipho?

*Syrus* It's nothing.

*Demea* What, you gallows-bird, is Ctesipho in there?

*Syrus* No, he isn't.

*Demea* Why does that fellow speak of him?

*Syrus* It's another person, a bit of an adventurer fellow: d'you know him?

*Demea* I shall soon find out. (*going towards the door*)

*Syrus* (*catching hold of him*) What are you about? Where are you going?

*Demea* Let go of me.

*Syrus* Don't, I say.

*Demea* Hands off, whipping-post! Would you rather I knocked your brains out on the spot? (*strikes him, wrenches himself free, and dashes into the house*)

*Syrus* (*looking stupidly after him*) He's gone! A noisy unbidden guest, and a damnably unwelcome one too, especially to Ctesipho? What am I to do now? Till this to-do quiets down, best go off to a corner somewhere and sleep off this little drop of wine. That's what I'll do. [EXIT DRUNKENLY.

RE-ENTER *Micio* FROM *Sostrata's*.

*Micio* (*at the door*) Yes, as I have told you, Sostrata, we have everything ready, when you like. (*turns round. Micio's door is thrown violently open*) Who's making all that noise at my door?

ENTER *Demea* HASTILY

*Demea* Great heavens, what shall I do? How shall I act? What cries and protests are enough? O heaven and earth! O great sea!

*Micio* (*aside*) There you are. He has found it all out: that's what he's crying out about. Ring down the curtain! Now for a row! I must go to the rescue.

paratae lites: succurrendumst.

*Demea* eccum adest
communis corruptela nostrum liberum.

*Micio* tandem reprime iracundiam atque ad te redi.

*Demea* repressi, redii, mitto maledicta omnia:
rem ipsam putemus. dictum hoc inter nos fuit
(ex te adeo est ortum), ne tu curares meum
neve ego tuom? responde.

*Micio* factumst, non nego.

*Demea* quor nunc apud te potat? quor recipis meum?
quor emis amicam, Micio? num qui minus
mihi idem ius aequomst esse quod mecumst tibi?
quando ego tuom non curo, ne cura meum.

*Micio* non aequom dicis.

*Demea* non?

*Micio* nam vetus verbum hoc quidemst,
communia esse amicorum inter se omnia.

*Demea* facete! nunc demum istaec nata oratiost.

*Micio* ausculta paucis nisi molestumst, Demea.
principio, si id te mordet, sumptum filii
quem faciunt, quaeso hoc facito tecum cogites:
tu illos duo olim pro re tollebas tua,
quod satis putabas tua bona ambobus fore,
et me tum uxorem credidisti scilicet
ducturum. eandem illam rationem antiquam obtine:
conserva, quaere, parce, fac quam plurimum
illis relinquas: gloriam tu istam obtine.
mea, quae praeter spem evenere, utantur sine.
de summa nil decedet: quod hinc accesserit,
id de lucro putato esse omne. haec si voles

*Demea* (*seeing Micio*) There he is, the corrupting spirit of both our sons!

*Micio* Do, pray, curb your passion and be yourself again.

*Demea* I have curbed it, I am myself again; not another hard word from me. Let us look at the facts. Was it agreed between us (the proposal, remember, came from you) that you should not look to my boy nor I to yours? Answer me that.

*Micio* It was so agreed, I don't deny it.

*Demea* Why is he now at his cups in your house? Why do you harbour the boy that is mine? Why do you buy him a mistress, Micio? Is it not right that I should have my due from you as you have yours from me? As I don't look to your boy, don't you look to mine.

*Micio* You don't put it fairly.

*Demea* I don't?

*Micio* No, it's an old saying that friends have all things in common.

*Demea* Smart! The sentiment comes to birth a little late.

*Micio* Listen to me for a minute if it doesn't annoy you, Demea. To start with, if what grieves you is the money which the boys spend, please reflect on it in this light: in days past you chose to bring up two sons as a thing your means would stand, reckoning that your own property would be enough for the pair, and of course at that time you expected me to marry. Now keep to your original reckoning: hoard, get, save, endeavour to have as much as possible to leave them; hold to that as your glory My property, coming as a windfall, let them enjoy There will be no loss in your capital, the addition from me should be reckoned a clear gain. If you will think this over in a true light, Demea, you will

in animo vere cogitare, Demea,
et mi et tibi et illis dempseris molestiam.
*Demea* mitto rem: consuetudinem amborum. . .
*Micio* mane
scio: istuc ibam. multa in homine, Demea,
signa insunt ex quibus coniectura facile fit,
duo quom idem faciunt, saepe ut possis dicere
"hoc licet inpune facere huic, illi non licet."
non quo dissimilis res sit sed quo is qui facit.
quae ego inesse in illis video, ut confidam fore
ita ut volumus. video eos sapere, intellegere, in loco
vereri, inter se amare. siris liberum
ingenium atque animum: quo vis illos tu die
redducas. at enim metuas ne ab re sint tamen
omissiores paulo. o noster Demea,
ad omnia alia aetate sapimus rectius;
solum unum hoc vitium adfert senectus hominibus:
adtentiores sumus ad rem omnes quam sat est:
quod illos sat aetas acuet.
*Demea* ne nimium modo
bonae tuae istae nos rationes, Micio,
et tuos iste animus aequos subvertat.
*Micio* tace:
non fiet. mitte iam istaec: da te hodie mihi:
exporge frontem.
*Demea* scilicet ita tempus fert.
faciundumst. ceterum ego rus cras cum filio
cum primo luci ibo hinc.
*Micio* de nocte censeo:
hodie modo hilarum fac te.
*Demea* et istam psaltriam

find that you have relieved me and yourself and them of a world of trouble.

*Demea* Property I say nothing of: it's the way of life which both of them—

*Micio* (*interrupting*) One moment; I know, I was coming to that. There are many tokens in a man, Demea, which facilitate an inference; I mean that in the case of two doing the same thing you can often say "The one may, the other may not, do this without harm," the difference lying not in the deed but in the doer. I see in our boys tokens which give me confidence that they will come up to our wishes concerning them. I see in them sense, intelligence, reverence at the right time, mutual affection. You may leave their natural inclinations a free scope, being sure that any day you can call them to hand. You may tell me you would fear them being a little careless in money matters. Oh my dear Demea, in all other respects we get wiser as we grow older: there is only this one flaw that old age brings on a man, we all think too much of money. In this point years will make them sharp enough.

*Demea* (*bitterly*) Only see that these fine reasonings of yours, Micio, and your easiness of temper do not prove our ruin.

*Micio* Hush, man, it won't be so. Now away with your fears, for this day be ruled by me, smooth your brow.

*Demea* (*half unwillingly*) Undoubtedly the occasion requires it. I must do it. Still to-morrow I shall be off with my son to the country at daybreak.

*Micio* Before daybreak I should say, only make yourself pleasant to-day.

*Demea* And that cithern-girl shall be haled off with me.

una illuc mecum hinc abstraham.

*Micio* pugnaveris:
eo pacto prorsum illi adligaris filium.
modo facito ut illam serves.

*Demea* ego istuc videro
atque ibi favillae plena, fumi ac pollinis
coquendo sit faxo et molendo; praeter haec
meridie ipso faciam ut stipulam conligat:
tam excoctam reddam atque atram quam carbost.

*Micio* placet:
nunc mihi videre sapere. atque equidem filium
tum etiam si nolit cogam ut cum illa una cubet.

*Demea* derides? fortunatu's qui isto animo sies.
ego sentio. . .

*Micio* ah, pergisne?

*Demea* iam iam desino.

*Micio* i ergo intro, et quoi rei est, ei rei nunc sumamus diem.

*Demea* Numquam ita quisquam bene subducta ratione ad vitam fuit
quin res aetas usus semper aliquid adportet novi,
aliquid moneat: ut illa quae te scisse credas nescias,
et quae tibi putaris prima, in experiundo ut repudies.
quod nunc mi evenit; nam ego vitam duram quam vixi usque adhuc
prope iam excurso spatio omitto. id quam ob rem? re ipsa repperi
facilitate nil esse homini melius neque clementia.
id esse verum ex me atque ex fratre quoivis facilest noscere.
ille suam egit semper vitam in otio, in conviviis,

*Micio* (*smiling*) You'll have hit it there, for in that way you'll keep your son tied at home for the future. Only mind she doesn't run away.

*Demea* I'll see to that, and when she's there, what with cooking and with grinding corn I'll take care she's a mass of ashes, smoke, and meal. Yes, and I'll set her gathering stubble under the midday sun, I'll make her as dry and as black as a lump of charcoal.

*Micio* (*laughing*) Good! Now I count you wise. And for my part I'd make your son then, even against his will, treat her as his wife.

*Demea* (*bitterly*) Laughing at me, are you? Lucky you to have that disposition. I feel—

*Micio* (*interruping*) Ah, again?

*Demea* Well, well, I've done.

*Micio* In with you then and let us spend to-day as it ought to be spent. [EXEUNT.

## ACT VI

(*An hour has elapsed.*)

ENTER *Demea* IN TOWN DRESS.

*Demea* However well a man may have calculated his scheme of life, still circumstances, years, experience, always introduce a new element and teach new lessons. You find that you don't know what you thought you did know, and what you thought of primary importance that in practice you reject. That's what has happened to me. The hard life, which up to now I have lived, now that my race is almost run I renounce. And why? Hard facts have taught me that a man can have no better qualities than mildness and complaisance. The truth of this anyone can see by looking at me and my brother.

clemens, placidus, nulli laedere os, adridere omnibus
sibi vixit, sibi sumptum fecit: omnes bene dicunt, amant.
ego ille agrestis, saevos, tristis, parcus, truculentus, tenax
duxi uxorem: quam ibi miseriam vidi! nati filii:
alia cura. heia autem, dum studeo illis ut quam plurimum
facerem, contrivi in quaerundo vitam atque aetatem meam:
nunc exacta aetate hoc fructi pro labore ab eis fero, 870
odium; ille alter sine labore patria potitur commoda.
illum amant, me fugitant; illi credunt consilia omnia,
illum diligunt, apud illum sunt ambo, ego desertus sum;
illum ut vivat optant, meam autem mortem exspectant scilicet.
ita eos meo labore eductos maxumo hic fecit suos
paulo sumptu: miseriam omnem ego capio, hic potitur gaudia.
age age nunciam experiamur contra, ecquid ego possiem
blande dicere aut benigne facere, quando hoc provocat.
ego quoque a meis me amari et magni fieri postulo:
si id fit dando atque obsequendo, non posteriores 880
feram.
deerit: id mea minume re fert qui sum natu maxumus.

*Syrus* Heus Demea, orat frater ne abeas longius.
V.v

He has spent all his days without a calling, given up to society, complaisant, easy-going, affronting no man and having a smile for everybody. He has lived for himself and spent his money on himself, all the world speaks well of him and loves him. I the rugged countryman, sour and thrifty, hot-headed and close-fisted, took a wife. What a world of misery that brought me! Sons were born to me: another anxiety! Heigho! struggling to make all the money I could for them I have worn out the prime of my life in getting it. Now in this last act of life's drama the reward that my toil for them receives is—dislike! That brother of mine with no effort enjoys all a father's comforts. They love *him*, they skulk from *me*. To him they confide all their designs, on him they bestow their affection, in his house the pair of them spend their time, and I am left desolate. They pray for his life, with me it's death they are waiting for, not a doubt of it. To me it has been an endless toil to bring them up, and he has made them his at an insignificant cost. I endure all the misery, he enjoys all the delight. Come then, come, let us now adventure the opposite course and see whether *I* have any power of winning speech and kind act, since he challenges me to it. Like him I desire to be loved and valued by my own kin. If the means to that end be liberality and complaisance, I will play none but the leading part. The money will fail, but that matters least to me who am the oldest of the four.

ENTER *Syrus*.

*Syrus* Please, Sir, your brother begs you not to go and leave us.

*Demea* quis homo? o Syre noster, salve: quid fit? quid agitur?

*Syrus* recte.

*Demea* optumest. iam nunc haec tria primum addidi praeter naturam: "o noster, quid fit? quid agitur?" servom haud inliberalem praebes te et tibi lubens bene faxim.

*Syrus* gratiam habeo.

*Demea* atqui, Syre, hoc verumst et ipsa re experiere propediem.

*Geta* Era, ego huc ad hos proviso quam mox virginem
V.vi accersant. sed eccum Demeam. salvos sies. 890

*Demea* o qui vocare?

*Geta* Geta.

*Demea* Geta, hominem maxumi preti te esse hodie iudicavi animo meo; nam is mihi profectost servos spectatus satis quoi dominus curaest, ita uti tibi sensi, Geta, et tibi ob eam rem, si quid usus venerit, lubens bene faxim. meditor esse adfabilis et bene procedit.

*Geta* bonus es, quom haec existumas.

*Demea* paulatim plebem primulum facio meam.

*Demea* (*affecting great politeness*) Whom do I see? My good Syrus, good evening to you. What's doing? What's in hand?

*Syrus* (*astonished*) All well, Sir.

*Demea* Excellent! (*aside*) I have already used three new phrases which are not natural to me, "my good," "what's doing," "what's in hand." (*aloud*) You are a servant but you have something of the gentleman about you, and I should be delighted to do you a good turn.

*Syrus* (*bowing but incredulous*) Thank you, Sir.

*Demea* But, Syrus, I really mean it and you will find it so directly. [EXIT *Syrus*.

ENTER *Geta* FROM *Sostrata's*.

*Geta* (*at the door*) I'm stepping round, Ma'am, to see how soon they are ready to send for the bride. Ah, there's Demea. (*comes forward*) Good evening, Sir.

*Demea* Ah, what is your name?

*Geta* Geta, Sir.

*Demea* Geta, I assure you I have settled in my mind that you are a very valuable person. Dear me, yes, it's a tried and proved servant that looks after his master's interests, as I have perceived you to do, Geta, and for this reason I shall be glad of the opportunity of doing you a good turn. (*aside*) I am practising affability, and with much success.

*Geta* A kind gentleman you are, Sir, to think so well of me.

*Demea* (*aside*) Man by man I make a start in winning over the masses.

*Aes.* Occidunt me equidem, dum nimis sanctas nuptias
V.vii student facere : in adparando consumunt diem. 900
*Demea* quid agitur, Aeschine ?
*Aes.* ehem, pater mi, tu hic eras ?
*Demea* tuos hercle vero et animo et natura pater,
qui te amat plus quam hosce oculos. sed quor non domum
uxorem accersis ?
*Aes.* cupio ; verum hoc mihi moraest,
tibicina et hymenaeum qui cantent.
*Demea* eho,
vin tu huic seni auscultare ?
*Aes.* quid ?
*Demea* missa haec face,
hymenaeum turbas lampades tibicinas,
atque hanc in horto maceriam iube dirui
quantum potest : hac transfer ; unam fac domum ;
traduce et matrem et familiam omnem ad nos. 910
*Aes.* placet,
pater lepidissume.
*Demea* euge, iam lepidus vocor.
fratri aedes fient perviae, turbam domum
adducet, sumptu amittet multa : quid mea ?
ego lepidus ineo gratiam. iube nunciam
dinumeret ille Babylo viginti minas.
Syre, cessas ire ac facere ?
*Syrus* quid ego ?
*Demea* dirue.
tu illas abi et traduce.
*Geta.* di tibi, Demea,
bene faciant, quom te video nostrae familiae
tam ex animo factum velle.
*Demea* dignos arbitror.—

ENTER *Aeschinus.*

*Aes.* (*not seeing the others*) They bore me to death with their anxiety over all the ceremonies of the wedding. They're wasting the whole day over the arrangements.

*Demea* What's in hand, Aeschinus?

*Aes.* Ah, father dear, are you there?

*Demea* Yes indeed your father in heart no less than by nature, who loves you more than his own eyes. But why don't you fetch your wife across?

*Aes.* I'm keen on it, but there's a hitch. They're waiting for the musician and the choir for the marriage hymn.

*Demea* I say, my boy, will you listen to an old man?

*Aes.* What is it, Sir?

*Demea* Drop all this, the hymn, the to-do, the lanterns, the musicians, and have a hole knocked in the garden-wall this very moment. Bring her in that way, make one house of the two, bring mother and household and all into ours.

*Aes.* Agreed, you old dear of a father!

*Demea* (*aside*) Bravo! I'm called an old dear now. My brother's house will be turned into a thoroughfare, he'll have no end of people in, and it'll cost him heaven knows what. What does it matter to me? I'm an old dear and step into favour. Now that Don Magnifico may pay down his hundred at a time. (*aloud*) Syrus, why don't you go and do it?

*Syrus* Do what, Sir?

*Demea* Knock a hole in the wall. (*to Aeschinus*) You go round and bring 'em through. [EXIT *Syrus.*

*Geta* Heaven bless you, Sir! I see you're a hearty well-wisher to our family.

*Demea* I think they deserve it. (*to Aeschinus*) What do you say to it? [EXIT *Geta.*

quid tu ais? 920
*Aes.* sic opinor.
*Demea* multo rectiust
quam illam puerperam huc nunc duci per viam aegrotam.
*Aes.* nil enim vidi melius, mi pater.
*Demea* sic soleo. sed eccum Micio egreditur foras.
*Micio* Iubet frater? ubi is est? tun iubes hoc, Demea?
V.viii
*Demea* ego vero iubeo et hac re et aliis omnibus
quam maxume unam facere nos hanc familiam,
colere adiuvare adiungere.
*Aes.* ita quaeso, pater.
*Micio* haud aliter censeo.
*Demea* immo hercle ita nobis decet.
primum huius uxorist mater.
*Micio* est. quid postea?
*Demea* proba et modesta. 930
*Micio* ita aiunt.
*Demea* natu grandior.
*Micio* scio.
*Demea* parere iam diu hace per annos non potest;
nec qui eam respiciat quisquam est: solast.
*Micio* quam hic rem agit?
*Demea* hanc te aequomst ducere, et te operam ut fiat dare.
*Micio* me ducere autem?
*Demea* te.
*Micio* me?
*Demea* te inquam.
*Micio* ineptis.
*Demea* si tu sis homo,

*Aes.* I am quite of your mind.

*Demea* Much better than for a mother in her weak state to be carried along the street.

*Aes.* Yes, I never saw anything better done, father.

*Demea* (*off-hand*) My way, my way. Ah, here comes Micio.

ENTER *Micio* MUCH SURPRISED.

*Micio* My brother's orders? Where is he? (*comes forward*) Your orders, Demea?

*Demea* Yes, my orders. In this way and in every other way I would have us make one household of it, support, assistance, union, everything.

*Aes.* Yes, please, father.

*Micio* I'm not against it.

*Demea* I should think not: it's the thing for us to do. Now in the first place our boy's wife has a mother.

*Micio* True: what follows?

*Demea* An honest and reputable person.

*Micio* They tell me so.

*Demea* Not quite young.

*Micio* That's evident.

*Demea* Too old to be a mother and with no one to look after her. She's alone in the world.

*Micio* What's he got in his head?

*Demea* The right thing is for you to—marry her, and you (*to Aeschinus*) ought to bring him to it.

*Micio* (*horrified*) *I* marry?

*Demea* You.

*Micio* I?

*Demea* You, I say.

*Micio* How silly you are!

*Demea* (*to Aeschinus*) If you were worth your salt he'd do it.

hic faciat.
*Aes.* mi pater!
*Micio* quid tu autem huic, asine, auscultas?
*Demea* nil agis:
fieri aliter non potest.
*Micio* deliras.
*Aes.* sine te exorem, mi pater.
*Micio* insanis: aufer.
*Demea* age, da veniam filio.
*Micio* satin sanus es?
ego novos maritus anno demum quinto et sexagensumo
fiam atque anum decrepitam ducam? idne estis auctores mihi?
*Aes.* fac: promisi ego illis. 940
*Micio* promisti autem? de te largitor, puer.
*Demea* age, quid si quid te maius oret?
*Micio* quasi non hoc sit maxumum.
*Demea* da veniam.
*Aes.* ne gravare.
*Demea* fac, promitte.
*Micio* non omittitis?
*Aes.* non, nisi te exorem.
*Micio* vis est haec quidem.
*Demea* age prolixe, Micio.
*Micio* etsi hoc mihi pravom ineptum absurdum atque alienum a vita mea
videtur, si vos tanto opere istuc voltis, fiat.
*Aes.* bene facis.
*Demea* merito te amo. verum . .
*Micio* quid?
*Demea* ego dicam, hoc quom confit quod volo.
*Micio* quid nunc quod restat?
*Demea* Hegio est hic his cognatus proxumus,

*Aes.* (*to Micio coaxingly*) Father mine.

*Micio* And why do *you* listen to him, donkey?

*Demea* It's no good objecting, you can't help it.

*Micio* You're clean mad.

*Aes.* Do it for my sake, father. (*lays his hand on Micio's shoulder*)

*Micio* You're daft, off with you! (*shakes him off*)

*Demea* Come now, oblige your son.

*Micio* Are you in your senses? *I* become a bridegroom after five and sixty years and marry a broken-down old woman? Is that what you advise me?

*Aes.* Do, please; I have promised them.

*Micio* Promised them, have you? Be bountiful with your own self, child.

*Demea* Come, what if he asked for something bigger?

*Micio* Bigger? Could there be anything bigger?

*Demea* Do comply.

*Aes.* Don't be obdurate.

*Demea* Do it, promise now. (*Demea and Aeschinus have each a hand on a shoulder of Micio*)

*Micio* Won't you leave me alone?

*Aes.* Not till you're won over.

*Micio* This is direct violence.

*Demea,* Come, be generous, Micio. (*a pause*)

*Micio* (*unwillingly*) Though this seems to me wrong, silly, ridiculous, and foreign to my way of life, still, if you are both so bent on it, be it so.

*Aes.* You are very kind.

*Demea* You deserve my affection, but—— (*pauses*)

*Micio* Well?

*Demea* I will tell you, since so far my wishes are answered.

*Micio* What else is there?

*Demea* There is Hegio, their nearest relative, now a con-

adfinis nobis pauper: bene nos aliquid facere illi decet.

*Micio* quid facere?

*Demea* agellist hic sub urbe paulum quod locitas foras: huic demus qui fruatur.

*Micio* paulum id autemst?

*Demea* si multumst, tamen faciundumst: pro patre huic est. bonus est, noster est, recte datur.
postremo nunc meum illud verbum facio quod tu, Micio,
bene et sapienter dixti dudum: "vitium commune omniumst,
quod nimium ad rem in senecta attenti sumus": hanc maculam nos decet
ecfugere. et dictumst vere et reapse fieri oportet.

*Aes.* mi pater!

*Micio* quid istuc? ager dabitur Hegioni quandoquidem hic volt.

*Aes.* gaudeo.

*Demea* nunc tu mihi es germanus frater pariter animo et corpore.

V.ix suo sibi gladio hunc iugulo.

*Syrus* Factumst quod iussisti. Demea.

*Demea* frugi homo's. ergo edepol hodie mea quidem sententia
iudico Syrum fieri esse aequom liberum.

*Micio* istunc liberum? quodnam ob factum?

*Demea* multa.

*Syrus* o noster Demea, edepol vir bonu's
ego istos vobis usque a pueris curavi ambos sedulo:
docui, monui, bene praecepi semper quae potui omnia.

nexion of ours, not a rich man: we ought to do something for him.

*Micio* Do what?

*Demea* You have something of a small farm a little way out of town which you are by way of letting: let us give it to him for an income.

*Micio* Small do you call it?

*Demea* If it's a big one, still it must be done. He has been a father to her, he's a worthy person, he's one of ourselves; it's right to give it. In fact I adopt as mine the sound and wise saying which you uttered some time ago: "It's a flaw common to us all that in old age we think too much of money." That is a stain we ought to avoid. The saying was sound and should be carried out in action.

*Aes.* Do, father.

*Micio* Very well: Hegio shall have the farm as the boy desires it.

*Aes.* How glad I am

*Demea* Now you're my real brother, soul as well as body. (*aside chuckling*) I cut his throat with his own sword.

ENTER *Syrus*.

*Syrus* (*to Demea*) Your instructions have been carried out, Sir.

*Demea* That's an honest fellow. (*to Micio*) Well then on my word here's one juryman at any rate says it's right Syrus should be made a free man.

*Micio* That fellow made a free man? Why?

*Demea* For many reasons.

*Syrus* (*to Demea*) O Sir, you are a good man, Sir, I vow you are. I have looked after both the young gentlemen since their boyhood, zealously I have I've taught 'em, counselled 'em, always given 'em good instructions as far as my power went.

*Demea* res apparet. et quidem porro haec, obsonare cum fide,
scortum adducere, adparare de die convivium :
non mediocris hominis haec sunt officia.
*Syrus* o lepidum caput
*Demea* postremo hodie in psaltria ista emunda hic adiutor fuit,
hic curavit : prodesse aequomst : alii meliores erunt.
denique hic volt fieri.
*Micio* vin tu hoc fieri ?
*Aes.* cupio.
*Micio* si quidem
tu vis : Syre, eho accede huc ad me : liber esto.
*Syrus* bene facis.
omnibus gratiam habeo et seorsum tibi praeterea.
Demea.
*Demea* gaudeo.
*Aes.* et ego.
*Syrus* credo. utinam hoc perpetuom fiat gaudium,
Phrygiam ut uxorem meam una mecum videam liberam !
*Demea* optumam quidem mulierem.
*Syrus* et quidem tuo nepoti huius filio
hodie prima mammam dedit haec.
*Demea* hercle vero serio,
siquidem prima dedit, haud dubiumst quin emitti aequom siet.
*Micio* ob eam rem ?
*Demea* ob eam. postremo a me argentum quantist sumito
*Syrus* di tibi, Demea, omnes semper omnia optata offerant !
*Micio* Syre, processisti hodie pulchre.
*Demea* siquidem porro, Micio,
tu tuom officium facies, atque huic aliquid paulum prae manu

*Demea* The thing's manifest. Why, such things as honest marketing, helping in a love affair, supplying a dinner at short notice, call for no mean fellow to do them.

*Syrus* Oh, what a dear old gentleman!

*Demea* To crown all to-day in buying the cithern-girl he was chief helper, it was he that got it done. It's right to do him some good, it'll improve the other fellows. Besides "the boy desires it."

*Micio* (*to Aeschinus*) Do you desire it?

*Aes.* Immensely.

*Micio* (*ironically*) Of course if you wish it—Here, Syrus, come here. (*turns Syrus round and boxes his ear*) Be free on that.

*Syrus* Thank you, Sir, thank you. I am grateful to everybody and especially to you, Sir. (*to Demea*)

*Demea* I am delighted.

*Aes.* So am I.

*Syrus* I am sure of it. (*wheedling*) To make my joy complete, oh if I could only see my wife Phrygia free with me!

*Demea* Yes, an excellent woman.

*Syrus* Indeed, Sir, she was the first to act as wet nurse to your grandson, your son's son, Sir, she was indeed.

*Demea* Then by Jove in real earnest, as she was the first, beyond all doubt it is just that she should be emancipated.

*Micio* For that?

*Demea* For that. To end it let me pay you her value.

*Syrus* O Sir, may heaven always give you every blessing you pray for!

*Micio* Syrus, you've done pretty well for yourself to-day.

*Demea* Yes, if only, Micio, you will complete your duty

dederis, unde utatur : reddet tibi cito.
*Micio* istoc vilius.
*Aes.* frugi homost.
*Syrus* reddam hercle, da modo.
*Aes.* age, pater!
*Micio* post consulam.
*Demea* faciet.
*Syrus* o vir optume!
*Aes.* o pater mi festivissume!—
*Micio* quid istuc? quae res tam repente mores mutavit tuos?
quod prolubium? quae istaec subitast largitas?
*Demea* dicam tibi:
ut id ostenderem, quod te isti facilem et festivom putant,
id non fieri ex vera vita neque adeo ex aequo et bono,
sed ex adsentando, indulgendo, largiendo, Micio.
nunc adeo si ob eam rem vobis mea vita invisa, Aeschine, est,
quia non iusta iniusta prorsus omnia omnino obsequor, 990
missa facio: effundite, emite, facite quod vobis lubet.
sed si id voltis potius, quae vos propter adulescentiam
minus videtis, magis impense cupitis, consulitis parum,
haec reprehendere et corrigere et obsecundare in loco:
ecce me, qui id faciam vobis.
*Aes.* tibi, pater, permittimus:
plus scis quid opus factost. sed de fratre quid fiet?
*Demea* sino:
habeat: in istac finem faciat.
*Micio* istuc recte.
*Cantor* plaudite

and advance the man something in hand to live on. He'll repay you before long.

*Micio* Less than that! (*snaps his fingers*)

*Aes.* He's a good creature.

*Syrus* I'll repay it, I swear I will. Do but give it, Sir.

*Aes.* Do now, father.

*Micio* I'll think about it.

*Demea* (*to Aeschinus*) He'll do it.

*Syrus* The best of men you are, Sir.

*Aes.* Oh my dear delightful father! [EXIT *Syrus.*

*Micio* What's the meaning of this? What has brought about this sudden change in your ways? What's the whim of it? What's this sudden openness of hand?

*Demea* I will tell you. I did it to show that what our boys account your good nature and pleasant ways doesn't spring from sincerity, no nor from justice and goodness, but from complaisance, from indulgence, from an open hand, Micio. Now if the reason why my life is odious to you, Aeschinus, and to your brother is that I do not at once wholly fall in with all your desires, right or wrong, I wash my hands of it. Squander, spend, indulge every caprice. But if you choose rather, in points where your youthful eyes cannot see so far, where your desires are stronger and your consideration inadequate, to have one to reprove and correct you and to indulge you when it is right, here am I to do it for you.

*Aes.* We submit to you, father: you know better what is needful for us. But what is to be done about my brother?

*Demea* I consent, let him have his will, but let it be the last thing of the kind.

*Micio* A right decision.

*Mus.* Clap your hands. [EXEUNT OMNES.

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